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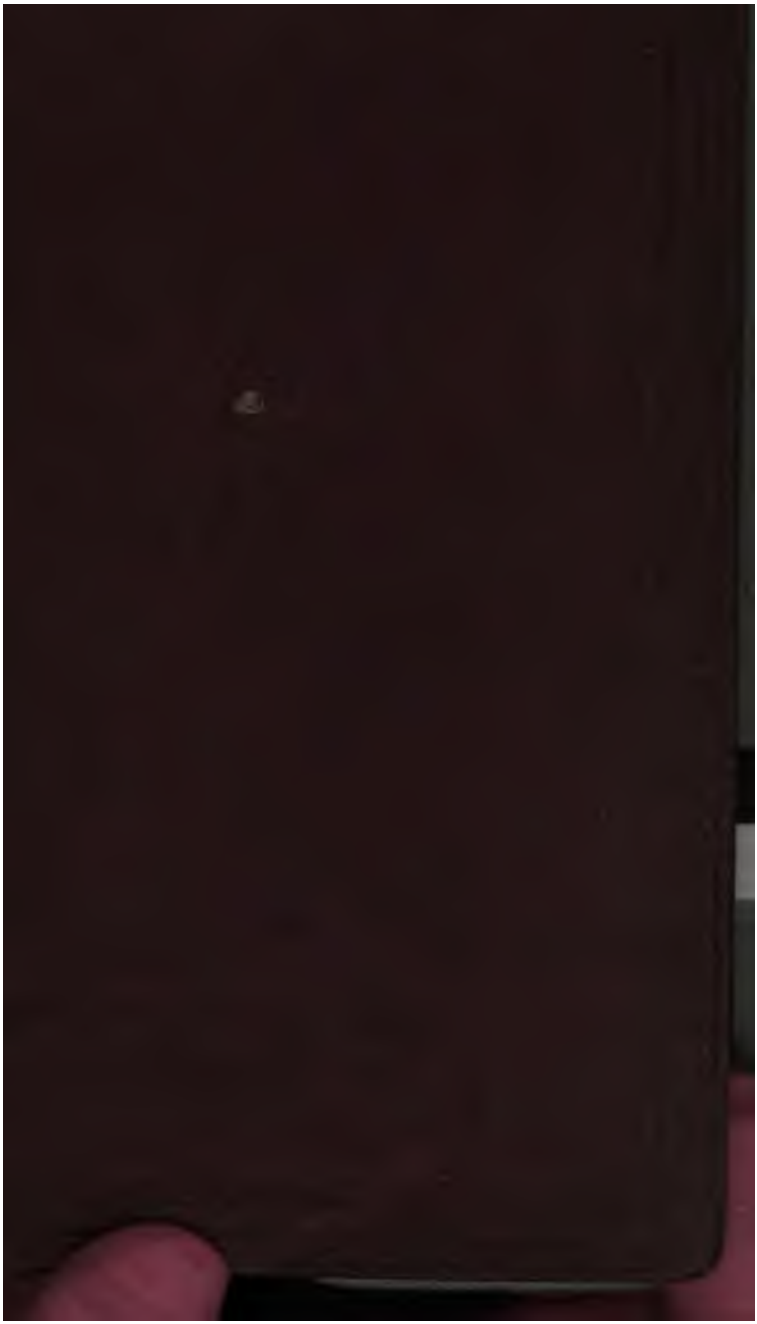

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FROM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Class of 1838.

Received Nov. 14, 1891.

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FROM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Class of 1838.

Received Nov. 14, 1891.

To James Russell Lowell Esq
from the Author
a tribute of admiration
from a writer of verse
Brighton Rogers
June 1. 1880

LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

" I left the burying-place of the Prophet Ezechiel to go to that of the nephew of Mohammed. A wide deſert intervenes between the two ſanctuaries, and few were the thanks I gave the pious ſouls who, in the burning ſands that lie between them, have built fifty houſes of prayer and not one place of reſt."—*Anaſtaſius.*

LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

BY

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1862.

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Nov. 14, 1891.
LOWELL BEQUEST

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INTRODUCTORY.

A SECOND Edition of theſe Eſſays having been called for, the writer, although diſtant (even in theſe days of railroad and telegraph,) beyond all poſſibility of eaſy or frequent communication with printer and publiſher, is not willing that they ſhould appear without ſome effort on his part to make them leſs unworthy the reception they have already met with. But as this little book had no author's name to help it to favour in the beginning, ſo it muſt continue, deſpite the wiſh conveyed to me, to give one to the title-page. So will it beſt and moſt ſurely ſtand on its own merits, finding acceptance only in ſo far as it recommends itſelf to the judgment of thoſe who turn to its pages. This is all the favour the author has ever deſired for it; and believing, with Swift, that—

> "A poem read without a name
> We juſtly praiſe or juſtly blame,
> And critics have no partial views
> Except they know whom they abuſe,"

the writer wiſhes it ſtill to pioneer its own way

without adventitious aid. A good work ſhould not require, and a bad one does not deſerve, extraneous help.

Some modifications have been made—improvements it is hoped—both in the way of addition and curtailment. Two or three of the ſlighter articles have been omitted, as alſo the Introduction, which related chiefly to the circumſtances, of a perſonal nature, under which the work was originally written, and the objects the writer had more eſpecially at heart. All that can really intereſt the reader may be told in fewer words; for we liſten with impatience to any details concerning the life of one unknown to us. The Eſſays were written ſome years ago, in a diſtant land, under the preſſure of a great bereavement, in memory of one, too well beloved when living, to be forgotten in death. Thus much, in explanation of the ſubjects ſelected in the Eſſays forming the firſt Book. They were ſuch as moſt naturally engaged the thoughts of one who felt that—

> "From the day and night
> A joy had taken flight,"

which nothing among the more common objects of worldly purſuit could replace. One to whom the paſt ſeemed full of ſorrow, the preſent a blank, and the future only, in its leaſt mundane aſpects, preſented any field for thought, to which intereſt could attach.

On the character of theſe Eſſays, or their claims upon the attention of this ſteam and railroad ge-

neration, ſince they have already found a kindly reception among readers unbiaſſed by public praiſe, or much notice of any kind in the preſs, there is the leſs need to dwell. It was ſtated in the preface to the firſt edition that any pretenſions to originality might be met by Johnſon's criticiſm of Gray's "Ode on Eton College," when he obſerved "the 'proſpect' ſuggeſted nothing to Gray which every beholder did not equally think and feel." But the defence made for Gray is eſpecially applicable to ſuch a work as this; namely, that "familiar ideas muſt form the ſtaple of all that aims at univerſality of feeling or acceptance. The things which ſtir mankind moſt deeply are of univerſal experience." And Johnſon's defence of his moral and didactic eſſays in the "Rambler," when charged with want of novelty, is equally good—that "People *want to be reminded, not reformed.*" The preſent writer had not pretenſion originally, to teach either new truths, or doctrines; but to give expreſſion to ſome deep convictions which a life's experience, and ſome of its trials, had impreſſed upon him, as among the moſt valuable fruits of both. The hope that they might find acceptance and reſponſe with others, and ſuggeſt ſome uſeful or conſoling thoughts, was a ſufficient motive for reducing them to ſhape; and he is ſufficiently rewarded by finding that he has not been entirely miſtaken.

One or two of the Eſſays have been in a great degree re-written; partly to correct a certain want of arrangement, due in ſome degree to the writer's

abſence while the firſt edition was going through the preſs, but chiefly to evoke a clearer expreſſion of the views it was deſired to place before the reader. Thus "Life's Progreſs and Influences," and the paper on "Infirmity of Will and Inſanity," have been conſiderably changed in form, if not in ſubſtance.

Some criticiſms have been offered, which have led the author to read over very carefully the Eſſay on "the Influence of Religious Sentiment on Conduct;" to ſee if anything therein could be fairly held open to the reproach of ſuggeſting plauſible excuſes for want of principle or conduct. That the efforts of the beſt muſt always fall far ſhort of the true Chriſtian ſtandard of rectitude and ſinleſſneſs, is broadly inſiſted upon as a truth. But not more ſtrongly than in the Apoſtolic writings. And a ſecond peruſal leaves him ſatisfied that the object he had chiefly in view is only likely to be clearly perceived by thoſe who are willing to weigh the whole argument. To thoſe who read with a foregone concluſion, and are diſpoſed to wreſt texts for their juſtification, the Scriptures form a dangerous book. One great truth in connection with this ſubject has been fully dwelt upon; namely, that mere devotional feeling, the "Religious Sentiment," however cultivated or developed, is of little avail; and in the ſtruggles and temptations of life has in effect no more value or uſe than any other ſentimentality, if it be not embodied in deeds, precipitated by an alembic proceſs into ſubſtantial action, and habitually reduced to

practice, in ſome ſuſtained courſe. The incidental and ſecondary arguments, drawn from the inevitable imperfection attaching to all practical religion, are arguments for further effort, and againſt diſcouragement. Owing to the inherent imperfections of human nature found in us all, in ſome degree, and the conſequent inconſiſtency between faith and practice (of which imperfection the moſt earneſt and conſcientious are moſt painfully aware), we are not warranted in taking ſuch diſcrepancy as *primâ facie* evidence of inſincerity or hypocriſy. There is perhaps more danger of weak and erring Chriſtians being driven out of the fold, by a ſenſe of deſperation under this continued implication, and the apparent hopeleſſneſs of making their practice wholly accord with their faith, than of hypocrites, ſeeking, under the cloak of a religion to which they are ſtrangers, to earn a falſe poſition in the eſteem of men. But greater ſtill has ſeemed the danger of the weak but well intentioned, of both ſexes, miſtaking a *Devotional kind of Sentiment for* RELIGION; and truſting to the exaltation it ſometimes induces, as a higher effort or evidence of piety than a ſaving and working faith which never reſts content without *correſponding action.*

That the Chriſtian ſtandard of excellence is one of unattainable perfection to man as he is at preſent conſtituted, is no new doctrine, ſtill leſs one foreign to the Goſpel. On the contrary, it is full often inſiſted upon in the Scriptures, not indeed as an excuſe for weakneſs or vice; but as a never-fail-

ing occaſion for watchfulneſs and the moſt earneſt effort. And ſurely there can be no greater error than to hold up, as the condition of ſincerity and true devotion, a perfect conſiſtency never yet attained but by One in human form. This was the miſtake of Paſcal and the Janſeniſts in their great controverſy with the Jeſuits. While expoſing to reprobation and ſcorn the too pliant morality of their antagoniſts; they themſelves endeavoured to apply a law which muſt inevitably exclude the whole human race from any participation in the Chriſtian promiſes; and in theſe impoſſible conditions Paſcal found a ſtate of mind, at the laſt, hovering between ſcepticiſm and deſpair.*

It only remains to be added that the loſt companion, to whoſe memory the work itſelf is a tribute of affection, no doubt ſuggeſted much, in keeping with the larger ſympathies and gentler intuitions of a heart which knew no guile, could bear no malice, but whoſe

> "Summer nature felt a need to bleſs,
> And a like longing to be bleſt again."

To her was given the power, beſtowed on none but the beſt and pureſt, to diſcern, beneath the outer huſk and coarſe rind of our common humanity, the latent good

> "Which lurks in the heart of evil evermore."

Men are prone to eſtimate the worth of their

---

* See note B, Appendix to Eſſay on "the Influence of Religious Sentiment on Conduct," p. 187.

fellows, too excluſively perhaps, by what they accompliſh; forgetting to take account of the capabilities, which may only require time, or the application of a ſkilful hand, to yield a rich return. Woman, on the contrary, with a finer ſenſe, ſees the undeveloped germ. And often the hidden vein of precious metal is revealed to her, without the aid of a divining rod, though others differently endowed tread over the ſame ground, and ſearch in vain for any indications. She looks to the heart, and with the golden key of ſympathy penetrates into its hidden depths—divines the ſecret impulſe, and, where that is good, waſhes out with a tear the imperfect and erring work; and turns from the paſt to look on the future only, with a hopeful ſpirit, taking no heed of all that has fallen ſhort of the higher purpoſe. Long years of companionſhip with ſuch a nature muſt needs have left ſome permanent trace on the hearts of thoſe neareſt to her own; and many of theſe pages are but the faint echoes of a long-loſt melody, treaſured up in the memory, and oft, unbidden, waking up whole trains of thought.

Some of the fugitive lines, prefixed as mottoes to the Eſſays, come from her pen—careleſs ſpells by which unconſciouſly ſhe bound the hearts of many who ſurvive. Speaking the accents, and breathing the ſpirit which moved that loving heart, they will better ſerve, with theſe pages, than marble tablet or "ſtoried urn," to tell thoſe who never knew her, how worthy ſhe was of the ſorrow that

followed her to the grave in a far-distant land, and how true the poet's words, that—

"———love lives on, with power to bless,
When they who love are hidden in the grave."

Tozenjee, July, 1860.

BOOK I.

" When in green woods with idle ſteps we ſtray,
And flowery ſtreamers bar our onward way,
With ruthleſs hands the clinging wreaths we tear,
And toſs their fragile bloſſoms in the air,
Purſue our path, nor mark that 'neath our feet
We've cruſh'd the daiſy and the violet ſweet.—
So through the world our heedleſs courſe we wend,
Nor pauſe to think how often we offend
The meek companion, or the loving friend;
What chords we jar, what tender ties we rend.
Light words in careleſs mood abroad we fling,
But *where* they light, or *what* the grief they bring,
Or how ſtrange chance may tip them with a ſting,
We put aſide, an unconſidered thing;
Still onward preſs, our glances as we go
Fling upward, ſideward,—ſeldom down below;
Yet there lies many a ſnare we might avoid,
Beauties unſeen, and bleſſings unenjoyed.
The world is rich; ſo rich in ſimple, ſweet,
Unheeded charms, they lie beneath our feet,
The while we ſtretch our arms abroad for rare
Sun-painted viſions, and graſp empty air."—*H. M. A.*

I.

LIFE'S PROGRESS AND INFLUENCES.

THACKERAY ſays of one of his beſt-drawn characters, — "Fate and circumſtances had angered that originally friendly and gentle diſpoſition; hate and ſuſpicion had maſtered him, and if it cannot be ſaid that his new life had changed him, at leaſt it had brought out faults for which there had hitherto been no occaſion, and qualities latent before. Do we know ourſelves, or what good or evil circumſtances may bring from us? Thrice fortunate he to whom circumſtances are made eaſy; whom Fate viſits with gentle trial, and kindly heaven keeps out of temptation."

Do fate and circumſtances really determine the iſſues of life? Is this a truth, or a fiction for the noveliſt's uſe, to help out his ſtory? This queſtion is one of vital concern. If a truth, and not a fiction, it is impoſſible to conceive one of more abſorbing intereſt to every living being. The con-

fines that ſeparate the viſible from the inviſible world, the material from the ſpiritual, muſt be continually croſſed in any attempt to ſolve this graveſt of all Life's Problems, and to determine the *influence of outward condition and circumſtance* upon the courſe we run. Certainly, events which we neither can foreſee nor control ſeem to bring upon ſome of us trials and temptations far beyond our ſtrength to meet; while to others all their paths are made eaſy and pleaſant, by the ſame myſterious diſpenſation. But this is not all. Outward conditions, in their whole range, form but a part of the influences which determine our Fate; and not always the moſt deciſive part. In what country, age, and circumſtances of life we are born, may, indeed, be conſidered the firſt ſteps in our Deſtiny, and thoſe on which all the reſt, often, if not always, greatly depend; yet the original conſtitution and temperament with which we are born yields nothing in importance to thoſe. We inherit from our parents, not only an outward and bodily likeneſs, but an inward and moral ſimilitude. The ſame tendencies, moral and pathological, are tranſmiſſible; even vices, in like manner as diſeaſes. The child of the confirmed drunkard is born with a proclivity to drink intoxicating liquors and the uſe of ſtimulants, which is developed with frightful precocity and intenſity. Inſanity is as hereditary as gout. A paſſionate, ſuſpicious, and irritable nature, comes down from father to ſon, as demonſtrably as a Roman noſe, or a club foot. We are *born* with the germ of a character ready formed.

Paſſions, deſires, appetites, all are there, and only wait the growth of the body of the material organs, which are the inſtruments, for their development in a predetermined form and direction.* The virtue that is made eaſy to one, is rendered difficult or impoſſible to another by this law of inheritance. Theſe conditions of being, as palpable as they are undoubted in their prevalence, are important elements in our deſtiny, and quite as much a thing of fate, and beyond control in their firſt advent, as a peſtilence that robs a child of its natural guardians to caſt it adrift in the world, a war that makes us bankrupt or priſoners, or any other outward event which in after years may be recognized as having decided the whole future courſe of a life. In this original conformation, with the character and bent attaching, there is more than the mere organization neceſſary to conſtitute animal life and being, with appetites and deſires ſuch as other living creatures poſſeſs: there is a *ſpiritual being* within this microcoſm, which looks out of theſe eyes of humanity upon the world; of whoſe exiſtence we are conſcious, but of whoſe nature we know little, ſave what has been revealed to us from Inſpired ſources. We know and feel there is that within us *which has other wants than thoſe of the body*—deſires in which this has no part, aſpirations which the world and all its poſſeſſions cannot ſatisfy or meet. We know further by our own experience, that there is a continual anta-

* See note A, Appendix.

goniſm, and rarely any common accord, between theſe and the natural deſires of the fleſh, which (even the emotional part of our human nature, its loves and its hates) we ſhare with the whole brute creation. More frequently, what the one deſires, the other hates or deſpiſes. We feel there is ſo much that we cannot comprehend in the myſterious and inexplicable combination of two different natures and antagoniſtic exiſtences—the material and the ſpiritual—indiſſolubly blended in our life for a ſeaſon (yet deſtined, the one to deſtruction, in the reſolution of the organiſm to its original elements, and the other to a ſeparate and eternal life in another ſphere, and with a different body) that we are fain to repoſe in faith, or ſuch knowledge as has been vouchſafed us through the Scriptures. We tread with heſitating and fearful ſtep on the confines of the unknown whenever we turn in this direction. Yet the ſpirit of man; the living ſoul breathed into him with the breath of his noſtrils, will not reſt in darkneſs, limiting all thought to this ſide of the grave. It ſeeks the light, and ſtill eagerly deſires, even ſuch glimmerings of a future, as the dark veil of the fleſh will allow to be ſeen through its folds.

Seeing that every man born into the world, brings with him the germs of a character and a conformation, moral as well as phyſical, which will and *muſt* develope, with all their bad and good conditions, we are at a loſs to form any idea how he can be maſter of his deſtiny. If he is born with the ſeeds of phthiſis in his conſtitution he will

die prematurely of conſumption, and no care of his own or others can prevent it. So is it with moral and mental diſpoſitions. When theſe are ſtrongly marked, they may be more or leſs modified and controlled in early years, but never changed or eradicated, to give place to ſomething *wholly different.*

Again, of the *ſpirit* of man:—Is a ſimilar diſpenſation in force? We know that the ſpirit muſt be ſubject to a certain bondage,—to influences ariſing from its union with the fleſh and its deſires; that the frame of mind is even influenced by the quality of the blood; but do we know whether the ſpirit, thus caſt into human mould of fleſh and blood by the fiat of its Creator, and *compelled to live and act through ſuch inſtruments as its living organiſm ſupplies*, good or bad, comes alſo into exiſtence on this probationary ſcene with a *predetermined character and bias?* Or is it without ſtamp or impreſs of any kind—characterleſs? It is plainly the ſubject of development. As Chriſt grew in "ſtature and in wiſdom" ſo do we grow; if not in accordance with ſome laws of the fleſh, yet in ſome way related to them.

Characterleſs, indeed, we ſee it cannot be; for nothing is created without determined form and nature. The firſt man, who, we are told, was made in God's image, muſt have poſſeſſed a ſpiritual being clothed in a material form, with a law of development ever tending to bring the human nearer to the Divine perfection. However fallen from our firſt eſtate, the ſpiritual nature ſtill ſur-

vives, under the ſame organic laws of development, and ſtill muſt bear God's image and impreſs in all its aſpirations. The *type* has not changed, cannot change. The man of living bone and muſcle dies in this world, but the ſpirit is immortal, and the carnal, not the ſpiritual nature, therefore, was changed and doomed to periſh. Thus only is it poſſible to underſtand the endleſs ſtruggle for ſupremacy; and how the greateſt trial and temptation in this life, ariſes from the perpetual antagoniſm between the natural inſtincts of the fleſh, and our ſpiritual aſpirations. This ſtruggle conſtitutes the great drama of life, and on its iſſue the future happineſs or miſery of each one of us depends.

Shall God's image or the devil's be finally wrought out from the contending elements, and developed into life eternal? Is not this the argument of the whole piece? The indelible can only be ſtamped on the indeſtructible: man's ſpiritual being only is in queſtion therefore. All the reſt, with the whole phantaſmagoria of action, on to the fall of the curtain and the cloſing of the grave, are but the *dramatis perſonæ* and ſtage properties, by which the central intereſt of the piece has been brought out and made manifeſt to human eyes and hearts;—having neither place nor value, ſave in ſo far as they contributed to the end.

When the queſtion comes, then, (and it is a queſtion which comes to all perhaps, at ſome time or other in the courſe of a life,) whether we are in truth but the creatures of circumſtances, and

the playthings of deſtiny, having no determinate voice or part in our own Fate;—neither in the preliminary conditions of our exiſtence nor the final iſſue; it is of abſorbing intereſt, becauſe it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with its bearing on the deepeſt foundations of moral reſponſibility. The action of the Will is wholly there. If we believe that we have no power *to will*, or *to do*, or *to be* anything, not already preordained by an irreſiſtible Deſtiny, or an All-powerful God, what motive is there for earneſt effort or moral purpoſe? Such a belief is the grave of an intelligent Will; and leaves man nothing to hope, and nothing to ſtrive for, in exiſtence.

Strangely enough, however, a belief of this kind has been always very common with the human race. It has prevailed among all pagan nations, paſt and preſent. It was the creed of ancient Greece and Rome. Viſhnu, Buddha, and Mahomet, embracing all Aſia in their wide-ſpread arms, have given no other tenets for the direction of their followers. So, with ſlight difference in the form, many to this day think, even in Chriſtian lands. For, if Fate ſupplied the irreſiſtible decreeing Power in the ancient world, God, as the Author of a ſyſtem of government baſed on predeſtination, occupies nearly the ſame place in Calviniſm. Thus, to go back to the Greek, Ariſtotle in his Ethics ſays that good men being members of ſociety will act virtuouſly becauſe they *muſt* act thus, from the neceſſity of their circumſtances. He did not believe in God, but in a

Law of Neceſſity. Yet a belief in the power of nature over man, *in Law* as predominant over *Will*, and in the *education of circumſtances* is the key to German Philoſophy, and a fair expoſition of the views of many of the paſt and preſent generation in Europe where a belief in God is univerſal.

Thackeray is an exponent of a no leſs popular view of the ſame queſtion, in which man is ſtill regarded as *the creature of circumſtances;* though God is over all, good or evil reſults as theſe are favourable to virtue or the reverſe. Emerſon, in one of his paradoxical eſſays "On Man," ſeems diſpoſed to go back to the Ariſtotelian view, giving it a Calviniſtic form and ſubſtituting God for a Law of Neceſſity. He would deny the influence of external circumſtances on character or deſtiny, and diſcard them altogether as agencies in the production of either vice or virtue. Man he argues is impulſive towards good or evil, not according to the circumſtances of the outer world, but to the preſence or abſence of God in his heart. And in one ſenſe this is obviouſly true, only he omits to inform us what determines this relationſhip to God, on which all the reſt depends. Virtue he further makes to conſiſt in *ſpontaneous (or Heaven-inſpired) impulſes to good acts*, not *in acquired goodneſs;* that is, as independent of all ſtruggle or effort, as it is irreſpective of outward conditions of trial or temptation,—"It is all a miſtake," he ſays, "to repreſent life as a perpetual ſtruggle, and that man as the better who ſtrives with temptation—for there is no merit in the

matter. Either God is there or He is not there; if He is, man's nature is impulſive towards good, if not, it is evil. Though people repreſent virtue as a ſtruggle, the leſs a man knows or thinks about his virtues the better he is, and the better we like him, and we are not warranted in ſaying of him whoſe free ſpontaneous act is good and graceful, 'Crump is a better man with his grunting reſiſtance to all his native devils.'"

Under any of theſe theories of Life it is not eaſy to ſay what place there is for either vice or virtue, free will or moral reſponſibility. He who acts becauſe he *muſt*, either from the neceſſity of things, the unſeen play of outward circumſtances, or finally under the irreſiſtible impulſe derived from above, cannot in any of theſe caſes be conſidered as a free agent; and if not a free agent, then not morally reſponſible for the good or the evil he may do. Each of theſe ſyſtems has a tendency to drift us on to the quickſand of predeſtination and fataliſm; and, to the extent to which they are adopted, they muſt have a paralyſing effect on the potency of the moral energies to direct and ſhape our own deſtiny to worthy ends.

Predeſtination and Free Will are at the two antipodes. The firſt leads to the negation of effort; the ſecond to the aſſertion and exerciſe of power. But no effort of human reaſon can reconcile the concurrent action of the two. To the Reaſon they muſt ever ſeem incompatible with each other, and eſſentially antagoniſtic. Yet how inevitably do queſtions connected with both re-appear at

each turn when human progreſs and deſtiny are the ſubject of thought! For if, as has been contended, predeſtination is a neceſſary condition of order and Omniſcience, becauſe theſe preſuppoſe definite *deſign* and PRE-ORDAINED ENDS *in all creation*, free will is no leſs an eſſential condition of any moral reſponſibility that can be held conſiſtent with the Divine attribute of Juſtice. To the Omnipotent and Omniſcient, who is not only all-powerful and all-ſeeing, but alſo a God of Love, of Wiſdom, and of Juſtice, the *meaſure of his creatures' obligations muſt be their power to fulfil them—the limit of moral reſponſibility, their freedom of will and action.* It is vain to contend againſt the inexorable logic of this induction, and no Theology can reconcile oppoſite concluſions to the moral ſenſe.

That there is and muſt be an Omniſcient power of *previſion* as an eſſential condition of Order and Deſign in the Creation: involving abſolute control over all the elements and forces which enter into the conſtitution of the Univerſe, is very clear. But does *previſion* of what will happen neceſſarily imply *predeſtination?* A freedom to do and to will muſt indeed ſubſiſt wherever a moral reſponſibility attaches to action. We can only call this in queſtion when prepared to fling to the winds the very foundation of all reaſon and faith, on which everything elſe in our moral and intellectual nature is built. But what if it ſhould be compatible and conſiſtent with the powers of the Omniſcient to foreſee in all caſes on to the end

what will happen by the action of individual agents? We clearly recognize these two great elements of this Life Problem;—a predetermined order and design in all creation—and moral responsibility in man made to harmonize with this order; without the power of any effort of finite reason to reconcile their co-existence. All that we can conceive is, that there may be, by the intervention of some higher law, or the addition of some third quantity or condition, a ready solution to the whole mystery. We can conceive this, because, in effect, we see such results continually; in the commonest things, as in the most abstruse and recondite. Oil and water will not mingle or unite, yet they may be perfectly blended together by the addition of a third ingredient. Examples of this, and of still more perfect chemical combination, might be easily supplied; and similar instances are to be found in every department of science.*

Free Will and Predestination are not the subject of this Essay;† yet thus much it seemed necessary to say of their bearing upon any question concerning the influence of "Fate" (or circumstances) upon the

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* "Either we do not get the true sense of the Gospel, preaching 'Peace and goodwill towards men and glory to God in the highest,' or the absence of other facts, links in the chain, makes the incongruity we revolt from; and behind—above all these, may be some higher law, by which all is blent in harmony.

"But in any case there is one rock upon which our faith is built, the steadfast centre that cannot move—*The God we worship is Holy, Just, and True, He cannot err*, whatever in our imperfect light may seem the reading of the Inspired writings."—*The Limits of Religious Thought examined in Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year* 1858, by Rev. H. L. MANSEL.

† See note B, Appendix.

iſſues of life; becauſe they obviouſly underlie the whole, and are ever cropping up on the ſurface (to uſe an expreſſive phraſe of geology), and reminding the explorer that at each ſtep he treads upon their traces, and muſt work with intelligent cognizance of their exiſtence and cloſe proximity. For whatever be the certainty of the inevitable connection between moral reſponſibility and free will, or, in other words, freedom to chooſe and to act, whenever the agent is held reſponſible for the choice, we cannot ſhut out the conviction impreſſed on our minds by a thouſand evidences, that *ſomething of controling Power and Deſtiny* there is nevertheleſs in every one's life—

> "—— a Divinity that ſhapes our ends
> Rough hew them as we will!"

A Divinity we truſt, and not a blind chance or ſoul-leſs deſtiny. And this conviction leads to the further inference that, whatever freedom of will and action may be ours, it is not unlimited or wholly uncontrolled. We often ſee it very myſteriouſly directed to other ends than thoſe we are ſtriving after—at times croſſed by what appears to be the mereſt accident. Circumſtances ſeemingly too trivial to be noticed at the time, or of any ſignificance, giving the firſt impulſe which ſends us onward to the end in a direction widely diverging from that which we thought to follow. In other caſes we recognize at once the ſignificance and importance of events, but we diſcern in them alſo the ſteady ſet of a current, againſt which all human effort proves vain and power-

leſs. At laſt we are inclined to aſk, whether the moſt deliberate and determined ever know *whither they are tending*, or to what their moſt carefully planned acts will lead? You are going hurriedly along the ſtreet to keep an important engagement by railway; you have put aſide everything that you may not fail, and in five minutes you promiſe yourſelf the ſatisfaction of taking your ſeat—when a piece of orange-peel on the pavement throws you down and breaks your leg, or ſprains your ancle. Inſtead of proceeding onwards, you are carried home. You miſs your engagement, too late even to make any other arrangement, and your whole fortune is changed. On the next day you read that a frightful accident had occurred to the train you ſo eagerly ſought to find a place in, nearly all the paſſengers having been killed or maimed. Strange that a piece of orange-peel under your feet ſhould have had ſuch influence on life or fortune. Strange, indeed, if it were mere chance—but ſtranger ſtill if providentially ordered!

Or, another time you ſtart in a public conveyance, on ſome caſual excurſion to fill up a vacant hour or week, and a chance *rencontre* with ſome one of whoſe exiſtence you were ignorant the day before, or even a paſſing obſervation of ſome ſtranger, ſtrikes a chord which wakes to life ſome ſlumbering enemy to your peace, deep in the receſſes of your being; or rouſes latent feelings and faculties, whence take their riſe whole trains of thought, and laſtly of action. On looking backward, after twenty or fifty years, when your hair

is white with intervening time and work, and the end of a world's career is full before you, there ſtands plainly revealed, as though ſome inviſible hand unfolded the book of life, the fact that to ſuch caſual *rencontre* or idle word, the whole of your ſubſequent career has been due! Like a germ of the future tree toſſed by a guſt of wind, or dropped in its flight by a bird, into earth already prepared at ſome far diſtant ſpot, it took root and grew, unknown to the tiller, expanded according to the law of its development, and increaſed in ſtature and in ſtrength until it overſhadowed all that ſprung up beſide it.

Contemplating theſe things, we are ſtrongly moved to the concluſion that there is nothing *caſual*, in the proper ſenſe of the term. On retroſpection we ſee ſuch clear logical ſequence in all the ſucceſſive acts of ſeeming ſpontaneity that we cannot help drawing the inference of each having been the *neceſſary conſequence* of the preceding limit in the ſeries.

In more direct confirmation of this view, it has moreover been remarked that, (apart from the thouſand ſo-called accidents of life which go very far to determine a deſtiny) there are many examples of ſtrong, ſteady currents which take in their reſiſtleſs eddy the *whole life of a man*, from the beginning to the end. Currents whoſe determinate courſes baffle all the individual energy put forth to contend againſt them and deny both to actor and ſpectator any time or opportunity for the exerciſe of choice or free will.

To-day is the death-knell of a man prematurely old and dying a victim to vice and want, which have been his familiars from the hour of his birth. Other companions he has never known, and ere he had yet attained years of diſcretion the brand of the law was upon him—the brand and the ban, ſhutting him out from all honeſt calling. What freedom of action or chance of acting rightly and wiſely was ever in the way of this offſpring of crime and poverty?

In the ſame den of accumulated miſeries are fifty others, all equally hopeleſſly doomed by an evil deſtiny in the hour of their birth. Women ſtill more cruelly and helpleſſly condemned by the very circumſtances attending their *birth and rearing* to a life of ſcorn and infamy, count their thouſands and tens of thouſands in every Chriſtian land.

And what of the heathen—the Caffre and the Hottentot, the South Sea Iſlanders and Cannibals, the Red Indian and the Mongol,—nations and whole races who have lived and died ſince the world began; the millions who have never known a God nor had the truths of the Goſpel within their reach, who have periſhed in their ſins and in ignorance dark as the night of the Egyptian? Into the adverſe tide of ſuch a ſtream, without change or turning, or any chance of a new life, have two-thirds of the human race been plunged, from the womb to the grave, ſince the world's hiſtory commenced!

There is, indeed, a deſtiny then rough hewn for men *by circumſtances reſpecting which they have*

in effect neither control nor previous knowledge. The accidents of birth, of nationality, the very age in which a man is born, even the nature and conſtitution with which he is born, are all potent for good or evil, and ſo wide-graſping and imperious in their conditions that, by the ſide of theſe coloſſes of Deſtiny—weird ſiſters of Fate, as the ancients have perſonified the inviſible agencies,—all the efforts of individual men ſeem poor and worthleſs; miſerably inadequate at beſt to work any appreciable change in the end.* Upon ſuch a retroſpect who is there that is not inclined to exclaim with the Noveliſt, "Thrice fortunate he to whom circumſtances are made eaſy; whom Fate viſits with gentle trial, and kindly Heaven keeps out of temptation!"

But arrived at this concluſion, we cannot ſtop there. If the good or evil in us, and all that faſhions the deſtiny of man, is ſo much influenced by circumſtances and conditions of being, beyond his power of previſion, and for the moſt part utterly beyond his control,—if ſome men are born to honour and ſome to diſhonour, and a ſyſtem of dire inequality exiſts in this world and throughout life, by which ſome are raiſed to higheſt felicity or virtue

* "Differences of temperament, or as it uſed to be called 'Complexion,' far more than differences of intellect or outward fortune, make men what they are—determining not only their habits and career, but their opinions on what ſeem abſtract queſtions."—CROKER'S *Edition of Boſwell's Life of Johnſon.*

They have their influence certainly—our mental conſtitution and the phyſical receiving and communicating reciprocally ſtrong moulding influences, with a never-ceaſing action and reaction.

without effort on their part, while others are dragged into the lower depths of ignorance and deſpair without remedy, not only is there a *neceſſity* for a future life, but that that future ſtate of being *ſhould afford means and ſcope for repairing the inequalities of this*, and for that *development towards perfection* for which man was originally created. A future which has only heaven and hell, where the dead only waken to a day of judgment and ineffable happineſs or eternal torment and miſery,—how can ſuch a future ſtate fulfil the conditions neceſſary to reconcile this world as it is with the wiſdom and juſtice of a Divine Omnipotent Ruler? An eternity of higheſt felicity is as much out of proportion with the beſt that mortal can do in this ſhort and troubled life, as is eternal miſery with the worſt. This life cannot be all then; for the favoured few Paradiſe is too good; and the gift of life would be ſomething too odious to contemplate as proceeding from a God of Love and Wiſdom, if we muſt believe that there is *nothing* in their whole exiſtence of *moral worth or future hope* for all the countleſs millions beyond theſe infiniteſimally ſmall circles. Doomed to an inheritance of wretchedneſs in every ſhape—poverty, crime, a life of alternate ſenſuality and privation, without change or chance of amelioration in this ſtate, and a viſta of endleſs miſery beyond; if this were really true, who could accept it and preſerve his belief in Love and Truth and Juſtice as Divine attributes? Who can look abroad in the world, with its funda-

mental diſparities of rank and conditions, and not feel at leaſt a miſgiving, ſtrong and irreſiſtible, that to the maſs of mankind the part they play in this life is juſt as little at their choice as is the firſt gift of life itſelf, or the rank, age, or country in which they are born. Where all the broad lines of our exiſtence are ruled for us from birth to death by an inſcrutable power, and, in ſome of the moſt influential things, *before we are born even*, it can avail little, could it be ſhown that *within ſuch narrow limits* any faculty of choice was allowed to ſubſiſt ſide by ſide with this overruling deſtiny. But in the ſmaller as in the larger concerns of life, our free will in action ſeems quite as much under an unſeen control. Unſeen at the time, but eaſy enough to be perceived on looking backward. Therefore are we entitled to conclude that there *muſt* be, not only an adjuſtment of moral reſponſibility *in proportion to the extent of our power to act or to will*, but a further field of exiſtence for the working out of ſuch deſtinies to *ſome end reconcileable with final order and perfection—with Divine Juſtice and Mercy*.

Compenſations in the balance of Divine Juſtice we know there will be, on the Word of Him, who "ſpake as never man ſpake." And before the light of Chriſtianity dawned on mankind the neceſſity of ſome large and perfect ſyſtem of compenſation in another ſtate, for the inequalities in this, ſuggeſted a hope and a belief in a future exiſtence. Even now it forms one of the ſtrongeſt arguments, apart from Goſpel revelations, for the

immortality of the ſoul. But no ſyſtem of compenſation adequate to the end can be conceived of beyond the grave; heaven with its beatitudes, and hell with its eternity of condemnation, are alone to be found. How are the inequalities between the deſtiny of the heathen in all ages, and thoſe on whom the light of Chriſtianity has fallen, and the ſcarcely leſs terrible inequality in Chriſtian countries, between thoſe born in conditions of favoured culture, eaſe, and freedom from dire temptation, and the millions engendered in poverty, denied all chances of development, and who never have an opportunity to waſh out the ſtain of inherited degradation—but live and die with their face to the earth, oppreſſed by circumſtances of birth, companionſhip, and outward condition, which no individual effort could poſſibly remove; how are *inequalities ſuch as theſe* to be remedied by a *final day of judgment*, if that judgment follows in the order of ſucceſſion immediately after death? The beſt can hardly be held fitted for angel-ſtate immediately on their tranſition from earth; and can we regard the millions as only fit for eternal condemnation at the end of their ſhort and moſt ill-ſtarred earthly courſe?

Nineteen-twentieths, or a much larger proportion, of the human race live their time on earth, we know, under conditions very different from thoſe which would entitle them to be conſidered among the elect. Two-thirds, at leaſt, beyond the pale of Chriſtianity and without the oppor-

tunity of ever knowing "what they muſt do to be ſaved." Prior to the advent of Chriſt—in Syria alone, in a remote corner of Aſia, and among an iſolated tribe—doubly iſolated by poſition and Divine diſpenſation—was the Word of God declared. They alone, of all the people of the earth, during theſe years retained the knowledge of the one true God. If only the Iſraelite could render acceptable worſhip and ſervice, as alone knowing to whom to addreſs either prayer or ſacrifice; and if there be only this temporary ſtage, and after that the judgment, with heaven or hell for eternity; what but hell and eternal torment could be the fate of all the Gentile world, that is, of the whole human race during countleſs generations, with the exception of a few thouſand favoured Jews, who may have worſhipped and truly ſerved the God of their fathers, under a partial diſtribution of favours from on high, which could in no human ſenſe be juſtified, if this were really the conſequence? Ever ſince the dawn of Chriſtianity on this benighted world the ſame objection holds, as we have ſeen. The majority of the race have never been within the fold—and of thoſe nominally included, how many are they who in each ſucceeding age have fulfilled all the conditions of a truly Chriſtian life? If there be nothing between Death and the Judgment, and the Judgment has but two ſentences, Heaven or Hell—what a frightful part we muſt ſuppoſe this earth to be performing in the univerſe, giving birth from century to century, and in every generation, to myriads of human beings

born with no other deſtiny than that of eternal miſery and puniſhment!

Who can believe this, or, believing in God as the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and Earth, whoſe attributes are Wiſdom, Love, and Juſtice, can reconcile them with ſuch a diſpenſation? Texts there are many which ſeem to ſanction the darkeſt Calviniſm and conſign all ſave a few elect and predeſtined ſaints to "everlaſting fire."* "Many are called and few are choſen".—"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Becauſe ſtrait is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." And if we turn to the other revelation, the Book of Nature, and note the fact

"———— that of fifty ſeeds
She often brings but one to bear;"

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* "The deſire to diſcover ſome metaphyſical hypotheſis capable of reconciliation, both with the letter of the Scriptures and with the moral inſtincts,"—is the problem of twenty centuries.

"The force applied to the Biblical terms, *aionios*, מחכם, and the like, by Scholars of our own time, is only worthy of bygone days of the Unitarian diſputations, when the letter of Scripture was the ultimate appeal. It ſhould at leaſt be acknowledged now by ſpeculative theologians, that there may be a truth in Scripture behind and beyond its letter; beyond even the thoughts of thoſe who compoſed its parts. And if ſound theology, fair interpretation, and true ſcience require us on the one hand to ſay that in the firſt chapter of Geneſis a creation in ſix days is *meant* to be deſcribed; and on the other, that we are not bound down to believe the world *was made* in ſix days, &c., neither ought we to put a force on words and parables which elſewhere ſpeak of eternal reward and puniſhment in order to make them ſquare with our conceptions; nor when we have interpreted them fairly, are we bound down to them in defiance of the moral ſenſe which God has given us."—*The Friendly Diſputants, or Future Puniſhment Reconſidered, by* AURA.

ſeeing, moreover, that everywhere throughout the vegetable and animal kingdom there is laviſh waſte and deſtruction—many ſpecies of inſects who go through all the ſtrange metamorphoſes prefiguring the death and reſurrection to a new life, ſhadowed forth to man as his deſtiny—and the greater number periſhing in their own pupæ—for whom, therefore, there is no reſurrection after death or future life, it is impoſſible not to read a ſtrange ſignificance in this wonderful ſeries of types and analogies in ſuch perfect harmony with the written Word. Well may it be ſaid that one organic whole exiſts in which it is ever God's law that the lower ſhall contain the germs and prophetic intimations of the higher; forcing upon us the conviction, that "ſpiritual facts underlie all the proceſſes of nature," or in Milton's words:—

"The things on earth are copies of the things in heaven; parables for the great teaching of a ſuperſenſuous truth—figures and ſhadows of the inviſible."

But deſpite this wonderful accordance of Scripture, type and analogy ſcattered throughout the fields of Nature, the moral ſenſe and reaſon of man will not accept the Calviniſtic reading, nor be bound to the plain letter of the texts; for the former give alſo to the heart a revelation of God, and that *cannot* accept the concluſion ſuch texts would force upon it, but ſtill gropes blindly upon the world's great altar-ſteps, for ſome larger hope and faith.

Nor will the ſuppoſition that a *law of inequality*

reigns throughout the univerſe remove the difficulty. Aſſuming that this law (abundantly exemplified in all the fields of Nature) ſhould alſo be in force with the human race, and that different *degrees of development* and *kinds* or *grades of excellence* are aſſigned both to nations and to individuals; yet ſtill we muſt conceive, either ſuch ſpecial adjuſtments and adaptation of conditions in this life or a future ſtate, as ſhould, however great the inequalities, prevent *the gift of life* proving to the recipient of *neceſſity an evil*, a gift with a curſe inſeparably attaching, inſtead of a bleſſing. God cannot have beſtowed life and immortality on any human creature, under conditions which would make it of *neceſſity* better that "man had never been born." The bare contemplation of ſuch a poſſibility reads like a blaſphemy.

And, if this be true, no other alternative remains but the belief that there muſt be a hereafter, in which things broken, disjointed, and imperfect, in this ſphere, ſhall be worked into order and harmony in another yet to come. If there be not a further ſtage of diſcipline and probationary exiſtence, as the Greek and Roman churches have ever held; ſome proviſion for progreſſive development and purification for all, but eſpecially for thoſe who have been the moſt deplorably without chance of either in this brief paſſage; then are we without a ray of intelligence in reſpect to the Divine economy to lighten the burden and the myſtery of the life within us. It may be objected that this is no Proteſtant doctrine, but Luther and Calvin

were not infallible; and how many of their followers have ever ſought to preſent to themſelves, in order and connection, *the neceſſary conſequences* of regarding this world and humanity, as it is conſtituted, in direct connection with the final day of judgment, without intervening exiſtence; and then tried to reconcile them with the Divine attributes, or gave a reaſon for the faith that was in them?

In concluſion, there are two conſiderations more eſpecially of a very ſtriking character bearing upon this view. The firſt has reference to the *eſſential conditions* of all LAW AND ORDER; the ſecond to the *principle of Progreſſive Development* everywhere and viſibly in force.

The Calviniſtic view of predeſtination to grace or reprobation in this world, and conſequent reward or puniſhment eternal in the next, whatever may be its ſeeming warrant in many texts and denunciations of ſin in the Scriptures, ſtands in clear contradiction to the whole train of argument in both directions. "Law," it has been truly ſaid,* "is a neceſſity of things cognate with organization and the baſis of Order in the Univerſe," and penalty for deviation is the condition of law, order, and ſtability. *The penalty natural to law*

* See "God Revealed in the Proceſs of Creation," by James B. Walker,—a ſequel to a kindred work by the ſame author,—"The Philoſophy of the Plan of Salvation," more than once quoted in theſe pages. Both works deal more ſatisfactorily with the ſubjects treated than many larger and more pretentious books. The above is only a condenſation of the author's argument. The two little works, which have already been tranſlated into ſeveral languages, will well repay peruſal.

being progreſſive derangement tending to ultimate deſtruction, if the deranged action which follows departure from the law be not counteracted by interpoſition of ſome recovering power, and the ſubject thus recovered to obedience, the deſtruction of the ſubject, whatever it may be, is neceſſary, and therefore certain,—neceſſary to the ſafety and harmony of the whole. Obedience to law is the condition upon which the ſafety and life of things depend, therefore is law inexorable, and pardon, without a return of the tranſgreſſor to the ſphere of obedience, is abſurd and impoſſible in a ſyſtem governed by law. Law cannot be broken down even for Mercy's ſake, though Mercy may, under Divine Wiſdom and Power, deviſe a means whereby the tranſgreſſor may be recovered to the paths of obedience and compenſation made for the aberration of evil done, and this ſecured pardon and ſalvation may follow without violation of law.

We ſee the exiſtence of *law* and the *neceſſity* for it, with the equal neceſſity for its *penalties* tending inevitably to one of two final iſſues—*recovery to obedience* and *pardon*, or *final deſtruction*. In conſidering the deſtiny of whole nations and races, which, on the loweſt eſtimate of the requirements of the Law and the Goſpel, they have undoubtedly failed to meet, a great gulf opens before us which no effort of human reaſon can bridge over, if the poſſibility of both theſe alternatives is declined. "Dying, do they die," as was announced to the firſt of his race; die in this world and never know another; or do they riſe again

for reſtoration to obedience, however long or painful the intervening paſſage to the final term?

The mind may be brought to conceive, and the moral ſenſe to acquieſce in either of theſe reſults; but not that of a reſtoration to life for no other object than eternal torment and puniſhment. The only grave difficulty, indeed, in the way of a reſtoration being the want of a retributive and compenſatory diſpenſation—any adequate ſyſtem for dealing with the wrongs and the inequalities of this life. But it is eaſier far to adopt the concluſion that man may die and periſh in his ſins, as the natural penalty of diſobedience, than by any violence to the moral ſenſe and reaſoning faculty to conceive that he is deſtined to live for ever as an object of torment and vengeance, a blot on the fair face of creation, marring its perfection throughout eternity.

Theſe concluſions lead us on to the next ſeries drawn from the principle of gradual progreſſion, everywhere manifeſt in the Divine Economy. There are broken links in this chain, but nothing that aſſerts the continuity of purpoſe manifeſted in the whole: and broken links there will be in the chain of every argument which ſeeks to embrace and account for all the conditions of exiſtence.

If the continuance in eternity of tranſgreſſion (derogation from Law), the *permanent exiſtence* of tranſgreſſors *out of the ſphere of obedience*, be abſurd and impoſſible in a ſyſtem governed by Law, and wholly incompatible with that Order on which all ſtability reſts, the ſudden, inſtantaneous con-

verſion of ſinful man to a ſtate of perfection and ecſtatic bliſs, is ſcarcely more oppoſed to all analogy. Tender and conſoling as were thoſe ſtrange and awful words addreſſed to the penitent thief on the Croſs, and often as they occur to us when our thoughts are of death and of that which follows after death, we ſtill feel in our hearts we dare not truſt to their apparent meaning

In the firſt place, what was intended to be conveyed by the word which we tranſlate "*Paradiſe?*" Our Saviour himſelf only aſcended into Heaven on the *third* day. "Touch" (detain?) "me not, for I am not yet aſcended to my Father." It was not *Heaven* then—the place of eternal joy and reſt reſerved for the bleſſed after judgment; and notwithſtanding the Apoſtle refers in ſtrains of triumphant anticipation to this as coming ſuddenly upon the elect in the "twinkling of an eye" at the laſt day, we may well aſk if ſuch ſudden change be *poſſible.** The ſame Apoſtle who looked upon the laſt day as cloſe at hand in his generation—now more than eighteen centuries ago—may well have miſconceived on this point alſo, which may have been no part of *the* truth it was his miſſion to teach. For, as Archbiſhop Whateley has well obſerved, the inſpired writers were Divinely commiſſioned not to teach *all truth*, but *the* truths eſſential to a Chriſtian; and on this ſubject of a future life, it is abundantly evident no *diſtinct revelation was intended* to be given.

* See Note C, Appendix.

Neither the one text nor the other, therefore, in reſpect to the tranſlation of the Penitent Thief or the near approach of the Laſt Day, can be taken as concluſive evidence, ſince there are inſeparable difficulties in the way of a literal interpretation, however either may be tortured; and both rather ſerve to indicate the dangers of faſtening excluſively upon a ſingle paſſage, or forcing a meaning from the rigid and literal interpretation of any.

It is difficult, indeed, to conceive the poſſibility of ſuch ſudden and total change in the Divine order, all nature and analogy being employed to teach the oppoſite doctrine of *progreſſive development*.

Does the eye that cloſes on a narrow and darkened room, with all the miſerable paraphernalia of ſickneſs ſtrewed around, the ear that has caught the ſobs of lamenting friends, the huſhed whiſpers of pity and anxiety, each ſenſe that has ſickened and grown dull amid the laſt agony? Does it after a momentary ſuſpenſion as the hot breath eſcapes ſuddenly rouſe up again with full conſciouſneſs and renewed vigour in a new world? Does it ſuffer the inſtantaneous tranſition from things of the "earth earthy" to things heavenly? Would not the aſtounding change, the overpowering contraſt, be ſufficient to overwhelm all recollection of paſt exiſtence, or, ſuppoſing them to be retained, to deſtroy the ſenſe of identity. And is not ſuch a ſudden change out of analogy with all we ſee in nature and are taught by revelation, of the progreſſive development, the working onward and upward by gradations, of all things created? The

queſtion is of abſorbing intereſt. Often and painfully is the brain bewildered by ſpeculations upon a future ſtate, and the heart made cold by doubts of the ſoul's progreſs after it has paſſed the gates of death. The Bible tells us nothing on this ſcore. Its expreſſions are glorious and exulting, but for ſome wiſe purpoſe, doubtleſs, deſignedly vague; or, when it ſpeaks more particularly, entering into minute details, it is evidently to be taken metaphorically. Leaſt of all can we imagine the ſpirit transferred inſtantaneouſly from earth to heaven—from the buſy, buſtling, money-making world, from the thoughts of trifling occupation, from bodily cares or bodily pains and anxieties to the heavenly Jeruſalem, "to the company of juſt men made perfect," to the Paradiſe of angels. It appears too ſudden and too vaſt a change to be in analogy with the workings of God's Providence as manifeſted to us in this life. This "corruptible body puts on incorruptibility, this mortal, immortality," we read in Scripture; but does alſo this imperfect nature inſtantly arrive at *perfection?* For ſuch a tranſition ſo rapid, ſo aſtounding we ſeem ſcarcely fitted. Pardoned, regenerate, we may be, or humbly hope to be, but is there not now the new life to begin? Not a new ſalvation to win, but a perfection to attain which is ſet before us, and made poſſible through grace. The pardon has been won for us, the grace has been given us, but not the perfection which would make the grace ſuperfluous.* O! if we could

* See Note C, Appendix.

but realize how *this* life is only the loweſt ſtep of that ladder which has its foot on earth but its top in heaven, on which angels are aſcending and deſcending, doing His work who ſends them forth to miniſter to thoſe who ſhall be heirs of Salvation. If we could but feel that ſtep by ſtep, we may and muſt aſcend this ladder; that when it riſes above this mortal atmoſphere we may ſtill mount upward and upward, although the Heaven of Heavens ſtill riſes above—far above all human conception of its glories, revealed to us only as the far-off, never-ſetting ſtar of our higheſt and deareſt hope! To this it is the Chriſtian's duty ever to look forward, and in proportion to the earneſtneſs with which he keeps ſuch a deſtiny before him will be the power of gradually realizing the ſolemn truth that the ladder which reaching unto heaven has been planted with its foot on earth expreſſly to lead us upwards ſtep by ſtep from this earth, with all its tranſitory hopes and trials, joys and ſorrows, inviting us to aſcend nearer and nearer, while yet in our mortal mould, to the "Mercy-ſeat of the Higheſt."

In cloſing this rapid review of ſome of the more important conſiderations neceſſary to a right view of the whole of the antagoniſtic arguments for free will on the one hand, and predeſtination on the other, a few additional remarks ſeem called for. We ſee enough to prove that while evidences of the exiſtence of both abound, the *compatibility of the two* conſtitutes the great problem of life.

Well has it been ſaid that "the excuſe for

vil, and for evil men, which the neceſſitarian heory will furniſh, diſguiſe it in what fair-ſounding words we will,"* is one from which a right-minded man and a Chriſtian revolts. Yet the impatient denial which common-ſenſe people, "eſpecially Engliſh people," give "diſdainfully and angrily to a theory which confuſes their plain inſtincts of right and wrong," is no leſs clearly founded on a partial view, which has its dangers alſo, ſince it is in flagrant contradiction to certain grave facts of experience, thereby giving the fataliſt a vantage ground of real truth. The actual poſition cannot be better ſummed up than in the following words of the Reviewer already quoted:—

"The popular belief is, that right and wrong lie before every man, and *that he is free to chooſe between them*, and the reſponſibility of choice reſts with himſelf. The fataliſt's belief is, that every man's actions are determined by cauſes external and internal, over which he has no power, *leaving no room for moral choice whatever*. The firſt is contradicted by plain facts, the ſecond by the inſtinct of conſcience. Butler ſays, whatever be the ſpeculative account of the matter, we are practically forced to regard ourſelves as free. This is but half the truth, for it may be equally ſaid that practically we are forced to regard each other as NOT FREE, and to make allowance every moment for influences for which we cannot hold each other perſonally reſponſible."

* See Note B, Appendix.

Under ſuch conditions it cannot be matter of ſurpriſe that, however we may practically cut the Gordian knot which baffles all attempts to untie it by ſpeculative proceſſes of thought and reaſon, we halt between two opinions, and while with a determined effort of faith we hold faſt to the conviction that there is ſomewhere "a point of freedom," we feel compelled to admit that as to the queſtion where that point is—where other influences terminate and reſponſibility begins—or *how* a predeſtined order of creation may be reconciled with ſuch freedom and reſponſibility, we have no anſwer to give, and muſt treat them as the inſoluble reſiduum left at the bottom of the analytic crucible, after all means of further ſolution have been exhauſted.

But it is by no means clear, as the Reviewer aſſerts, that "*if there be a point of freedom at all*, it is fatal to neceſſitarianiſm." On the contrary, the only reſult at which we can reaſonably and legitimately arrive, ſeeing that both conditions exiſt in fact and reality too clearly and palpably to admit of doubt or diſpute, is not to deny what we know, but from this draw our concluſions of the unknown. A moral reſponſibility for our actions which muſt of neceſſity involve in ſome ſenſe or other, in ſome degree or other, free will, and identify us as the authors of our own actions; and, ſecondly, a definite order and deſign in creation, which as neceſſarily involves a predeſtined courſe and a controling power, unſeen and irreſiſtible, over all, even the will and actions of men,

are the things that we know. Hence we infer that they can be and *are* reconciled by ſome higher law than has ever been preſented to our finite intellects, and that the two are in truth and fact made compatible. Nations and individuals alike, which have their deſtiny "rough hewn," may, within the outer limits of a predeſtined courſe, for aught we can prove to the contrary, have ſuch a margin of free will and action as to leave them juſtly anſwerable for, and maſters of, their own actions; and therefore morally reſponſible for all that they do and will, taking into account the circumſtances under which they act, and the knowledge vouchſafed them of right and wrong.

PART II.

SUCH ſeem to be the leading conſiderations which it behoves us to weigh, as of general and preliminary character, in any endeavour to arrive at a right concluſion with reference to the various influences determining life's progreſs and final iſſue. Firſt, we have man in his union of two diſtinct natures, the material and the ſpiritual, each, to all appearance, with their inherent character, inſtincts, and ſeparate laws of development; ſecondly, the world of outward circumſtance and condition; and laſtly, the ſpirit of God, the Omniſcient Creator and Governor of all. Theſe are the three elements

which enter into the life problems. The ſeveral relations and influence of theſe in the final product—the deſtiny of man—and the field within which individual effort may be exerciſed with effect, for our own weal or that of others, are the queſtions yet to be conſidered. However much may remain for a future ſtate to unfold and complete, Revelation and Nature alike lead to the concluſion that the influence of this life upon our future being, by whatever forces or agencies moulded, will be moſt important. Whatever the controlling force of the conditions of exiſtence impoſed upon us by birth, age, or country, and however great the inequalities obſervable in theſe between man and man, the whole tenor and purport of the Scripture revelations lead to the conviction that the life hereafter reſerved for each will, in ſome ſenſe, be a continuation of our preſent being, though it may be under wholly different conditions.

The queſtion, therefore, how far the influence and power of external circumſtances and conditions of original conſtitution extend, in connection with the limits of individual effort, for the improvement of theſe and the prevention of evil, is ſhorn of little of its importance by the knowledge that much will always be beyond our control, and the conſequences of our own voluntary acts even will in like manner extend far beyond the field of our viſion.

In reference to the influence of outward condition upon the development of character and the

iſſues of a life—in connection with the vaſt diſparity in theſe everywhere obſervable, there is this to be noted, more eſpecially as regards the latter fact, namely, that, if poſſible, ſtill greater inequality exiſts in the bodily conformation, and gifts both mental and moral, beſtowed upon individuals and races. So great, indeed, is this decreed inequality in the original conſtitution that we may ſafely aſſume, were all diſparities of outward condition made at once to ceaſe by the fiat of the Creator, ſuch inward diſparities would leave the diſtinction between man and man, nation and nation, little leſs broadly marked than they are now with the double convergent lines.*

From which great truth the practical concluſion of no ſlight importance is to be drawn, that INEQUALITY *is the Law*—inequality within and without—in the original conformation and the outward conditions. It runs through all ranks, ages, and races of men. It includes both ſexes; the diſtinction of ſex being itſelf only an occaſion for a whole ſeries of inequalities to be ſuperadded, as it were, to the already infinite number. In whatever direction, therefore, man's efforts may be moſt beneficially exerted for the improvement of his race, and the diminution of evil, it very certainly ſhould not be in attempts, which muſt manifeſtly be vain, to counteract or nullify this law. Inequality has been made the baſis of all order and progreſſion, and it lies deep under the founda-

* See Note A, Appendix.

tions of ſociety in every ſtage of civilization. We cannot change it if we would, any more than we change the preceſſion of the equinoxes, the alternations of the ſeaſons, or the operation of any of the laws of Nature by which the graſs and the trees ſpring up and bloſſom *according to their kind*, each at their appointed time. And we could not hope to improve on that which is eſtabliſhed (not by man, but by the Divine Ruler himſelf) were our power leſs obviouſly inadequate to the taſk. The leſſon conveyed is therefore very plain; to accept this inequality in the internal conformation and external circumſtance as one of the fixed and unalterable conditions of human exiſtence (how hereafter to be reconciled with juſtice and mercy is beſide the queſtion), and to direct our efforts, whether of domeſtic government or extended philanthropy, to remove what is evil or preſſing moſt injuriouſly on the ſprings of life in their diſparities, rather than to make them diſappear. We may ſucceed and do good within the ſphere of our exertions by the one courſe; but we ſhall certainly fail and do miſchief by attempting the other.

One other general fact bearing on the ſame ſubject. Although the earth and all living are plainly under the government of laws, and although it is the characteriſtic of Law to be ſweeping, indiſcriminate, and inexorable, dealing in general cauſes and effects, and making no exceptional adaptations to individual caſes—(hence, however juſt, it will always be ruthleſs in action)—yet in

regard to individuals it is impoſſible not to recognize both ſpecial adaptation and merciful deſign in many of the diſpenſations of outward conditions and internal character. A power above the law can alone do this and yet maintain its inviolability. This we ſhould conſtantly bear in mind, to prevent any raſh and preſumptuous meddling with what after all may have been determined for the beſt, and by higher wiſdom than ours; and to ſupply conſolation and prevent repining, when the moſt ſeemingly untoward concurrence of outward temptation with internal proclivity, beyond our power to change or amend, affect the life and deſtiny of thoſe who are dear to us. Very often we have proof in the end that theſe were neither ſo blindly or unmercifully diſtributed as in the impatience of our hearts we were prone to believe. Even when chaſtiſements come (retributions which we are inſtinctively led to recognize and accept as ſuch) who has often obſerved in them a *ſpeciality*, in kind or degree, which ſends them home to our hearts, and makes us acknowledge them as inſtruments of mercy in the hands of an all-ſeeing and diſcriminating Judge from whom no ſecrets are hid. When moſt diſtinctly bearing the mark of ſeverity, often are they tempered with a ſpecial mercy likewiſe, having perhaps regard to ſome ſecret dread or weakneſs, known perhaps only to ourſelves and Him to whom all hearts are open —open alike in their ſtrength and in their weakneſs. Earthly parents may overſhoot the mark in their corrections, and earthly judges inflict more

than the offender "is able to bear;" but not ſo the Ruler of all, who knoweth of what duſt we are made, and has commiſeration even while He puniſhes the infirmities of our nature.

Development in the moral conſtitution, in like manner as in the phyſical, is plainly enough governed by fixed laws. There is an innate formative principle which tends to unfold preciſely thoſe qualities and capacities, mental and phyſical, and thoſe only, whereof the germ exiſted at the birth, and to develope them according to fixed organic laws. There is nothing in the whole field of analogy to lead to the concluſion that theſe conditions can in any way be wholly changed by the eradication of anything originally exiſting—or the introduction of anything not in the germ—ſtill leſs by the ſuſpenſion or counteraction of the organic laws which regulate the development, any more than we can conceive the acorn developing any tree but an oak, or the ſeed of the willow producing a poplar. All that can be effected by ſubjective effort from within, or the influence of training, and education, and culture from without, aided or counteracted, as the caſe may be, by external conditions of exiſtence, is more akin to the changes we can introduce in the vegetable kingdom by grafts and the animal by croſſing, and lies within the limits deſcribed by one word—*modification*. Some gifts, deſires, capacities, may be foſtered and brought forward, while others may be repreſſed or dwarfed. More, or other than this, it ſeems not in man, nor in external circum-

ſtances, nor in Fate itſelf to effect; and it is only an idle and miſchievous waſte of time and labour to make the attempt.

When ſeeking therefore to determine the influence which "Fate and Circumſtances," to uſe Thackeray's popular form of expreſſion, may exerciſe on our deſtiny and life's progreſs, we muſt take into account all the three elements. Man, in his dual nature, the ſpiritual ſtill ſtriving—when not wholly maſtered—for a purer and better exiſtence with the lower nature and its original caſt of deſires and capacities. Next the world of circumſtances, and the mutual adaptation of the temptations, or opportunities from without, which they bring to bear on the internal proclivities and diſpoſitions. When theſe give examples of cloſe adaptation the one to the other—if it be in a good and worthy direction—the ſpirit rejoices with a ſenſe of power, while its aſpirations heavenward are more fervent. A mortal under ſuch favoured circumſtances, like the ſcribe in the Goſpel, cannot be "far from the Kingdom of God." But if the outward occaſion and the inward proclivity coincide for evil, what ſhall ſave that man—who ſhall deliver him from the enemy that menaces his ſoul with a ſwift deſtruction? The Spirit of God alone can, in ſuch circumſtances, give effective help, for vain is the power of man without it; but to him who earneſtly ſeeks for ſuch aid, we are aſſured God will in no wiſe caſt him out, or turn a deaf ear; and even when a man is too far loſt to pray for himſelf, we are allowed to hope that

the prayer of a righteous man availeth much even for the ſoul of another.

Perhaps the greateſt ſafeguards for virtue, and the ſtrongeſt banner againſt all the inroads of vice or evil in any form, are *habits* of ſelf-culture and diſcipline—*habits* of ſelf-denial and watchfulneſs. By theſe we gain the maſtery of our own being, the control of our paſſions, and, the crowning gift of all, a perfectly educated and diſciplined WILL. Without theſe there is no ſtrength and no power to reſiſt the ſolicitations of our ſenſuous nature, or the more inſidious ſuggeſtions of a perverted imagination, and no force of character to fall back upon.

The final leſſon which all theſe various conſiderations ſuggeſt, is neither to underrate nor unduly exaggerate the influence of external circumſtances and conditions. No doubt theſe go far to determine what we ſhall do in this world, and ſometimes what we ſhall be; yet at the ſame time it behoves us not to forget that this need never be *irreſiſtible* to one who has learned to look to Chriſt for aid; and that they are chiefly to be feared when the outer world of chance and opportunity coincides with the deſire from within, and *both are evil.* Then, indeed, man had need to pray for help—inſtant and effective help, for his danger is imminent. From this it follows alſo that the firſt and greateſt object in beginning the race of life ſhould be, a heart right towards God—that guards the citadel; and the fortreſs, ſecure from treachery within, may with ſuch aid as he will na-

turally ſeek from above, bid defiance to all enemies from without.

So much as regards our own Deſtiny. But others often obtain more of our thoughts than are willingly given to what concerns ourſelves excluſively. The leſſon which all the foregoing, and in ſome degree contradictory or antagoniſtic, conſiderations, are calculated to enforce, is evidently not that of indifference to the outward conditions in which men and women are placed for the growth or development of character, and the higher ſpiritual nature within them. When the future deſtiny of thoſe who are near and dear to us is in queſtion, it is not only the influence we may actually have acquired by precept and example—by the daily interchange of thought and feeling, which do more to mould the yielding and impreſſionable nature of youth, and of woman alſo where her affections are engaged, than any other influences from without:—it is not only the priſtine impreſſions we may have made that are to be conſidered, but alſo all that we may have *failed* to effect. Who ſhall know peace or happineſs again, if a ſuſpicion lurk within us that the deſtiny of thoſe we loved beſt on earth has been marred; or a future exiſtence marked with pain and ſuffering through any faults or negligence for which the ſurvivor is accountable?*—ſuffering to the gentle

* "It was aſcertained by Réaumur that an injury inflicted upon the chryſalis produces a defect in the future fly. And thoſe who have obſerved know the greater number of nymphæ utterly periſh in their own pupæ."—*God Revealed in the Creation.*

See alſo Note D, Appendix, on the curious analogies in the metamorphoſes or transformations of inſects.

ſpirit, whoſe laſt ſigh has been watched in ſilent agony—whoſe life has been our life, and from whoſe future deſtiny we cannot by any effort diſſociate ourſelves, even if we deſired it. Thoſe who may of right have looked to us for ſtrength in trial, help in danger, comfort in affliction, and counſel, loving and truthful, in every circumſtance of life—help unfailing to aid them in the battle of life, and ſhield them from evil or temptation, beyond their ſtrength to bear—and to ſecure that full completion of their being here, on which all Revelation and Nature teach us the deſtiny of each one through all futurity will depend?* Yet how lightly charges involving ſuch reſponſibilities in this life are accepted. How coldly and liſtleſſly they are often met, even when ſelfiſh and ill-conditioned tempers do not make the evil moſt to be guarded againſt, by pouring gall into the daily cup —the ſmall droppings of a bitter tongue, poiſoning all the ſources of joy, and deſtroying not only the happineſs of this life, but imperilling the life eternal. And with what Phariſaic blindneſs do thouſands turn to their reſt at night after a day ſpent in ſuch ſoul-deſtroying practices; and with ſelf-gratulations thank their God they are not as others—"publicans and ſinners!" To take a *life* is *murder*, what is it then *to ſlay* or even to maim *the ſoul*, through all eternity?

But how ſhall we live to avoid this terrible ſin

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* See Note E, Appendix, for an intereſting view of the "Almighty's Everlaſting Circles," by Archdeacon Jeffrey

—the more terrible that it is preciſely thoſe who are committed to our charge in a ſpecial way by ties of blood or affection, who are moſt expoſed to this injury at our hands; an injury not the leſs real, whether perverſely, or unconſciouſly and undeſignedly inflicted.

One concluſion, at leaſt, comes out clear and diſtinct for our guidance. So far as the reſult depends upon us, and the means can by any effort be brought to bear, our firſt and moſt imperative duty is very certainly to aid in the development of all good principles and inſpirations—and, above all, *habitual* purity of thought and habitual diſtaſte for things vicious or evil, whether in thought or deed. If we love ſin, and are conſcious of a conſtant *deſire* to indulge in ſome forbidden and corrupting thought, it is vain to hope that we ſhall find ſtrength throughout a life to reſiſt temptation, when the opportunity coincides with the ſecret longing; and ſooner or later the enemy always ſecures ſuch opportunity. The very thought of the ſin muſt become *hateful* to us, before we can arrive at any ſecurity; and reſiſtance to its entrance muſt be *habitual.* The moſt fatal of all ſtates is that which involves the tyranny of ſome abſorbing or importunate thought. Carried to its extreme, it becomes inſanity, which in many forms is neither more nor leſs than this tyranny of one thought, idea, or paſſion, to the excluſion or ſubordination of all more healthy impreſſions—and in leſſer degree it often conſtitutes that ſtate which has been termed "moral inſanity"—where the craving for action in

ſome one direction, generally for the gratification of a morbidly excited deſire, overrules all conſiderations of moral fitneſs, and even of prudence or perſonal ſafety, and leads, at laſt, to the acts of aberration or crime which bring the delinquent before the tribunals, to conſign him to Bedlam or the gallows, according to the view the jury may take of his ſanity.*

Moſt important is it, ſecondly, to promote a continued undergrowth of ſmall and innocent pleaſures—thoſe leſſer ſatisfactions of our compound nature which carry with them a certain ſenſe of phyſical well-being and correſponding contentment of ſpirit. Theſe conſtitute not only by far the larger portion of any real happineſs attainable on earth, but ſerve as a further ſafeguard againſt a craving for leſs harmleſs things. All ſtrong excitements and great pleaſures, beſides being in their nature brief and exhauſtive, are proportionally rare and difficult to obtain; but theſe ſmaller joys and ſatisfactions are like the daiſies and wild flowers of the meadow which grow perpetually around us, without effort or cultivation, when once they have been planted about our paths. To theſe, envies, jealouſies, and bitterneſſes, ſuch as the ſtrifes of domeſtic life engender, are ſure deſtructives. Such feelings and vicious habits go far to neutralize all benigner influences and poiſon all the founts of joy or peace, which outward conditions may place within reach. It is not enough then to

* See Note A, Appendix; and the Eſſay on "Inſanity, or Infirmity of Will."

foſter what is good and ſoul-invigorating; but if we would ſucceed in making life irreproachable in all the graver duties, we muſt carefully ſweep aſide theſe leſſer poiſons, and all the petty, dwarfing, and crippling influences which will gather round the hearth, if no care be taken, or they are looked upon as of little importance. Trials, difficulty, and ſuffering will croſs the path of thoſe who are moſt cheriſhed, in ſpite of all that man can do. Theſe will ſurvive all effort, and laſt as long as man ſhall endure, by a higher law than any of his deviſing. Progreſs by antagoniſm, under a ſyſtem of which inequality lies at the foundation, we have ſeen, are the conditions of this development; and however hard the terms may appear, it is under them the race has to be run. To change them ſhould not, therefore, be the aim or end of any effort, but to prevent the only fatal or really deplorable conſequences—failure in the battle or the race! For what do we fight, and what are the only true prizes to be won in this life-ſtruggle? Not that which periſhes with it aſſuredly, but that which ſurvives. Not wealth nor power, nor caſtles, nor land—theſe go not with us; they are of the earth, and muſt ever remain there, periſhing and paſſing utterly away, as far as we are concerned, when the grave cloſes over us. But thoſe which ſurvive, and which it is ours to carry beyond this life to another, are *qualities of mind and heart; loves and hates, habits of thought and deſires*, which together form the character;—and by theſe our future life will be determined and in-

fluenced. Hope, faith, charity—courage, patience, ſelf-denial and ſelf-control—the ſpontaneous inſtinct and love of good and hatred of evil—theſe are the final triumphs of the mortal ſtruggle, the only true prizes which lend wings to the ſoul in its heavenward flight.* Theſe are the laſt, beſt fruit of that good ſeed the Huſbandman hath ſown in our hearts, and which *we* are planted on this earth for a ſeaſon to develope, under ſuch diverſe circumſtances of innate character, companionſhip, and outward conditions, as hath to Him ſeemed fit. Woe to us if we be bad or ſluggiſh huſbandmen, and let the ſeed periſh, or be plucked out of our hearts, to be replaced by the tares from an enemy's hand!

Trial and grief there will always be. In the ſweat of his brow ſhall man earn his bread, and in ſorrow ſhall woman bring forth to the end of time. Such being the eternal decree, ſhould we do well to ſeek entire exemption in any direction for thoſe whoſe deſtiny is committed to us?—the children born to us, the wife given to our boſom?

Should we do well, or wiſely, *if it were in our power*, to ſhield thoſe we love from all contact with the outer world, to place them in a magic cave where none but loving whiſpers and pure influences could reach them? Not ſo, not ſo! Without trial, no virtue; without

* "Si queremos con Chriſto a los cielos volar
Las alas de vertudes nos aven alevar."
El Sacrificio de la Miza, PORTUGUESE MISSAL.

conflict, no courage or ſtrength; without evil, no good. It would be to emaſculate human nature, and condemn it to a dwarfed and etiolated exiſtence. It would not even bring earthly happineſs, for that is inſeparable from a ſtate in which there can be, and is, *the active exerciſe of all our faculties;* and of thoſe powers which enable us to battle with evil and ſtruggle againſt difficulties. All that is higheſt and beſt within us requires a world ſuch as God has made it, for our development and future weal. No, were ſuch iſolation from all iniſter or dangerous influences poſſible, it would but lead to wearineſs and corroding diſcontent; and no ſpirit of man, or woman either, under ſuch circumſtances, could find the means of healthy development and growth to maturity, on which the regenerating proceſſes depend. It is ordained in this life, as in the ancient Olympic games, that thoſe only may win the crown of victory who with toil and effort and trained ſtrength *run the race.* Even thoſe we love beſt then muſt mingle in the games and go through all the toil; though dangers many, and Death itſelf be there. We may keep them company; aid, encourage;—lift them up if they fall, but we cannot run for them. By the ſweat of their own brow, the ſtraining of their own ſinews, ay, and it may be the burſting throbs of their own heart, muſt that goal be won! So is it ordered—well, wiſely, mercifully ordered, who ſhall doubt? Let us bow to the Divine decree, and ſtill our eager hearts, for ſo it is—and muſt be!

But in the Divine diſpenſation, there are many prizes, and varying degrees of ſucceſs or excellence to be attained. In it—not even the weakly or the crippled are excluded—there are prizes for *ſuffering*, as well as for *doing*. Woe only to thoſe who, being born weak, *will* wreſtle and ſtrive with the ſtrong, and enter liſts where only athletes may hope to come out victors! Friendly hand and counſel ſhould avert this; and even if in better choſen fields of effort, the weights laid on prove too heavy, find means of apportioning them to the powers, and adapting them to the peculiar ſtrength and weakneſs of the individual. In this vicarious office, a wide field for good, and for that charity which hopeth all things and never wearieth, is opened. Who fail in this, whatever be their ſphere, large or ſmall, fail in the greateſt; and to fail in this life—to fail really—in *faith* and *effort*, is it not to periſh in the next? Is it not fatal in ſome form—in ſome mode? We may not win the higheſt prize we ſtrive for, while in this life of probation; that is a little thing: but if we fail to run, or ceaſe to *ſtrive* and to *deſire*, then we are loſt indeed.

APPENDIX.

A.

THE theory of the infant mind being like a ſheet of blank paper, on which parents, teachers, and the whole world of circumſtance, might write the lines of character or mould as they pleaſed, never perhaps had very general acceptance. Neither the eloquence of Rouſſeau, nor the practical efforts of the Edgeworths and others following in the ſame track, could entirely bear down the ever-recurring evidences furniſhed by daily experience of its fallacy. The doctrine has been attributed, not very correctly, to Locke, who uſed the figure in illuſtration; but from whomſoever it comes, it is both erroneous and miſchievous. Teſted by reſults, a thouſand failures proved its unſoundneſs. In ſo far as ſuch attempts may have tended to draw attention to the abiding influence in early years of education and moral training, they have not been without uſe, perhaps. But preciſely in the degree that a theory of this kind blinds men, and teachers of youth eſpecially, to the unceaſing and all-pervading influences of original conformation, it is erroneous in principle and miſchievous in practice. Innate diſpoſitions and all the elements of *character* are clearly inherited in ſome caſes, and if in others they are leſs palpably tranſmitted from parents or developed from the organization received from them, they are nevertheleſs equally fixed and determinate in type. As no two trees are ever perfectly alike, though of the ſame ſpecies, or no two leaves of the ſame tree, amidſt

the millions of a general ſimilitude, ſo is it certain that the ſame law of diverſity as to individuals prevails in the human race. No two are born perfectly alike in phyſical or moral conformation; not even twins, although they come into exiſtence under conditions of identity that would ſeem to make diverſity all but impoſſible. Nay, even when there is ſuch perfect ſimilitude of feature, voice, and figure, that only a mother in the firſt years can diſtinguiſh between them by ſome ſmall, and to other eyes imperceptible, difference, yet in the moral and mental conſtitution there will be more or leſs ſtriking differences. Perhaps the moſt noteworthy examples of this are furniſhed in thoſe abnormal births where twins are bound together indiſſolubly by a living band. In other caſes of twins, it is difficult to prove, beyond queſtion, that the external conditions under which character and diſpoſition have ſhown their development may *not* have been different, in ſome ſmall degree at leaſt. But in a caſe of this kind, that is not only in the higheſt degree improbable, but almoſt beyond the limits of poſſibility; for a perfect parity of treatment and outward condition could only be *prevented* by untiring effort and perſevering ingenuity.

One of the moſt inſtructive and remarkable of theſe caſes is thus referred to in the number of the "Britiſh Quarterly Review," for January, 1859. Speaking of the Preſburg twins, Ritta and Chriſtina, it is ſaid, "One was pleaſant, quiet, and amiable; the other was plain, ill-tempered, quarrelſome, and of extremely excitable paſſions. She was ſo violent againſt her inſeparable ſiſter, that they could not be truſted alone." It has been well remarked by the Reviewer that "nothing can prove more ſtrongly than this, how ſtrong is innate diſpoſition and how comparatively ſlight is the influence of the phyſical and moral medium in which children may be placed; ſince here ſurrounding circumſtances muſt always have been preciſely ſimilar, and yet the iſſue was ſo diverſe."

B.

A REVIEW on Spinoza's "Syſtem of Neceſſity," which appeared in the "Weſtminſter and Foreign Review" of July, 1855, contains a few remarks bearing ſo directly on ſome of the arguments employed in more than one of theſe Eſſays, and more eſpecially on the queſtions of the Will and Predeſtination or Fataliſm, and of moral and legal reſponſibility, under the head of "Inſanity and Infirmity of Will," that they can hardly fail to intereſt any readers of the preſent volume.

"The main point of offence is not on the phyſical, it is rather on the moral ſide. In that excuſe for evil, and for evil men, which the neceſſitarian theory will furniſh, diſguiſe it in what fair ſounding words we will. So plain this is, that common-ſenſe people, and eſpecially Engliſh people, cannot bring themſelves, even to conſider the queſtion without impatience, and turn diſdainfully and angrily from a theory which confuſes their plain inſtincts of right and wrong. Yet, in thus deciding, we have cloſed our eyes to certain grave facts of experience, and thereby given the fataliſt a vantage ground of real truth. Life, and the neceſſities of life, are our beſt philoſophers, if we will only liſten honeſtly to what they ſay to us. The popular belief is, that right and wrong lie before every man, that he is free to chooſe between them, and that the reſponſibility or choice reſts with himſelf. The fataliſt's belief is, that every man's actions are determined by cauſes external and internal, over which he has no power, and leave no room for moral choice whatever. *The firſt is contradicted by plain facts, the ſecond by the inſtinct of conſcience.*

"Even Spinoza allows that for practical purpoſes we are obliged to regard the future as contingent and ourſelves as able to influence it: and it is incredible that both our inward convictions and our outward conduct ſhould be built together upon a falſehood. Butler ſays, whatever be the ſpeculative account of the matter, we are practically forced to regard ourſelves as free. This is but half the truth, for it may equally be ſaid that, practically, we are forced to re-

gard each other as NOT FREE, and to make allowance every moment for influences for which we cannot hold each other perſonally reſponſible. But in the ſwift haſte of ſocial life and coarſe generalizations of political neceſſity we cannot make theſe allowances; and the graduation of puniſhment by the ſcale of guilt is a mere impoſſibility. A thief is a thief in the law's eye, whatever his training; and definite penalties muſt be attached to definite acts, the conditions of political life not admitting of any other method of dealing with them. And yet there are many caſes in which, as Butler again allows, if we trace a ſinner's hiſtory to the bottom, the guilt attributable to himſelf appears to vaniſh altogether. This is all plain matter of fact, and ſo long as we continue to deny, or ignore it, there will be found men who will ſee only what we neglect, and build their ſyſtem upon it.

"And again, if leſs obvious, yet not leſs real, are the natural tendencies which each of us brings with him into the world; which we did not make, and yet which almoſt as much determine what we are to be, as the properties of the ſeed determine the tree which ſhall grow from it. There is as large difference in the diſpoſitions of men as in their features, and that by no original act of their own. Duties which are eaſy to me, another finds difficult or impoſſible. It is with morals as it is with art. Two children are taught to draw; one learns with eaſe, the other hardly, or never. In vain the maſter will ſhow him what to do. It ſeems ſo eaſy; it ſeems as if he had only to will, and the thing would be done; but it is not ſo. Between the deſire and the execution lies the incapable organ, which only wearily and after long labour, imperfectly accompliſhes what is required of it. And the ſame, to a certain extent—unleſs we will deny the plaineſt facts of experience—holds true in moral actions, though evaded and thruſt aſide as theſe things are in the popular belief.

"It is often ſaid that all ſuch reaſonings are merely ſophiſtical; that however we entangle ourſelves in logic, we are conſcious that we are free, we know, we are as ſure as we are of our exiſtence, that we have power to act this

way, or that way, exactly as we chooſe. But this is leſs plain than it ſeems; and if we grant it, it proves leſs than it appears to prove. It may be true that we can act as we chooſe,—but can we chooſe? Is not our choice determined for us? We cannot determine from the fact, becauſe we always have choſen as ſoon as we act, and we cannot replace the conditions in ſuch a way as to diſcover whether we could have choſen anything elſe. The ſtronger motive may have determined our volition without our having perceived it. A conviction, nevertheleſs, aſſures us that there is ſomewhere a point of freedom. Where that point is, where other influences terminate and reſponſibility begins, will always be of intricate, and often, impoſſible ſolution. But if there be ſuch a point at all, it is fatal to neceſſitarianiſm. Moral life, like all life, is a myſtery; but there are a ſet of feelings which cannot be ſet aſide, which do prove that, in ſome ſenſe or other, in ſome degree or other, we are the authors of our own actions; that there is a point at which we begin to be reſponſible for them. It is one of the cleareſt of all inward phenomena, that where two or more courſes involving moral iſſues are before us, whether we have a conſciouſneſs of power to chooſe between them or not, we have a conſciouſneſs that we ought to chooſe between them 'a ſenſe of duty,' ὅτι δεῖ τοῦτο πράττειν, as Ariſtotle expreſſes it, which we cannot ſhake off. Whatever this involves (and ſome meaſure of freedom it muſt involve, or it is nonſenſe), the feeling exiſts within us, and refuſes to yield before all the batteries of logic; though Spinoza tells us that ſuch feelings are mere miſtakes ariſing out of a falſe philoſophy."

C.

TIME was ſn which happineſs was regarded as being perhaps too much a matter of one's outward lot. Such is the belief of a primitive age and an untutored race. Every one was to be happy, whatever his mental condition, who could but find admittance. The paradiſes of all rude

nations are places which profeſs to make every one happy who enters them, quite apart from any conſideration of the world which he might bear within his own breaſt.

It was a good and a noble thing, too, when a creed came forth, which utterly repudiated the notion of a fortunate iſland, into which, after any life you liked, you had only to ſmuggle yourſelf and all was well. It would be a grand thing, and an intenſely practical thing, to point to an unſeen world which will make happy the man who is prepared for it, and who is fit for it; and no one elſe. This is, indeed, the great leading idea of Chriſtianity as it was delivered to us by Chriſt; but the heart is pagan ſtill, and turns ever to the heathen idea—a paradiſe that ſhall by a miracle confer happineſs on whoever is admitted, wholly irreſpective of his previous mental and moral condition. A man, the ſlave of evil deſires and paſſions, finding his only pleaſure in criminal deeds or exceſſes; full of all malice and uncharitableneſs; how is ſuch a being to be *made* happy by entering into the kingdom of the bleſſed, all whoſe joys muſt be derived from the contemplation of perfect goodneſs, and in the exerciſe, it may well be, of all the beſt and higheſt qualities of mind and heart, of which we have now the germs only imperfectly developed in our mortal ſtate; yes, imperfect, even in the beſt? Could a miracle do this: enable the utterly vicious and perverted to caſt off the ſlough of all evil with this mortal coil, and emerge on the other ſide the grave a pure angelic nature, finding happineſs only in God's preſence and the contemplation of purity and excellence? And aſſuming all things to be poſſible to the Omnipotent, is it not contrary to all analogy, and His ſyſtem of government as that has been revealed to us by His works, inſpired writers, and our Saviour in His Goſpel? In what ſenſe could the ſubject of ſuch a miracle be held to be the ſame in individuality?"—*From an Article in* FRASER'S MAGAZINE, *on Tidineſs.*

D.

MESSRS. KIRBY and Spence have given an admirable chapter on the metamorphoſes and transformations of inſects, remarking at the ſame time, that however expreſſive theſe terms may be of the other ſudden changes that enſue, ſtrictly they ought rather to be termed a ſeries of developments.

"A caterpillar is not, in fact, a ſimple, but a compound animal; containing within it the germ of the future butterfly, encloſed in what will be the caſe of the pupa, which is included in the three or more ſkins, one over the other, that will ſucceſſively cover the larva. As this increaſes in ſize, theſe parts expand, preſent themſelves, and are in turn thrown off; until at length the perfect inſect, which had been concealed in this ſucceſſion of maſks, is diſplayed in its genuine form. That this is the proper explanation of the phenomenon has been ſatisfactorily proved by Swammerdam, Malpeghi, and other anatomiſts. The firſt-mentioned illuſtrious naturaliſt diſcovered, by accurate diſſections, not only the ſkins of the larva and the pupa encaſed in each other, but within them the very butterfly itſelf, with its organs, indeed, in an almoſt fluid ſtate, but ſtill perfect in all their parts."*

Every butterfly comes from a grub or caterpillar; a larva (ſignifying a maſk, ſo named by Linnæus, as the Greeks termed the butterfly Pſyche, the ſoul), becauſe the caterpillar is a kind of outer covering or diſguiſe of the butterfly within

But the analogies referred to above in the metamorphoſes of inſects, ſtriking as they are in reference to the reſurrection and life of man, are ſtill more marvellouſly pictured in the following deſcription of the obſervations made by naturaliſts.

"The caterpillar or larva, from which every butterfly comes, we have ſeen, has its own organs of digeſtion, reſpiration, &c., ſuitable to its larva life, quite diſtinct from and independent of the future butterfly which it encloſes. When

* Hill's "Swamm." ii. 24, 37. f. 2. 4.

the proper period arrives, and the life of the insect in this first stage is so close, it becomes what is called a pupa enclosed in a chrysalis or cocoon (often composed of silk) and lies torpid for a time within this natural coffin, from which it issues, at the proper period, as a perfect butterfly.

"But sometimes this process is marred. There is a numerous tribe of insects well known to naturalists, called *Ichneumon* flies, which in their larva state are parasitical, that is, inhabit and feed upon other larvæ. The Ichneumon fly being provided with a long sharp sting, which is in fact an *ovipositor* or egg-layer, pierces with this the body of a caterpillar in several places and deposits her eggs, which are there hatched and feed as grubs (larvæ) on the inward parts of their victim.

"A most wonderful circumstance connected with this process is that a caterpillar which has been thus attacked goes on feeding, and apparently thriving quite as well during the whole of its larva-life, as those that have escaped. For, by a wonderful provision of instinct, the Ichneumon grubs within do not injure any of the organs of the larva, but feed only on the *future nutriment* enclosed within it. But when the period arrives for the close of the larva-life, [illegible] have reached the pupa state, [illegible] emerge butterflies. But as for the others, [illegible] at this period issue forth, and spin their [illegible] yellow silk (about the size and shape [illegible] in which they are to issue as flies. [illegible] lar nothing remains but an empty [illegible] *been secretly consumed.*"

[illegible] enemy to the soul, consuming [illegible] man's well-being during the [illegible] whose presence may never [illegible] for the last great change to [illegible] be wanting in this won- [illegible] it is also matter of com- [illegible], that in many species of [illegible] several metamorphoses, the [illegible] many perish in their own pu- [illegible] resurrection or future life!

E.

A LITTLE work with a title not very happily choſen, perhaps, "The Almighty's Everlaſting Circles," by the Rev. Henry Jeffrey, the late Archdeacon of Bombay, has much valuable and ſuggeſtive matter bearing on this view of the ſubject. The central idea of the whole is in the attribute of all God's works as diſtinguiſhed from man's higheſt efforts—*that each contains within itſelf a power of perpetuation by a ſelf-generative reproductive power.* In the works of man that *effect* even tends to exhauſt the *cauſe.* But in God's work the cauſe and the effect act and re-act, generate and regenerate each other, till it often becomes difficult for man to ſay which is the cauſe and which the effect. Thus the Almighty acts in "everlaſting circles," and His works contain within themſelves a ſelf-reſtoring energy, or a ſelf-originating power of reproduction capable of enduring for ever and ever. This is true, as the author ſatisfactorily demonſtrates, in every variety of His works and in all His appointments, without one ſolitary exception; in morals as in phyſics, in mind as in matter, in all that relates to time, as well as all that concerns eternity.

To take a forcible illuſtration bearing more immediately on the ſubject referred to in the text, of the tyranny and increaſing force of an evil thought or vitiated imagination, ever tending more and more to induce criminal action.

"Every affection and paſſion of the ſoul, whether good or evil, has a tendency to vent itſelf in the correſponding and appropriate action of the body; and, on the other hand, every ſuch action of the body ſtrengthens and aggravates, and even generates the paſſion from whence it ſprung. Thus the effect becomes the parent of its cauſe. And when once the circle is begun it is not eaſy to aſſign limits to the power it will acquire over the ſoul, for *every repetition of the action more and more inflames its parent paſſion*; and the paſſion thus inflamed more readily ruſhes into action, till the captive ſoul is hurried round in a vortex which at laſt it has no power to reſiſt. Luſt, which ſeeks its impure

gratification, while every ſuch gratification exceedingly inflames the ſinful paſſion from whence it ſprung, is only another example. Drunkenneſs, again, produces *effects* both upon the body and the ſoul, which aggravate more and more the *cauſes* from whence they ſprung. Of all the circles of evil this is one of the moſt horrible and the moſt hopeleſs, hurrying its helpleſs victim continually into a deeper and a deeper hell." This law of cauſe and effect mutually increaſing and reproducing each other equally holds, fortunately, in the good affections; but for this, ſad indeed, and irreclaimably hopeleſs, would be the deſtiny of mankind. "Love, for inſtance, is an ardent, generous paſſion, never ſatisfied except it can ſhow itſelf in its correſponding actions, tending to produce towards God conſtant, willing, delighted obedience, and towards our fellow-creatures every act of kindneſs and gentleneſs, every endeavour to pleaſe the object of our love. A maſter-paſſion inſpiring the very thoughts of the heart and directing the conduct of the life. Thus, genuine love leads the ſoul to meditate continually upon the beloved object, and much thinking upon the object greatly increaſes our love of it. Meditation feeds the flames of love, and inſpires the very paſſion from whence they emerge. On this principle reſts the duty of thinking much upon God, and entertaining Him in the ſoul. Calling up thoughts of Him continually; meditating upon His glorious perfections; upon His mercy, goodneſs, truth, and holineſs, till at laſt the ſoul comes to love Him with the moſt ardent affection. For although love itſelf is not directly under the command of the will, yet a reſolute diſcipline of the mind can ſummon and bid ſuch thoughts into the ſoul as ſhall, by the grace of God, end in love. But if genuine love, leads to active and willing obedience, compelling a man to ſeek to pleaſe the object of his love; it is no leſs true that earneſt effort to pleaſe God and obey His laws, perſiſted in as a courſe of conduct, will, ſooner or later, kindle the moſt ardent love of God in his boſom. This is its natural tendency. It is the means which God has appointed for the end, and which He will ſooner

or later meet with the Holy Spirit. Thus, too, is faith a principle in this heavenly circle, for 'faith worketh by love and overcometh the world.' Love is the offspring of faith and the parent of obedience, while every act of Gospel obedience increases and strengthens both love and faith."

There is much in this law of our nature which explains the ever-increasing and undying love of mothers for their most froward and sickly or deformed children—of wives for the most worthless husbands. Love, in these cases, ever striving *to make itself felt by expression, by effort, and by sacrifices*, inevitably increases *in that proportion*; and almost irrespective of the merit of the object for which all these active demonstrations of love are made. There is no truth more striking in the laws presiding over the government of the world than this, that we attach ourselves by the very sacrifices we make for the object and by the benefits we confer, more even than by any which we receive. So may we gain a further insight into the great mystery of the Saviour's exceeding love for man, and the sacrifice by which it was consummated on the Cross. For human nature has been made after the image of the Divine; and "all human knowledge and experience show that God never works in any direction inconsistent with the constitution of man. There is a never-failing harmony between the universal laws of Divine Government and those which more especially regulate the development of man's nature."

Of the importance of *habit* and the strength it brings to the soul in all its struggles, so much insisted upon in the text, it is impossible to speak too strongly; well has it been said:—

> "Use can almost change the stamp of nature,
> And either curb the devil or throw him out
> With wondrous potency."

But if the "circles" of ever-perpetuating and increasing evil have been entered, there is then but one hope, which is, by violent effort to break away; for as the author suggests—

" It is ten thouſand times eaſier to break the neck of all evil habit, to ſtifle and crucify a riſing luſt by ſtirring up all the powers of the ſoul to *act* in the very teeth of its ſuggeſtions, than it is to dally and parley with it, and yet not to be overcome."

II.

CARDINAL POINTS.

"In the warm air, the new-born inſect floats,
Making it muſical with cheerful notes,
In rainbow hues, each moment changing, clad,
Of brief, but bright and bleſt exiſtence, glad.
For ſuch a fate might care-worn mortals ſigh,—
Only to flutter in the ſun and die;
Were not a hope more high, a range more boundleſs given,
Beyond that blue, broad vault which to our earth is heaven,
In calm, fair hours like theſe, a picture, faintly ſhown,
Of regions holier far, where ſtorms are never known,
Nor clouds, nor evening ſhades; for light doth reign alone,
Where white-robed angels ſtand around Jehovah's throne."

H. M. A.

A CHRISTIAN'S faith teaches him that Life, preſent and future, is continuous; yet continuity of purpoſe and progreſs is preciſely that in which our life ſeems chiefly wanting, when we look back on the paſt. It requires much anxious thought to gather up all the broken threads of interrupted work and deſign in the web of our exiſtence, to recognize in the ſeeming patchwork a comprehenſive whole; and it is only when this has been accompliſhed, that it becomes poſſible to give a ſatisfactory character to much that is always, and

neceſſarily, incomplete and fragmentary in it. There are ſo many projects never carried out; works begun, to be abandoned for others. The buſineſs of life ſeems ever beginning anew, and, like Penelope's web, never deſtined to end, one day or year often unravelling the labour of many! Theſe are the reflections that preſs upon us all, with more or leſs force, in a retroſpective view. We are apt to grow diſheartened; we ſee continuous progreſs towards a definite end only in one direction—towards the banks of that dark river which engulpheth all, and gives back nothing to the ſearching eye. To us it is the beginning of the end, pregnant with fate, but inſcrutable as night in its gloomieſt hour—the laſt before the dawn.

How well this feeling has been expreſſed, together with the better hope which takes its place, in the following paſſages traced by a hand now motionleſs in the grave.

"I have begun to ſee a little more clearly the way before me; that this life, in itſelf brief, interrupted, imperfect, affords no room for completed and perfect work. That we all have a taſk given us, and a work that we ſhould do, is certain; but it is not always, nor often a plain, manifeſt, ſhaped out taſk. It is not often a high imperious call of duty; much more frequently it is made up of a thouſand little home duties; ſo ſeemingly trifling, common-place, and continuous, that it would be impoſſible to believe they are indeed intended to employ all our energies and affections, until we

duly conſider and feel how difficult it is to fulfil them: how much of fortitude, activity, courage, and ſelf-denial is required to do ſo. 'The end is not yet.'

"The ſame of the culture of our intellectual powers. I had begun to aſk what profit there was in knowledge; what advantage in heaping up vain ſtores of information, inexpreſſibly trifling, as compared with the quantity ſtill remaining to be known, uſeleſs to others, as I never might have the ſkill, the influence, or the opportunity to communicate it, even to thoſe whoſe advantages had been fewer than my own; uſeleſs, certainly to myſelf, when this life, at the fartheſt only reaching a few years longer, ſhould be over. But I feel now, that our faculties are given us to cultivate; that knowledge is ſpread abroad to be gathered together, houſed up, and ready for emergency. That memory is to be exerciſed—reaſon, imagination, fancy, diſcrimination, attention, diligence, patience, acuteneſs, taſte. Every one has each and all of theſe qualities in greater or leſſer degree; ſome will bear more, ſome leſs development; all will bear greater development than we generally allow them. Beſides, never was truer ſaying, 'Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing *well*.' Why? Becauſe to do anything well, the beſt and moſt valuable faculties of man muſt be exerciſed. Exerciſe improves them, practice makes all things eaſy, experience makes things plain; and God who gave theſe faculties, and who placed us in this buſy world of great and little trials, only knows what

is to be the future work for which we ſhould be ſtriving to prepare ourſelves now."

How long it is before we learn this leſſon; and, above all, the Truth that no perfect or completed work is to be expected here. Life is not only too ſhort, but too much broken up into fragments, and drifted about by external influences, over which, for the moſt part, our control is ſmall, and often null. This neceſſary imperfection and incompletneſs of all work attempted, is therefore ſcarcely a legitimate ſubject of regret. It plainly *muſt* be ſo, and no effort of ours can effect any material change. We ſee this upon conſideration; for in our purblind ſtate, wandering the greater part of life in the midſt of illuſions, and often waſting our time and our ſtrength in a vain purſuit after ſhadows, we ſeldom know whither our acts or our efforts are tending. We "do but row, another ſteers the bark." How inceſſantly thoſe efforts fail in attaining the particular end to which they were directed, but contribute efficaciouſly to ſome other—often, thank God, (though at the time we cannot ſee it) to one far better ordered! When they moſt ſignally fail in accompliſhing the object of our deſire, they are not ſeldom moſt ſucceſsful in working out the ends of Providence. Thus alſo, in efforts to attain ſome ſpecial branch of knowledge, or excellence in ſome art as the immediate end of all our labours, we may unconſciouſly be laying the groundwork of a victory, or a triumph, in ſome other direction—even though great ſucceſs in this particular field of exertion

ſhall be denied us. This ſeeming miſapplication of our energies may ultimately turn out to have been the true ſource of our power. Martin, who, amidſt all his aberrations, has left us ſome ſplendid pictures of imaginative power, was originally apprenticed to a coach painter; and ſome of his command over the material he worked with, and in varniſhing or "glazing" effects more eſpecially, he uſed himſelf to trace to his early drudgery in this humbler field.

But it may be ſaid, this is ſad chance work. How much better to direct our means with intelligence to the end really to be gained. We think this, and yet ſo plainly has it been otherwiſe diſpoſed in many things, that we may well doubt whether this would in reality be as deſirable as it ſeems, and whether it is not ordered, in reference to this as to a higher life, that, for the exerciſe of ſome of our beſt and nobleſt faculties, Hope, Faith, Patience, we only "ſee in part, and know in part," what is to be the true end of all our labours?

In the daily intercourſe with our kind, how often does it appear to us that great capacity is denied a fitting field for diſplay and development, and rareſt faculties are ill-beſtowed on mean occupations. How often a noble and a loving heart, full of all high aſpirations and gentle ſympathies, ſeems condemned a life long to the ſociety of uncongenial minds; deſtined to ſolicit in vain the one reſponſive note, wanting to make divine muſic, and give to the world ſweet melody. Living to waſte, as it would ſeem, among thoſe who neither

ſhare in the gifts of ſuch a nature, nor are capable of appreciating their value. Yes, even on to the end, ſuch things have been, and are, and will be! Yet are we not permitted to hope, by all we ſee of a divine rule of compenſation, that ſome ray of heavenly light and love illumines, unſeen to groſſer eyes, the path of theſe ſeemingly miſplaced and neglected ones, "unſphered angels woefully aſtray?" Do we not in effect learn at laſt to read *this* open ſecret of God's diſpenſations, which goes far to reconcile many apparent inconſiſtencies and dire diſparities; namely, that no right-minded, true-hearted effort is ever made in vain, or left without fruit! Here, or hereafter, it ſhall be gathered. Among thoſe denied all apparent fruition of their gifts or their labours here, yet who ſtill "poſſeſs their hearts in patience," ſhall we not find the moſt favoured builders of God's temple on earth? A better offering may be theirs, to lay upon the altar not built of hands, than if they had been accompanied through life with ſympathizing hearts, congenial natures, and the honour and plaudits of the world! The lily of the Eaſt in all its bright array, and the lowly violet grow beneath the ſame ſun, but both are equally perfect in their kind, each ſhowing forth, *according to the conditions of their exiſtence and the place aſſigned them*, the glory of Him who made them. The glory of one ſtar differs from that of another, but to Him who called them into exiſtence, there may be no difference. Are not both the work of His hands, the evidences of His creative power—*perfect*

therefore, in their degree and relation, *as He deſigned them to be?* Live on and faint not then, O Heart, deſpiſed and buffeted of Fortune! The wayſide ſhrine, built up with bleeding hands and waſhed with tears, ſhall be more precious in His ſight than marble fane or fretted roof, reared by the kings of the earth! To Him the world's rough teſt of ſucceſs or failure on its ſtage is no teſt, and gives no meaſure of true value. Bruiſed reed, on whom the proud and careleſs have trampled, as they held their way, heedleſs and reckleſs,—on thee the dew of Heaven ſtill ſhall fall. Lift up thy head and be of good cheer, confident in the ſtrength of Him who knoweth why all things are made;—ſome to ſuffer only, and others to rejoice and flaunt in the bright colours of worldly proſperity; while gentler, nobler ſpirits pine and wither in the cold ſhade of adverſity each in their appointed time and place,—and who ordereth all things well!

Let us take this truth to our hearts. It is not what we accompliſh, but what we ſtrive for, and in what *ſpirit* we ſtrive, which determines the true worth of our lives. Of completed work, little enough is ever achieved by the moſt favoured of mortal race. But our life does not end here, neither does the work ceaſe to bear fruit when the grave cloſes over this earthly frame. What we *ſhall* be, is very certainly determined, in ſome way, however myſteriouſly the links of connection are made to work, by what *we have been.** We

* See Note D, p. 57, in reference to the diſcovery of the lineaments of the butterfly in the caterpillar, even before its me-

ſee the ſame law exemplified in a thouſand different ways even in this life;—that we may neither forget nor doubt it. As the ſeed ſo is the tree, each in its kind; the child is father to the man; and we know this ſame law prevails in the world to come; for there is no truth more clearly inſiſted upon by Chriſt and His Apoſtles, or more conſtantly reproduced to our ſenſes in the countleſs transformations of the kingdom of Nature. Revelation and Nature combine to impreſs upon our conſciouſneſs the great and eternal verity, that by ſome fixed, univerſal law, immutable in its conditions as the law of chemical combinations and affinities—the web of our future life is woven of the threads and faſhioned by the weft of this. And therein lies the hope and the conſolation of many who might otherwiſe cry aloud with the apoſtle, "If in this life only we have hope in Chriſt, we are of all men moſt miſerable." Yes, there is a ſaving hope, that all true and faithful work is ſanctified, and predeſtined if we will, to be fruitful; if not in this world, full ſurely in the next. The offering of the beſt that ſhe had, in the poor Widow, as in Mary, was accepted; equally of both, though the one was but half a farthing, and the other coſtly ſpikenard! Nay, the pooreſt, in one who ſought to prove her faith and love by giving her all, was conſidered of more value than richeſt offerings of Phariſee and Scribe, becauſe it

tamorphoſis into a chryſalis; and a further fact, demonſtrated by Reaumur, "*that an injury inflicted upon the chryſalis produces a defect in the future fly.*"

was her all, and carried *ſacrifice* with it. So it may well be, that they whoſe lot is ſeemingly one of unmingled trial and diſappointment, ſhall have the greater cauſe to rejoice hereafter. "The ecſtacies of higheſt felicity," it has been ſaid, "are reſerved by Providence for hearts worn and bruiſed by ſuffering;" and the parable of Lazarus lends a ſanction to the thought. Enough for us to know, that our life is progreſſive and continuous, for in that faith we may reſt contented, if only true to God and to ourſelves. With that condition, we are entitled to believe no toil or ſuffering endured can have been in vain, no right-minded effort thrown away, no prayer for ſtrength and grace rejected; for by the "devotion of the heart and the true aſpirations of the ſpirit," will our rightful place in the world to come;—in time and eternity, be finally determined.

To act well, honeſtly by ourſelves and others, each in our circle of individual exertion, be it wide or narrow, is our true courſe, unburdened by anxieties as to the combination or reſult of all the ſmaller eddies in that mightier ſphere of influences, human and divine, which decide the fate of men and empires, as God alone in higheſt wiſdom decrees. Man is his inſtrument always:—yet not without regard for the welfare of each individual agent can we believe he is thus employed on work of which he cannot graſp the whole plan; or even divine to what ulterior uſe it ſhall be converted. He ſees a great deſign, but in ſuch fragmentary portions, and his own ſhare therein is ſo

microſcopically, ſo infiniteſimally ſmall, compared with the coloſſal ſcale of the whole, that his only reſource is to work on by rule, and believe that in the end no caſt of the ſhuttle ſhall have been in vain. This ſeems to be the ſum of all wiſdom for the daily government of man in the buſineſs of life; but becauſe it is ſo ſimple and ſo humble, the leſſon it conveys is too often treated with unmerited neglect and contempt. As Naaman the Syrian ſcorned the prophet's injunction to go waſh in Jordan ſeven times, even though accompanied with the promiſe that "he ſhould be clean,"—clean of a foul and incurable leproſy too; it needed the earneſt remonſtrance of faithful ſervants to turn him to the ſtream. "My father! If the prophet had bid thee do ſome great thing, wouldſt thou not have done it?" So is it to this day, with Pagan, Jew, and Chriſtian;—for human nature preſerves its characteriſtic perverſity in all ages. The ſmall duties, the minor charities, the amenities of life which make up the ſum of ſocial exiſtence, and contribute in ſo large and eſſential a degree to its happineſs, are contemned as beneath our notice or too ſmall for ſerious effort; and the voice of remonſtrance is treated as the babbling of a ſuperannuated morality, uttering only the ſenilities of a by-gone age. Yet ſeriouſly, what ſhall we ſubſtitute in the place of this deſpiſed code of minor moralities and duties? In it lies the ſecret of all progreſs, unity of purpoſe, and harmony of action;—of all contentment baſed on the indeſtructible foundation of truſt in Provi-

dence, and in the unerring wiſdom which governs the world and every individual part, every wheel and pin in its complex machinery. It does not, as has been ſometimes urged, tend to paralyſe free, intelligent exertion to attain apparent ends. It is not fataliſm, ſtill leſs apathy; for reſting on a ſure faith in the all-wiſe and *intelligent* ordering of events, day by day, and age by age, every motive to faithful exertion is ſtrengthened. But man is relieved of the only burden which to him is intolerable:—the perplexity of deeming himſelf anſwerable for the *reſult*, ſo evidently and conſtantly beyond his control; and he is thus enabled to bear up with a ſtrong heart againſt the world's diſappointments, againſt reverſes and failures, of which there are ſo many in every ſphere. And deſpite the ſad contraſt of which the beſt of us may be but too often conſcious;—between high reſolves and failing deed, in the endleſs conflict between the good and the evil tendencies of our nature; there is good hope before us, if we evermore riſe from defeat ready to begin anew the ſtruggle, and willing to maintain it on to the end. There is a ſublime meaning in the claſſic fable of Antæus, who, often as he was caſt to the ground, drew freſh vigour from his Mother Earth, and roſe up with new ſtrength to the battle. Many an erring man has riſen, like Frederick the Great, from defeat to victory; and chiefly by the knowledge gained, while, humbled and proſtrate, he ſcanned the battle-field around him. Of him it is related that, during the ſeven years' war, in one of thoſe

battles on which hung the fate of his kingdom, he was thrown from his horſe; and, while he lay partially ſtunned by the fall, he heard a wounded ſoldier by his ſide lament that no artillery had been placed where he lay, as it commanded the key of the enemy's poſition. The proſtrate King ſaw in effect how important it was; and riſing from the ground, he immediately deſpatched orders for the artillery, and to that movement owed the victory which followed.

Man would ſucceed in much, if he gave to his religion the two-fold form in which it may alone take root in earth and be perfected in heaven. The devotion of the heart which finds development in faith and prayer; and ſecondly, the practical worſhip which finds expreſſion in work,—the daily work, the buſineſs of life—the laſt follows as a natural conſequence of the firſt, and inveſts the drudgery of a menial's office with a ſacrificial character, rendering it meet offering for the altar. If in our ſecret heart it be glory enough to know ourſelves the ſervants and the ſoldiers of Him who reigns in Heaven, to do His work, ſerve and obey Him in the faith that ſo it is required of us, however mean or lowly the capacity in which we act; we ſhall never be found repining that our lot in life is humble, that we are left on the river-bank diſregarded, while others are carried forward on a flood-tide to higheſt honour and employment. May we not the better prove our entire devotion and ſingleneſs of heart, by ready and devout ſubmiſſion? The kings of the earth can

ever find ſervants to occupy poſts of honour or command, and to fulfil all the higher duties of office; but faithful and willing ſervice, without ſuch trappings to adorn, and ſuch garniſhings to make the labour ſweet, is more difficult to obtain. If with cheerful loyalty we are ready to do battle in the ranks amidſt the throng of undiſtinguiſhed combatants, ready to carry the croſs-belts and muſket through the long day's march without murmuring, and bear the burden of the fight, even though we deem ourſelves capable of command, ſhall not this be acceptable ſervice?

Many a waverer who likes not the toil, but fain would have the reward, has aſked, "How ſhall I know that it is His work I am doing?" Search, and ſee what are the moſt obvious and undeniable of the duties attaching to your lot in life; firſt, as a Chriſtian, beginning with all thoſe ſame minor charities and amenities, ſo cruelly forgotten, and yet ſo eſſential in ſocial life; and next, in a more worldly point of view as regards the routine and buſineſs which devolves upon every one. Theſe are the ſervices required at our hands; theſe the offerings meet for the altar. Are they indeed menial, ignoble, or trivial? What do they coſt you to perform them well and thoroughly? Much in every way, it is eaſy to perceive. Think not ſo lightly of their worth then; the *meaſure of their value*, is their *coſt to you*. Inaſmuch as there is effort, ſelf-denial, *ſacrifice* in them, they are precious in the ſight of Him who marked with divine praiſe the half-farthing of the

widow. We all know and feel that the common and leſs attractive duties of every-day life, are not eaſy to perform perfectly, and with a willing ſpirit; and by the difficulty we experience, may we rightly eſtimate their true importance and their worth. Emerſon has well ſaid, "Let us give heed to what ſurrounds us. To-day is a king in diſguiſe. To-day always looks trivial to the thoughtleſs, in the face of a uniform experience."—"We know nothing of to-morrow, our buſineſs is to be good and happy to-day," was the wiſe remark of Sydney Smith.

Life thus viewed, loſes all that to other eyes may ſeem both trivial and degrading in it. We often hear complaints of the dulneſs of every-day exiſtence, and the weary monotony of ever-recurring common places; but Wilberforce has rightly rebuked this frame of mind, when he obſerves, that "in the true Chriſtian, all is life and motion, and his great work calls forth the various paſſions of the ſoul." We ſhall not weary of life, if we have rightly learned its great leſſon, namely, that we have been given it for a great and worthy purpoſe, not for amuſement; that we are here on an appointed ſervice, a ſpecial miſſion; the iſſue of which is all important to us, in another and a higher ſphere. Longfellow has very happily conveyed the moral:—

"Not enjoyment, and not ſorrow,
Is our deſtined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

To do that which is required of us here, and to do it well and faithfully, will then be happineſs enough under any circumſtances. "A conſtant employment for a deſired end, with the conſciouſneſs of continual progreſs," has been declared an eſſential condition of earthly happineſs, and one, perhaps, which can only be fully realized in the life of a Chriſtian. But none within that circle need deſpair, however hard the lines in which their worldly lot is caſt. The "conſtant employment" is found in efforts to ſubject the will to the government of the reaſon, and in the loyal devotion of all our faculties to Him whoſe ſervants we are, by ſuſtained exertion in the due performance of all the more obvious duties of our calling. Nor is there any danger that occupation will fail us, however reſtricted the ſphere; and as little ſurely can "deſire" fail, where the end is eternal life and happineſs. "Conſciouſneſs of continual progreſs" is perhaps the hardeſt to be ſecured of theſe eſſential conditions; for progreſs in well-doing, continuous and certain, is given to few of mortal mould, however ſtrenuous the effort. Man is both weak and erring by nature; but He who knoweth our infirmities, and of what duſt we are made, has compaſſion upon us; and inaſmuch as our progreſs to the grave is indeed continuous, without reſt or pauſe, a means of ſalvation has been provided, requiring chiefly honeſt and unceaſing effort, the loving heart, the faithful ſpirit; —and One who is able, bridges over the chaſm between *effort and ſucceſs*. We may, with ſuch aid,

always have this conſciouſneſs of progreſs; it reſts with us, for it is always in our power to make unceaſing and true-hearted effort, and *this is the condition of progreſs* towards the deſired end; the reward of the ſervant with two talents, as of him with ten! It has been quaintly and beautifully remarked, by one of the older divines, that if two angels were ſent on Earth from Heaven; the one to ſweep a croſſing, and the other to rule a kingdom, neither would feel a wiſh to change with the other, ſince both would equally know they were doing God's beheſt and His appointed work, and it would be joy and honour enough to each to know this only.

Let us ceaſe then to bewail either the monotony of life, or its blank and ſeemingly aimleſs character. Thoſe who utter ſuch complaints muſt have failed to diſcover its proper uſe, and miſſed the true interpretation of the great law which lifts the burden, and unfolds the myſtery of life!

III.

SACRIFICE AND MYSTERY.

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With ſound of a familiar voice.
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How far our Father's cares can reach,
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In Chriſt it was declared to be the corner ſtone of the Temple;—made incarnate, and in a human form raiſed high on the croſs that all men to the end of the world, might carry the image in their hearts; might feel and know that it was Divine in its origin, and eſpecially deſtined to lead them to God. As, according to St. Paul, by no other name, in Heaven or Earth, we can be ſaved, ſo by no other virtue except Sacrifice, can we redeem our lives and bodies from the dominion of the lower principles and deſires inherent in the complex nature of man.

We have but to look around to ſee that Sacrifice enters as an eſſential element into all good things—that nothing truly good or durable is ever attained in life, either as regards this world, or our

hopes of the future, in which the *Spirit of Sacrifice* does not play an important part. In the primeval records of our race, as these are handed down to us in the Scriptures, and in the ancient traditions of all nations, Sacrifice was the first part of an act of worship, and preceded prayer. Whether it come in the form of self-denial as regards the foregoing of our desire; or the voluntary acceptance of pain and labour,—the immolation of some present joy for a future object; or the dedication of our wealth and costly things to God's service, or His temple,—still Sacrifice is essential to give the life of man its true form and stamp of value. It is the essential oil on which the flavour and the virtue of the whole depend. The salt that preserves from corruption, the leaven that raises the lump. A profound sentiment of the dignity, worth, and saving virtue of Sacrifice is implanted in our hearts; and is no doubt at the root of all Asceticism, giving to all the forms and systems of devotion in which it predominates, their enduring vitality among men. It is the misinterpretation of the message it conveys to us, and the misapprehension of the service it demands, which constitute the error of the Ascetics — Pagan or Christian.

Why, in spite of this almost universal instinct of that which is Divine in the Spirit—the real acts of Sacrifice should seem so often to the majority of mankind poor or superfluous things, may perhaps be traced to the following causes:—First, our disposition to regard Sacrifice as something

good in itſelf, inſtead of good only as an inſtrument, and a means in reference to the end it is deſigned to accompliſh? And then, as there was nothing really good, nothing of efficacious virtue in the blood of bulls and goats; but they were acceptable to God as being of Divine appointment, and becauſe of the ſpirit of love, and faith, and ſelf-ſacrifice in which they were brought to the altar; ſo it is only in proportion as this Spirit of Sacrifice was real and perfect, that the higher and ſole true end was accompliſhed—namely, the aſſimilation of the human to the divine, man's nearer approach to, and cloſer communion with God. Now the firſt condition in all this is, that we ſhould ſee Him only in the act, and loſe the conſciouſneſs of ſelf—ſee only the object of worſhip and ſervice, and neither the thing offered nor the perſon offering; and our identification with the object, and conſequent worth of the offering, were always in the relation of the degree of ſelf-renunciation and forgetfulneſs attained. So is it with all Sacrifice in the world. No act ever attains the true characters of Sacrifice except in ſo far as this condition is fulfilled. With any ſelf-conſciouſneſs, or ſo long as we are retained within the circle of *Self*, it is not ſacrifice; but a mingling of ſelf-idolatry and will-worſhip. We all feel this in our human relations. If in yielding our own wiſhes, rendering ſome active ſervice which has the benefit of another for its end, and may even entail upon us the ſacrifice of ſome preſent comfort or enjoyment;—of fortune, time, or leiſure—

if in any one of theſe directions we make the ſacrifice, thinking the while on ourſelves and what we are giving up, our thoughts revolving round ſelf as their centre; if we perform the moſt meritorious act becauſe it is our duty to do it, and with the thought that ſo we are beſt accompliſhing the end of our exiſtence, the offering and the ſacrifice alike loſe their virtue; they are no longer holy, nor may a ſweet ſavour aſcend to Heaven lifting the ſpirit of the votary with it. It is but the blood of bulls and of goats, while he who offers it remains chained down to earth within the vicious circle of his own being. It brings him no nearer to God. This great and ſolemn truth is reflected in the common inſtinct of mankind, and pierces through all their dealings with each other. It matters not how great the ſacrifice, or coſtly the offering, if entire ſelf-forgetfulneſs and immolation do not accompany and ſanctify it; we receive either the one or the other reluctantly, as the loan of the uſurer which carries neither bleſſing nor gratitude with it. There is a great deal of this imperfect and deluſive Sacrifice in the world—a great deal of real devotion to the intereſts and wants of others alſo. But that perfect ſelf-renunciation and ſelf-forgetfulneſs which can alone fulfil the conditions of true ſacrifice, and make it acceptable to God, and Divine in its efficacy, is the rareſt of all things! A lurking regret; or reminiſcence of ſelf and the value of the thing offered, defiles all that is laid on the Altar, though it ſhould be a fortune or a life. We all know indeed how

that common inſtinct of humanity to which we have referred, ſpeaks out in accents clear and ſtrong. To reproach a perſon with a ſervice rendered, or even remind them of it as a merit in ourſelves, is to cancel the obligation, ſo far as the heart's return is concerned; and to make the recollection of it hateful. To do a kindneſs and exact, or look for gratitude, is with one hand to record a debt, and with the other to charge it with a condition of payment that makes it void. It has accordingly been well remarked, that "In proportion as a man acts rightly, and is healthy-minded, he is unconſcious of his good acts." In every ſenſe, to be ſelf-conſcious of a merit is fatal. If we are cognizant of the rhythmic pulſations of the heart, we are entering on a ſtage of diſeaſe. In perfect health there is perfect unconſciouſneſs of all the different parts and functions of the body —and ſo it is in our moral being alſo. The moment we become cognizant of the workings of either heart or head in our efforts to do well, there is ſomething wrong or unhealthy in operation; for by ſuch deviation from health alone would any intimation of what was paſſing be conveyed to us. Carlyle has well ſaid, "Self-conſciouſneſs is a diſeaſe." He might have added with equal truth, that ſelf-forgetfulneſs is not only among the beſt ſymptoms of a robuſt and healthy nature, but may be claſſed among the rareſt virtues—ſo ſeldom is it ſeen, and ſo difficult is it of attainment. To merge our being in another's is one ſtep towards this deſired end; but alas, how many love,

only or chiefly for the pleaſure it brings to ſelf; and then where is the ſelf-renunciating virtue? *Self*, incarnate and predominate, ſeems to be the natural fruit of our ſinful ſtate. Were we without ſin or diſeaſe, we ſhould loſe our ſelf-conſciouſneſs and with it all ſelf-ſeeking, in its thouſand forms and diſguiſes; and then our will and God's will would be one, and our whole being would be one with him, as Chriſt left us the injunction to make it. By the difficulty we experience in forgetting ourſelves in others, we have a too ready gauge of the diſtance which ſeparates us from this conſummation of a Chriſtian's life. Yet when we look at ſelf as the centre of life, our own individual work or pleaſure as the ſole object of exiſtence, how flat, ſtale and unprofitable this world and all it contains become.

And to SACRIFICE is added MYSTERY, in the Divine Economy. Theſe two elements are primary and all-pervading. The one is the inner heart or ſpirit, of that economy; the other its outer veſtment, interwoven with ſtrange gifts of wiſdom and of power. It is the veil of the temple guarding the inner ſanctuary, the holy of holies, from all profanation and defilement. Woe to thoſe who ſeek to rend it, though it ſeem ſlight as goſſamer; or, with ſacrilegious hands to lift its folds and paſs impure within; for Sacrifice and Myſtery guard the gates of heaven.

It has often been remarked that everything, the

commoneſt and moſt material or tangible to our ſenſes, runs up into myſtery the moment we purſue it with patient thought or earneſt deſire; and this, whether we would trace it back to its ſource, or forward to its ultimate reſiduum. In chemiſtry, how conſtantly an illuſtration of this truth is furniſhed. There, we come at laſt, deſpite of crucible and alembic with all their analytic and torturing power, to elementary baſes, or compounds we are fain content to ſtyle elementary baſes, in the abſence of all power to proſecute the inquiry as to their ultimate elements further. Matter even in its coarſer forms mocks our clumſy efforts to wring its ſecret out by analytic proceſſes. It remains inſoluble at the bottom. Again, if we turn to animate matter, how inſcrutable is LIFE in all its forms, from the zoophyte to man; here all inquiry is barred on the threſhold. We may lay bare, with cruel and unfeeling hand, all its mechaniſm, but the vital principle, Life itſelf, eludes our graſp, and leaves us face to face with Death and a blank negation! But we may well be foiled with vitality, when the ſimpler and groſſer forms of inert matter, the firſt rude and giant links of creation, the granite ribs and ſkeleton of earth are given to our prying gaze, and yet baffle us for evermore. We ſee ſomething of the mechaniſm, of the aggregation of parts, and ſometimes why they are brought together. But geology has its abyſs of unſounded depths, as univerſal nature in every ſection and department has its impenetrable myſteries, giving to all our queries only

laws for anſwer ;—laws which explain nothing but their own reſults, and are themſelves the greateſt myſtery. The veil is drawn backward a ſtep, in conceſſion to our earneſt effort and unceaſing prayer ; but only to be maſſed in heavier, darker folds, acroſs the inner ſanctum.

If man would realize to himſelf how thoroughly both Sacrifice and Myſtery interpenetrate, and form eſſential or integral parts of, the Divine Economy, let him try what real pleaſure, beyond the very loweſt and moſt tranſitory of animal nature, he can ſecure under conditions where either or both of theſe elements are excluded ? On the other ſide, we find abundant evidence that the more freely they enter, the higher and more durable appears to be the reſultant. Hence the ſupreme character of our religion, and the all-engroſſing nature of its hopes, its joys, and its trials. If we ſtop to analyze the more groſs or purely ſenſuous forms of enjoyment, we ſoon ſee that when the coarſe mind would ſtrip theſe pleaſures, more particularly attached to the animal organization, of both theſe characters—Sacrifice for their attainment, and a certain reſerve or Myſtery in their fruition—how immeaſurably they loſe, firſt in worth, and next in refinement and duration. Their limits, apart from the imaginative and ſpiritual powers which ſo readily mingle their characters of illimitability and infinity, are indeed ſoon reached. The mere animal powers are eaſily exhauſted and ſatiated. It is only when aſſociated with the immaterial parts of our nature,

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ſarily in the aſcetic's ſpirit—"when thou faſteſt, do it with a cheerful countenance." Art and literature, and all thoſe gentler graces of life which ſpiritualize what would be otherwiſe ſordid, or groſs and material in our daily exiſtence, have their high vocation. They ſpread a myſtic veil over the lower deſires and neceſſities of our nature; and leave the mind, like the ſurface of a clear mirror, unſullied and bright, to reflect every ray of heaven's light which may deſcend upon our path, unſtained by the impure things flung acroſs its diſk. It is true that in the far depths of a well we may from its impriſoned gloom read the ſtars at high noon-day, and make to ourſelves the night which ſhows them forth to man on the earth. But not ſo were they intended to be looked upon. It is not by ſinking lower, but riſing higher than the ſurface of the earth, that we can catch the firſt glimpſe of dawning light from the morning ſun; and that is the light given to men to work out their ſalvation by. We muſt *labour* as well as *pray*, and tread the well-ploughed field of thought for *the development of our faculties*, however ſtrewn with flinty ſtones or brambles,—to worſhip worthily. Yes, the final eſſence of the Retributive Economy under which we are living is indeed ſacrifice and effort. And the beſt that we have, can alone form acceptable offerings at God's altar. They muſt not be of things worthleſs in our eyes, or even made ſo in the eyes of others, by being trampled on until they have loſt all grace and freſhneſs. It is not a dead, but a

living, palpitating heart, which God requires; one with a full appreciation of all that He has made beautiful and attractive on earth, with a full consciousness of life in every vein. Active, not passive, love and service, is what God now requires. They cannot sit at the feet of Jesus, who, like Martha, are "cumbered with too much serving," even though their intentions be praiseworthy; but neither is the alternative the seclusion of a monk's cell, or gazing at the stars of heaven from the depths of a well, and far removed from all life's activities, in artificial darkness or isolation from our kind. Heaven were too easily won, were this the way for the cumulative consequences of the Law of Retribution to take effect. The gates of Heaven, which once stood open, now are closed. But Heaven is still to be won; it may be, a higher heaven than was first assigned to Adam, (this, the counterpart to what is penal and retributive for the first transgressions). But only through the portals of sacrifice and faith, "by violence" as Christ has told us, and in the path of life's activities and duties, may we even draw near, still less make good our entrance there. We must earn our bread in the terms of the primeval curse, by the sweat of our brow, and often be condemned to eat it in sorrow. On no other conditions is either the earthly or the heavenly Canaan to be obtained.

IV.

LAW OF RETRIBUTION, UNIVERSAL AND CUMULATIVE.

"The great law of our lives is the Law of Retribution. The preſent is anſwering for the paſt, the future muſt anſwer for the preſent. God's laws cannot be violated with impunity; that which we ſow we alſo reap. This in its various developments is the primal eſſential law of our being. The preſent character for good or evil is retributive of the paſt. Each day lays up for the morrow a retribution which is abſolutely ſure to come. It is alſo progreſſive and cumulative, for the preſent character is the reſult of all that is gone before."—*On the Unity of God and other Subjects, by W. G. Eliot, jun.*

THE great law of our lives is the Law of Retribution." Perhaps there are few truths more difficult to contravene, or leſs generally received. Let us inquire what are the evidences of the fact, and if it ſhould appear that the exiſtence of ſuch a law is manifeſted in every portion of our lives, giving a character of its own to every hour, and with momentous and eternal reſults; we ſhall be the better diſpoſed, as one conſequence at leaſt, to bear it in recollection ever after.

The ſame author truly obſerves, that there is a kind of moral retribution which comes from the

application of the general law to our moral nature, in the formation of character. "By our manner of life," he continues, "the ſoul is moulded into certain ſhapes of beauty or deformity; its capacities enlarged or contracted; its perceptions quickened or made dull; its taſtes purified or debaſed; its inward life made heavenly or vile. We therefore ſuffer retribution by what we are."

This is the moſt common, and yet is it not the leaſt noticed form of retribution? It is alſo one of the moſt terrible. It comes upon us in the moſt ſtealthy way, in the form of habits inſenſibly grafted on our nature and faſhioned to our mode of life; in which life there may be much that is both good and generous. On theſe higher qualities our attention will be complacently fixed, to the excluſion of the inſidious undergrowth that ſlowly but certainly is ſhutting out the air of heaven, and weakening the vital ſap which ſhould nouriſh a goodly tree to its full growth and development.

Habit is the reſultant of a law of periodicity, well known to the phyſiologiſt in his ſtudy of the ordinary functions of life, and conſtantly before the phyſician in forms of diſeaſed action. Intermittent fever is one of the moſt familiar inſtances. A perſon apparently well and ſtrong, ſits out on an autumnal evening, until he feels a chill and ſhivers; ſoon after he flushes with the hot ſtage of a fever, and finally ſeems, after a ſtruggle, to throw off his ailment in a copious perſpiration. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours elapſe, and without any new exciting cauſe, this law of periodicity

brings round the ſame phenomena, proſtrates him again with collapſed features, to be followed by the ſame hot ſtage of fever. It is enough to have been once the victim to be ever after *prediſpoſed* and ſpecially liable to attack, without further act on our part. Thus is it with every moral evil that has ever aſſailed our common nature. To be once marked with its brand, is to be ever after in danger of being claimed as a bondſman and ſlave. To have avoided or reſiſted the firſt aggreſſion would be generally comparatively eaſy; to reſiſt a ſecond or a third is more difficult; and the difficulty goes on increaſing in a kind of geometrical progreſſion with each ſucceſſive ſtruggle, when this enemy to our health or our peace has had a firſt ſucceſs. Who ſhall meaſure by any arithmetical proceſs the vaſt acceſſion of difficulty in ſuch a warfare, when defeat has become a habit, and the habit of years tells upon us with a ſtrangely cumulative force. Here is a retribution for a paſt weakneſs or ſin, that might well deter the boldeſt from taking the initiatory ſtep in the downward and ever deepening deſcent. It is well the ſame law holds for our ſalvation;—the ſame periodicity acting for good as for evil; and thus a habit of reſiſtance and victory, is the beſt promiſe of future conqueſt. As our weakneſs increaſes with our conſciouſneſs of it and the fear of failure; ſo with ſucceſs does our ſtrength and power to achieve further triumph. A habit of ſelf-denial and reſiſtance to evil ſuggeſtions may not be as eaſily acquired as a habit of yielding to preſſure and

temptation, becauſe there is in us a perpetual proclivity the other way; but once attained, it exerciſes the ſame determinate influence. In the firſt inſtance, a continual and ſtrong exerciſe of the will may be required; but in the end *habit* takes the place of a direct action of the Will, and we are relieved from the pain of a *conſcious effort* and a continued ſtruggle. All exertion of the Will, in the conſtitution of man, is like the calling in of the ſupreme executive power in a State; a coſtly and exhauſtive neceſſity; brief and interrupted in operation, and provoking reaction in the ratio of the violence employed; while Habit is gentle and continuous, requiring no effort or diſplay of power, and cauſing no recoil. It is doubly our intereſt then, to eſtabliſh that habitual reſpect of the law, which in the individual as in the ſocial ſtate, is the beſt guarantee for ſtability and peace. The writer of "Two Old Men's Tales" has truly ſaid, "the ſtoiciſm of habit, is the only ſtoiciſm to be depended upon," in great things as in ſmall. The danger of falling before any aſſault, is the ſum of weakneſs reſulting from all the antecedent defeats and foregone deſires, each accumulating force in a geometrical proportion, as compared with the ſum of ſtrength from previous victories and right deſires. The balance, on whichever ſide that may be, by a natural proceſs, determines the reſult.

Theſe conſiderations chiefly regard the individual; but the ſentence paſſed on man for the firſt tranſgreſſion in Adam, was not leſs diſtinctly

retributive and cumulative in its effect on the whole race. Every generation, that was born with the inherent proclivity to evil, was a freſh integer added to the ſum total. Chriſtianity enlarged the field by extending the penalty of ſin to another life, and through all eternity, with an increaſe of intenſity proportioned to the ſurpaſſing rewards promiſed to thoſe who ſhould be ſaved. The cumulative character of the law affecting all mankind, receives its ultimate development in this laſt diſpenſation, and the mind of man can conceive nothing beyond. This law which interpenetrates the whole fabric, is curiouſly apparent in ſmaller things. The penalty of any neglect to profit by an advantage placed by deſtiny within our reach, or to perform a duty when the obligation is laid upon us, is almoſt invariably either irreparable loſs and injury, or, at ſome future time, the neceſſity of increaſed labour and coſt to obtain the ſame reſult, if not to avert ſome penal conſequence. Time, the ancients repreſented with a lock of hair on the forehead only, to intimate that thoſe who failed to ſeize him by it as he paſſed, would ever afterwards find only a bald head turned towards them. "Take time by the forelock" has long paſſed into a proverb; not merely becauſe it is the *beſt* time, but becauſe it is often the *only* time that will offer. Fortune, it has been ſaid, woos all men once, but if rejected, is wooed ever after in vain. All theſe common ſayings point to the ſame great truth exemplified in the leſſer details of life. If we aſcend to higher things, we are told in Geneſis

that Adam and Eve hid themſelves from the preſence of God in the garden, and the penalty of this rejection of man's higheſt privilege, (to live in communion with God and in the conſciouſneſs of the divine preſence) has been God's inviſibility. He has been from that time a "*Deus abſconditus,*" hidden from our ſight; and Adam's poſterity have had to labour to ſee God in the ſpirit and with the eye of faith—not of fleſh; an effort requiring the exerciſe of his higheſt faculties, freed from the blinding miſts of ſenſe and ſin—a hard taſk to the beſt of men. And thenceforth an aching void has been left in the heart, a ceaſeleſs craving after the fruition of what, originally, was a natural deſire, with immediate ſatisfaction attached to it; but has ſince become an imperious want, only to be gratified by unremitting and coſtly effort.

By this we are kept in remembrance of a loſt privilege of ineſtimable price, and it is deſigned no doubt, to ſtir up in our ſouls adequate effort to meet the want, and fill the vacant heart with that which can alone ſatisfy it. And the law is thus fulfilled; that which once was eaſy, has for our puniſhment, becauſe unheeded, been made difficult and arduous to an immeaſurable degree. Again, Scripture deſcribes man in the garden of Eden, as ſimply required to abſtain from diſobedience, and in one thing only, as the condition of tenure of that fair heritage. He had only a negative virtue to diſplay, but, failing this, he and his deſcendants after him, ſo long as one ſhall tread the earth, were condemned to render *active obedience,*

in *one* but in *many things;* to keep the law
ence amidſt a thouſand trials and tempta-
om which he was once entirely exempt.
ſweat of his brow and the agony of his
do and to ſuffer evermore, is thus the pen-
orced upon all poſterity for man's firſt
lion.

V.

DESPAIR AND PRESUMPTION.

"O! Thou that makeſt free,
From this ſoul ſlavery deliver me.
Theſe clanking chains of care and grief unbind,
Galling each ſenſe, and weighing down the mind;
That mind with all its powers, by Thee beſtow'd,
To Thee I fain would dedicate, my God.
Alas, the talent to theſe hands from birth
Till now conſign'd, lies buried in the earth;
No intereſt haſt Thou of Thine own,—and I,
Of my life's charge, if queſtion'd, no reply."

Anon.

TWO very diſſimilar writers—Carlyle, and Dr. Wilberforce — taking the Chriſtian's battle of life as the ſubject, have dwelt upon theſe different, and indeed oppoſite dangers, with great force. Carlyle ſelecting David's example of crime, repentance and acceptance, as his text; and Dr. Wilberforce, Balaam's half-heartedneſs in God's ſervice. Theſe are preciſely the two dangers which ſeem moſt eaſily to beſet the Chriſtian's path; deſpair at perpetual failure, or, in the other extreme, preſumption that a half-hearted and imperfect ſervice will ſuffice. Of David's fall, Carlyle writes:—

'On the whole, we make too much of faults, : details of the buſineſs hide the real centre of it. ults? The greateſt of faults, I ſhould ſay, is to : conſcious of none. Readers of the Bible, above l, one would think, might know better. David, the lebrew king, had fallen into ſins enough, blackeſt rimes, there was no want of ſins. And thereupon the unbelievers ſneer and aſk, 'Is this your man according to God's heart?' The ſneer, I muſt ſay, ſeems to me but a ſhallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner ſecret of it, the remorſe, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended ſtruggle of it be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his ſteps.' Of all acts, is not for a man repentance the moſt divine? The deadlieſt ſin, I ſay, were that ſame ſupercilious conſciouſneſs of no ſin, that is, death; the heart ſo conſcious is divorced from ſincerity, humility and fact, is dead. It is pure, as dead dry ſand is pure. David's life and hiſtory, as written for us in theſe Pſalms of his, I conſider to be the trueſt emblem ever given of a man's moral progreſs and warfare here below. All earneſt ſouls will ever diſcern in it the faithful ſtruggle of an earneſt human ſoul towards what is good and beſt. Struggle often baffled, ſore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a ſtruggle never ended, even with tears, repentance, true, unconquerable purpoſe begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking in truth, always that, a ſucceſſion of faults? Man can do no other. In this wild element of a life he has to ſtruggle, he has to

ſtruggle onwards, now fallen, deep abaſed; and ever with tears, repentance, with a bleeding heart, he has to riſe again, ſtruggle again ſtill onwards. That his ſtruggle be a faithful, unconquerable one: —that is the queſtion of queſtions. We will put up with many ſad details, if the ſoul of it were true. Details by themſelves will never teach us what it is.

"That the ſtruggle be true, unending, faithful to the heart. Yes, this is what God requires, and the conſcience of man approves. This, nor more, may the beſt of us hope to achieve, if ſubjected to fiery ordeal;—and leſs than this is perdition. If the heart fail, we are loſt. The Will may indeed be beaten down, fail us alas, in ſoreſt need; but the deſire, the hope, and the wiſh *to be able* to will aright,—woe to us if that fail; or, the effort for victory. Undying effort amidſt all the toils, the perils and temptations of this life of probation, is the loweſt condition of ſalvation. By ſuch effort alone may Heaven be reached. Broken-hearted and exhauſted, it matters little; but with the ſtruggle ſtill maintained to our laſt ſigh, the ſoul ſhall fly upward in ſpite of all the powers of Hell."

But Carlyle avoids the real point at iſſue. As the true love of God "caſteth out fear," ſo, ought it not to caſt out ſin, and render man *incapable* of committing it, in word, deed, or thought? Incapable even of wiſhing or deſiring it,—that is, of being *tempted* to commit a ſin? Is ſuch love as this unattainable? So it would ſeem.

Judging by the event, David had it not; for neither to ſin nor crime was he a ſtranger; and if not the Pſalmiſt and Prophet King, whom God regarded with peculiar favour, then who may hope for ſucceſs in the ſame direction? Judging by the exiſtence of temptation (for how can this exiſt where there is no *inclination* or *deſire* for the thing offered?) muſt we not infer that Chriſt, as man, had it not, in the ſenſe contended for, that is—as entirely caſting out evil proclivity and *precluding all liability* to ſin?* On the other hand, how can he be ſaid to love God truly and entirely who is conſcious of ſome ſecret attraction towards any kind of ſin or evil, which, as ſuch, he knows muſt be abhorrent to Him he profeſſes to love and ſerve? And if a man has not this entire love of God in his heart, how can he be ſaved, wanting that which is the firſt and chief condition? In this lies the true knot of the difficulty. All that Carlyle ſays about the ineſtimable worth of repentance, and the grievouſneſs of the fault of being unconſcious of any ſin, is wholly beſide the queſtion, and leaves the real iſſue untouched.

Conſidering the matter further, we find that much in the Goſpels and of the teaching of the Apoſtles leads to the concluſion that we are never without ſin, whatever may be the love of God in our hearts. "If we ſay that we have no ſin, we deceive ourſelves, and the truth is not in us," the Apoſtle tells us. Then muſt there always

* See Appendix C, page 55, on what are the conſtituents of Temptation.

be proclivity to ſome evil in our inmoſt being, ſide by ſide with love. For where this is not, it is difficult, as has been obſerved, to ſee how temptation can find vantage-ground or place for attack. The love of God, and of evil, too, are they then wholly incompatible? This is the queſtion of queſtions, on which the whole iſſue hinges; not that with which Carlyle concludes. If they are not eſſentially and altogether incompatible, all the reſt is intelligible enough. If, on the contrary, *they are;* then the whole lapſes into darkneſs and confuſion; with David's ſins and Chriſt's temptation in the wilderneſs, rendering the darkneſs only more drear and impenetrable.

Certainly David's life, his ſtruggles, fall, and earneſt repentance, followed by a renewal of faith and hope—in like manner as the pardon of Mary Magdalene, and of the penitent thief on the croſs—may well be regarded as providentially deſigned, in all ages to ſave the conſcience-ſtricken, but repentant criminal from deſpair. And this, whatever may be the difficulties ſuggeſted as to the moral proceſs of regeneration taking place in the heart of the repentant, and the pardoned.

Wilberforce takes up the ſhield of truth, to exhibit another hiſtory graven upon it, of a totally oppoſite tendency; ſuggeſting the poverty and worthleſſneſs of all effort, or ſacrifice, or worſhip, which is only half-hearted, which is not *complete* and *abſolute*. To look upon the penitent ſinner on the croſs, and hear the ſolemn aſſurance given him of an entrance into Paradiſe,—may not the

greateſt criminal take heart again, and ſee ſufficient reaſon for not deſpairing? But Wilberforce forces us to turn, and look at the half-hearted Balaam, longing to "die the death of the righteous," yet utterly failing, becauſe his whole heart was not in the prayer. Speaking of a Chriſtian who deſires much, and yet accompliſhes nothing, he ſays:—

"What elſe is his character than that of a half-hearted Chriſtian! He longs to die the death of the righteous, his heart kindles as he hears God's words, and, like Balaam, he can ſpeak well of the things of God. Nay, it may be, he goes even further; he gives up ſomething for God, he is not exactly what he would be if he did not believe in God and judgment; he refuſes ſome of the 'rewards of divination;' he gives up ſome of the honours, the gratification of ſome appetites, ſome advantages, ſome ways of pleaſing himſelf, ſome opportunity of ſhining or of riſing in the world, ſomething which has attractions for him, but which he cannot enjoy without going directly counter to the will of God; for this open rebellion he is not yet ripe.

"Yet, in every ſuch inſtance, he makes an unwilling and a partial ſacrifice; he keeps back ſomething, he goes as near as he dares to ſin, he wiſhes that he could go farther. He allows ſome evil affection, ſome unholy affection, ſome unlawful practice, to abide within his ſoul. He is failing in his trial; failing in ſuch little inſtances, perhaps, that he does not know what it is that he is doing. He looks, perhaps, to ſome great ſacrifice which

he has made for right, to ſome ſignal inſtance in which he ſent back the world's meſſengers, and refuſed its bribes; and he takes comfort from the view, though the evil remains in him; though in little things and on ſmaller occaſions he is yielding to it; though he longs, if he dared, to yield to it altogether. He is juſt what Balaam was, an uncertain, irreſolute, wavering, half-hearted man, with many better principles and feelings, but, withal, with an undergrowth of evil which he will not utterly root out, and which therefore grows upon him and promiſes too ſurely to choke all his nobler hopes, all his holier purpoſes, and at laſt to deſtroy the very ſpiritual life of his ſoul.

"Giving to God our hearts and our affections, this, and this alone, is truly to ſerve Him. All partial ſacrifices ſhort of this are but inſtruments of ſelf-deſtruction, of ſelf-deception. To attain this is the very end of our being. For this were we born, for this were we redeemed. If we have not come to the ſolemn deciſion of ſerving Him with our whole hearts, and without reſervation, all our life hitherto, as far as concerns its moſt important iſſue, has been thrown away. For until this choice is truly made by us, our life is nothing better than a miſerable ſelf-contradiction. There can be neither plan, ſhape, nor order, nor keeping, in the life of the half-hearted man. To love God, to ſerve Him, this alone gives order, meaning, and bleſſedneſs to every ſeparate act of our lives. The want of this makes the higheſt acts of religion utterly worthleſs and unmeaning,—in vain

we ſay prayers, in vain we read God's Word, and hear it, in vain we deny ourſelves and faſt, give alms and communicate, unleſs there be this one ruling principle governing our lives. And where this indeed is, the commoneſt actions become acts of Religion; if they are done to pleaſe Him, our little daily inſtances of ſelf-denial grow into real ſacrifices; common offerings become true oblations; not prayer only, and alms, and receiving the holy Euchariſt; but every deed of kindneſs to a neighbour, nay, every meal, every action, all are holy things, ſanctified by the word of God and prayer; all are the fruit of His Spirit, all are the reaſonable ſervice of a redeemed and renewed life.

"If we allow any one ſin to continue, all our work is in vain; all our other labours, all our religious offices, all our prayers, are in vain, if we ſuffer any ſin to abide in our hearts. It is a poiſon-root which will kill all the verdure of the ſoul. Here is where ſo many fail. They are conſcious of ſome one evil which has ſuch a hold upon them, that they either do not ſtrive againſt it at all, or ſtrive faintly, and as thoſe who expect to be ſubdued. They do not mean to give up all, far from it: they mean to be religious, and ſo they pray, perhaps, and give up other things, and have religious feelings; but they do not bring them to bear on this cheriſhed form of evil, on their own weak point. Secretly they indulge the hope that this ſin is rather more excuſable, becauſe in other things they are ſo religious. Thus they make their religion the cloak and excuſe for ſin, inſtead of the means of deſtroying

ſin; they would not dare to indulge it ſo far, if they were not ſo religious; if there was not ſome make-weight againſt it of this ſort; ſomething which makes it ſeem to them a leſs unreaſonable expectation, that they ſhould die the death of the righteous.

"This is the very character of half-heartedneſs; it matters not what the ſin is, it may be Balaam's ſin of covetouſneſs, or love of this world, or ſenſuality, or unkind and ſuſpicious tempers, or diſhoneſty, or moral cowardice;—but whatever it be, it is your deſtruction. It is bringing all falſehood and contradiction into your ſoul. If you are conſciouſly allowing one ſin to rule within you, you are turning all the reſt of your religion into a poiſonous narcotic, and a mother of hypocriſy. The moſt hopeleſs of all characters is that of him who (half conſciouſly and to quiet conſcience) has cultivated religious feelings as a ſet-off againſt his faults, inſtead of uſing religion as a means of curing them."

A true leſſon this, and full of inſtruction to all men; nevertheleſs, the reaſoning here adopted ſuggeſts more than one remark as to the neceſſity of ſome limitation, perhaps, certainly of ſome further elucidation, to prevent an utterly diſheartening effect; and the inſidious approach of a feeling in the minds of many earneſt Chriſtians, very nearly akin to deſpair.

To ſtigmatize as half-hearted, and utterly reject as worthleſs, *all effort which fails in being continuous and ſucceſsful to the end*,—is to condemn in the Chriſtian nearly all that conſtitutes the true battle

of life. Alas for the majority of men, if this be a true reading! "An unwilling and partial ſacrifice" cannot indeed find acceptance, yet, even in the beſt, how often muſt ſacrifice and effort be of an imperfect character, becauſe partial though not unwilling, and neither continuous nor wholly ſucceſsful! No doubt, if, while making efforts to keep God's law and do His will, we knowingly "go as near as we dare to ſin," and wiſh that we "could go further," the love of God in our hearts muſt lack ſomething eſſential. The love of that particular ſin would ſeem, if not the predominant feeling, dangerouſly active—held more in check, it may be, by the fear, than the love of God. Such a ſtate of mind we muſt believe to be hateful to Him who is too pure and too holy to look upon ſin; and while conſcious of this ſtate, we muſt *know* our heart is not right towards Him. Our condition muſt, on the contrary, be full of peril ſo long as this laſts. That there is a conſcious ſtruggle within, may be the only true ſource or ground of conſolation; and not altogether to be truſted either, for it may ſtill be the ſtruggle not of the loving, but of the *craven* ſpirit. Still there is this to be obſerved, in reference to the concluſion drawn by Wilberforce, when he ſays that, until "a choice has been truly made, and a ſolemn deciſion taken" of ſerving God "with our whole hearts and without reſervation, all our life has been thrown away." When the choice *has* been made in all earneſtneſs and ſincerity, and without any mental reſervations; that will not ſave us from

perpetual conflict and ſtruggle; during which we ſhall be more or leſs open to this ſerious charge of half-heartedneſs, and all the reprobation attaching to it. Is not this ſomewhat too much loſt ſight of by the writer, and is not the inevitable tendency of his argument to generate that diſcouragement and ceſſation of all effort which would be the moſt fatal reſult of all? Are not theſe great ſcriptural examples ſpecially given us to protect fallen and erring man from this laſt and worſt evil? Perhaps to the really earneſt Chriſtian, painfully alive to his own weakneſs and imperfect ſervice, there is far greater danger of deſpair, than the preſumption of over-weening confidence. In avoiding the one, let us not fall into the other.

The concluſion to which this train of thought naturally leads, appears to be this. We muſt indeed have adopted in our hearts the governing principle of entire, and not partial or ſtinted ſervice, for our guidance in all the chances and changes of life; even while forewarned by all paſt experience in our own caſe, and that of others, that there may be times when we ſhall be defeated, and utterly fail to give effect to this principle, if ſubjected to ſore trial or temptation. The preſcience or foreboding of this poſſibility may not juſtly, certainly not always, be interpreted as the ſure indication of half-heartedneſs, or weakneſs of reſolution. Otherwiſe there are ſome, habitually diſtruſtful of themſelves, and unſanguine in temperament, who would be ſhut out altogether from hope. Only when a foreboding, or a fear of poſ-

ſible failure, (a natural reſult of over-anxiety as to the iſſue,) ſhould be made a *pretext for ſtriving leſs earneſtly*, or being ſatisfied with leſs in attainment; only then does it become an alarming ſymptom, and one that indicates ſomething radically wrong. Its true and ſalutary operation ſhould be as a preſervative againſt deſpair, or too great and enervating diſcouragement. A reaſon for "taking heed leſt we fall," and of "working out our ſalvation in fear and trembling," knowing of what duſt we are made, and of what infirmity of purpoſe and terrible proclivity to evil in a thouſand ſhapes the moſt devout may at times be painfully conſcious.

Again, the ſame writer continues, "If we allow any one ſin to continue, all our work is vain." This ſhould ſurely be written, "If we *willingly*, *deliberately*, and *deſignedly* allow any one ſin to continue." It is not the *continuance* of ſin which damns—or who ſhall be ſaved that is born of woman?—but the wilful, determined continuance, and the abſence of all *earneſt* or *honeſt effort* to eradicate the ſin. It is the falſe dependence on good deeds and religious ſentiment as a ſet-off or balance againſt perſiſtent evil;—as though in Heaven's high court of appeal, a debtor would be allowed to plead a balance of good and evil in the general account of a life. Nothing can be more unſcriptural, nothing more fatal, than ſuch an idea. No debtor and creditor account can be brought into court; no iſſue determined by a balance. The ſpirit that would ſay, or does in effect

ſay, in the heart, "Give me, Lord, to enjoy this one ſin, (is it not a little one?) and I will ſerve Thee in all elſe truly and faithfully all the days of my life," is loſt, ſo long as that deſire has any power or influence. This, perhaps, is the moſt dangerous of all errors and deluſions; and hence againſt it more eſpecially, one of the moſt emphatic of Chriſt's denunciations appears to have been levelled,—"Verily I ſay unto ye, that he who is guilty of the leaſt of theſe is guilty of all."

It is this imperative demand for guiltleſſneſs "in the leaſt of theſe," taken in connection with the manifeſt incapability of any of human race being "without ſin," which makes the difficulty, by an apparent irreconcilability between the *conditions of ſalvation*, and the *neceſſary and declared conditions of humanity*. But the guiltleſſneſs inſiſted upon in the paſſage cited from the Goſpels, has it not obvious reference to a *conſenting will* to deſigned evil? In which caſe the contradiction diſappears. When we deſign miſchief wilfully, or with forethought commit a ſin, though the leaſt in all the catalogue, then are we guilty of all; for our heart muſt be wrong towards God. A creed that would preclude all hope of ſalvation in thoſe who are conſcious of ſinful deſires ſpringing up unbidden in their hearts,* and of a ſtill ſmouldering fire living in their frame, deſpite all efforts to extinguiſh it utterly—that is, all the effort they find themſelves able to make, in order to conform

* See Appendix C, page 55.

their heart and actions to the will of God, and in obedience to His Law—muſt of neceſſity involve ſome fallacy; and one certainly of a very miſchievous tendency.

If we are ſo conſtituted that, as deſcendants from Adam, we muſt neceſſarily inherit a ſinful nature,—a permanent proclivity to ſin as long as life ſhall exiſt in this frame; then no man can be wholly free from its effects. Notwithſtanding the countervailing inheritance from Chriſt of a deſire and a regenerated capacity for the oppoſite, the Chriſtian will ſtill be conſcious of a ſtruggle, and a conflict, never ending, between the two antagoniſtic elements of his human nature. And yet may he not hope for ſalvation, and forgiveneſs for his daily treſpaſſes? In ſome diſcourſes lately publiſhed by the Rev. C. P. Reichel, on the Lord's Prayer, the inconſiſtencies and contradictions in our life have been rightly interpreted as the conflict between two natures not only deſtined to be coexiſtent, but *ſpecially conſtituted to be ſo.* Salvation, he repreſents, "in ſo far as it conſiſts in a removal of the guilt of man's inherited corruption, extends to all; but what is partial in the diſeaſe is alſo partial in the remedy. As there is a wide difference between that ſinfulneſs which is common to all, by virtue of their common deſcent (a never-failing proclivity to evil), and which attaches alike to the moſt determinately vicious, and the moſt endeavouringly righteous, as there is a wide difference between the common and general ſinfulneſs, and thoſe *wilful and deliberate tranſgreſſions which re-*

ſult from a deliberate yielding to the worſe nature we have inherited; ſo is there a wide difference between that remiſſion which extends to all merely inherited ſinfulneſs, and that favour which is given to thoſe who deliberately yield to that better nature which Chriſt has introduced into mankind. The acts of Adam and of Chriſt extend reſpectively to every individual of our race: every human being has a ſinful nature, by natural deſcent from Adam, the firſt tranſgreſſor, the whole neceſſary effects of which are neutralized and made good by Chriſt's atonement; but further than this the general effects of the reparation made by Chriſt do not extend. If we knowingly and wilfully chooſe rather to comply with the ſinful nature we have inherited from Adam, than with the new nature introduced by Chriſt; if we chooſe rather to connect ourſelves with Adam's ſin, than with Chriſt's reparation, we cannot complain if that reparation be finally loſt to us."

"And, indeed, does not the very fact that Chriſt has made a reparation for Adam's ſin, and all thoſe conſequences thereof which are either involuntary or are repented of—does not this very fact exclude from mercy all who ſlight that reparation by making the ſimilitude of Adam's ſin their own voluntary choice? The Apoſtle reſtricts the proſpect of a happy immortality to thoſe who, inſtead of indulging the corrupt nature tranſmitted from the firſt, yield to the better nature imparted by the ſecond Adam! As therefore only they are loſt who *give themſelves up of*

ſet purpoſe to follow Adam's ſin, ſo only they are ſaved who *give themſelves up of ſet purpoſe to follow Chriſt's righteouſneſs*, throughout all the various degrees of ignorance and enlightenment."

"What is the nature of the change which the Saviour (John iii. 2, 3) calls a new birth, and St. Paul, a new creation? (2 Cor. v. 17.) In our natural ſtate we ſuffer eſpecially from three defects:—from want of knowledge, want of will,*

* We ſpeak of the will; but what the WILL is, conſtitutes in itſelf one of the hardeſt metaphyſical and pſychological problems to ſolve. In the laſt reſort the *Will* muſt be held to be the expreſſion of what the heart, the whole man, deſires *moſt* at the moment of action. We often act againſt our conſcience, our reaſon, and judgment; but, ſtrictly ſpeaking, can we ever be ſaid to act againſt our *Will?* We ſometimes *will to do right* when our ſecret *deſire* is to do wrong; but even then muſt there not be co-exiſtent a deſire alſo to act rightly, and one which, in effect, muſt be ſtronger than the oppoſing deſire, of which we may be perfectly conſcious? The reſult in this caſe would then be the final iſſue of a ſtruggle between two conflicting deſires. So may there not thus be a true love of God prompting to right action, co-exiſtent with a deſire, that is, a love, for things evil and forbidden, creating the true battle of life? Is this life-long ſtruggle not that of a ſoldier devoted to his general or his ſovereign;—willing, nay, anxious to do battle in his cauſe; voluntarily and deliberately engaging in his ſervice, and enrolling himſelf in his army;—yet ever and anon liable to be overcome by temptation, ſometimes abandoning his poſt, or diſregarding his orders; and ſtill invariably repenting his diſgraceful lapſe, and praying to be reſtored to his place in the ranks of the faithful, willing to accept the puniſhments aſſigned for his faults; and in thoſe ranks willing thereafter to battle, and die if occaſion require it, to prove his undiminiſhed loyalty, and redeem as beſt he may an irrevocable paſt? Do not David's, and Peter's hiſtory, Solomon's life, his idolatry, and hundred concubines, Mary Magdalene, and the penitent thief's lives, with their concluſion—each and all point to the ſame momentous truth, that even faltering ſoldiers and erring ſervants, ſuch as theſe were, ſhall be allowed to return to their duty; on the one *condition of earneſt, true, and laſting repentance*, to be enrolled among the faithful, and to redeem the paſt by loving and perſiſtent efforts, though varying degrees of ſucceſs may attend them in the battle of life? See alſo, Note B, Appendix to *Eſſay on Life's Progreſs and Influence*, p. 53.

and want of power, to do what is right." "We may have both the knowledge and the will (deſire?) to do that which is right in very high degree, with very little of the power."

"To conceive this, we muſt conceive that the implanting of the new nature in the regenerate does not at once deſtroy the old: that the two natures exiſt together in the Chriſtian, and that the ſtruggle between them is not ended, the victory of the one over the other is not complete, till death releaſes us from that body which is the very ſtronghold of our natural corruption. Now the influence of our body is particularly felt in our actions, becauſe they practically require its inſtrumentality: and it therefore contracts our power of performing what is right, much more than either our knowledge of it or our inclination for it. Hence, St. Paul, deſcribing the ſtruggle between the two natures which co-exiſt in every Chriſtian, until death frees him from the one, with the deepeſt truth repreſents our inclination as neutralized by our inability.

"'For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I conſent unto the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but ſin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my fleſh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is preſent with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not but the evil which I would not, that I do.' (Rom vii. 15—19.)

"For that this paſſage deſcribes the ſtate of man, in ſo far as he is actually under the renewing influence of the Holy Spirit, is decided by the words which follow in the 22nd verſe, 'I delight in the law of God after the inward man.' For the inward man is nothing but the new creature, the new-implanted, never-dying nature, the regenerated will. Two oppoſite principles are therefore ſtruggling in every Chriſtian, the victory of one of which, though aſſured, is ſlowly and painfully achieved. All the ſins of omiſſion and commiſſion which we incur during the progreſs of this ſtruggle, provided only we truly and heartily repent, God engages to forgive, by the very fact of the exiſtence of that ſtruggle. It reſts upon the fact that God, who hath begun, will not abandon."

Nothing can well be clearer, or more to the purpoſe than this: and very little remains to be added on theſe momentous queſtions, or the general bearing of the facts. It has been ſaid that "the affections are ſo cloſely connected with the will, that, for all practical purpoſes, they may be conſidered as identical;"* but it is neceſſary to bear in mind that there may be two contending and wholly irreconcilable affections; their being irreconcilable by no means involving *incompatibility* in the ſenſe of *co-exiſtence*. Contending deſires thus ariſe, and the reſult is either a neutralized—that is a *paralyzed—will*, or perpetual contradiction and inconſiſtency. How many labour under the thraldom of a vicious habit, who

* "Philoſophy of the Plan of Salvation," by E. Walker.

contend againſt it, who feel it is wholly incompatible with ſome other deſire or affection, and yet, day after day, fall before the ſtrong temptation! Take one of the moſt common and fatal —drink—the habit of intoxication. An infirmity of will reſults which in reality conſtitutes a phaſe of inſanity and diſeaſe, though not generally ſo conſidered. The victim may really have ſtrong affection for wife or children; *know*, and *bitterly regret*, the ruin he brings upon them, and the daily miſery; yet the deſire for the wonted ſtimulus over-rides all other conſiderations. The two cannot be reconciled;—but they are coexiſtent in the ſame individual. It may be ſaid, ſuch a man may not be without ſome ſort of affection for his family; but he manifeſtly *loves his wine better*. Is it quite certain, however, that this is the true ſolution? Something which *predominates at the moment* no doubt muſt be the deciding motive or *cauſe* of conduct which the conſcience condemns, and the heart ever after ſorely repents. And the will in ſuch a caſe muſt be conſenting. But how?—There is a conſent due to weakneſs and want of power to reſiſt, as well as to depravity, and they are not identical. As the timid or the weak may be intimidated into compliance by force, they lack courage to reſiſt, or under ſuffering they *find no ſtrength to go on enduring*, as he who confeſſes, under the agonies of the rack, whatever his torturers deſire; ſo may the will be *maſtered* by imperious deſire; and the power of reſiſtance be exhauſted by the perpetual

ſtrain upon the fibre of the brain, of impulſes and paſſions having reference more to the animal than the ſpiritual nature. There is ſomething in the phyſical organization, and the terrible force of habit, in the law of periodicity attaching to the *play and functions of all the bodily organs*, which has be to taken into account, if we would arrive at the whole truth, and go to the bottom of the queſtion. When the drunkard returns to the fatal poiſon that he knows is deſtroying his health, ruining his proſpects, and carrying miſery into his home—fully conſcious of all the damning conſequences to body and ſoul—to him and to all that belong to him, to wife and children,—who, ſot though he be, ſtill has ſome affection for them—what is it that drags this man—an unwilling victim to the ſlaughter? At firſt it may have been a thoughtleſs or idle ſeeking of pleaſant company, the gratification of the palate with the factitiouſly created, but very real delirious ſort of pleaſure which a man feels during the proceſs of *getting* drunk, through all the earlier ſtages. It may have been, as Johnſon ſuggeſted, the deſire to eſcape the preſſure of ſome grinding evil or ſenſe of pain, moral or phyſical; and even, at the price of becoming like a beaſt, to loſe "his ſenſe of moral exiſtence as a man." But what may have led him to the firſt indulgence, and that which afterwards drives him with ſcorpion whips to the ſhambles—looking hideous at him even when it puts on a guiſe of lure—are very different things. Once he was the maſter, now he is a

ſlave. His will is bondſman to this luring fiend, and theſe organs of fleſh and blood have become depraved in their functions and actions, and loſt all healthy inſtinct. They clamour for an indulgence which is deſtroying both them and the man they were intended to ſuſtain. He finds the fangs of a ſerpent fixed upon his entrails, and rending the cerebral fibre by the tenſion kept up. Only another doſe of the bane can looſen the grip for a time, or rid him temporarily of his ſenſe of ſuffering and degradation. The moral nature may ſtruggle and proteſt, but the whole power of reſiſtance left is borne down by the periodic return of an hour for torture —the very anticipation of which ſcares ſleep from his eyelids, as from the victim of the inquiſition only reſpited from the rack, and againſt which he feels himſelf all powerleſs to contend. This, the loweſt and coarſeſt form of a vice, is taken merely as an illuſtration; for there are moral excitements, ſuch as gambling, which take the ſame fatal hold, and draw ſtrength from the ſame *habit* of indulgence and law of periodicity. A time comes when the laſt hope is gone of ever being emancipated from the thraldom in which the will is bound; all effort to reſiſt is abandoned in deſpair; and a deep conſciouſneſs of impotence is all that is left. This is the cumulative and retributive penalty of the firſt tranſgreſſion of law, and all ſucceeding infractions in the ſame direction.

In theſe later ſtages, eſpecially when the vice is

one of debauchery and drunkenneſs, which deſtroys the *animal ſtructure* as well as the *moral ſenſe*, it would ſeem a blaſphemy to talk of the Love of God ſurviving in the heart. Every ſenſe is dulled, when not irritated into madneſs under ſome fiery ſtimulus. But in early periods, when the inordinate or ſinful deſire is being precipitated into action and definite ſhape, and only gradually hardening into habits, there is doubtleſs in moſt caſes, if not in all, a ſtruggle to eſcape the toils of the hunter. And he who, conſcious of the effort, deliberately ſets himſelf to make it, and yet in the end commits the ſin, muſt he be held more to deſire the forbidden fruit than the approval of Him whoſe law he violates in the act? It does not prove, at all events, that in his inmoſt heart there is *no reverence*, *no love*. We have Divine authority for the fact that the ſpirit may be willing when the fleſh is weak. Again, "to will is preſent with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; and the evil which I would not that I do." The "fleſh and the devil" prove too powerful for thoſe who do not cultivate a *habit of reſiſtance* to their evil promptings. And with the beſt, the Chriſtian's life is ſtill a never-ending ſtruggle for purity unattainable, and that perfect conſiſtency in thought and action which it were perfection to realize, and certain perdition not to ſtrive for evermore, in all ſincerity and earneſtneſs of purpoſe.

APPENDIX.

SINCE this Eſſay was written, an article regarding *Temptation* in relation to the problem diſcuſſed in it (the oppoſite poles in a Chriſtian ſtruggle), has appeared, in the "Weſtminſter and Foreign Review." It is a Review of "Sermons, by the late Mr. Robertſon," and has ſuch a direct bearing on the ſubject, that a few paſſages, both from the Sermons and the "Review," may ſtill further tend to elucidate the very difficult queſtions involved.

The Eighth Sermon, on Heb. iv. 15:—"In all points tempted like as we are, yet without ſin," defines in what ſin conſiſts.

"In every act of ſin there are two diſtinct ſteps: there is the riſing of a deſire, which is *natural*, and *being natural is not wrong*: there is the indulgence of that deſire in forbidden circumſtances; *and that is ſin*. Let injury, for example, be inflicted, and reſentment will ariſe. *It muſt ariſe* ſpontaneouſly. It is as impoſſible for injuſtice to be done, and reſentment not to follow, as it is for the fleſh not to quiver on the application of intenſe torture. There is no vice in this; but let reſentment reſt there, leſt it paſs into, not juſtice but revenge, leſt it ſmoulder in vindictive feeling, till it becomes retaliation, for then natural feeling has grown into a tranſgreſſion."

"Some," ſays the Reviewer, "who think they glorify

God, by exaggerating what they term the corruption of his creatures, will call this Pelagianiſm: it is, however, very much like common ſenſe; and may be ſheltered, at all events, behind the ſeven-fold ſhield of Biſhop Butler."

When the preacher ſays, however, it is as impoſſible to prevent reſentment following a ſenſe of injury as the fleſh from quivering under torture, it may be neceſſary to bear in mind that, even over the living fibre of nerve and muſcle, ſo wonderful is the power given to the moral agency of the *will* over all that is of the fleſh, that men and delicate women, too, have met torture without giving outward ſign of agony. Applying this ſame power to the manifeſtation of natural deſires, may we not ſuppreſs their impulſe to take definite form, and never let them come to the birth? And is not this, wherever their legitimate gratification is known to be impoſſible, the *real taſk of the Chriſtian?* It may not be enough, *when they ariſe*, to control and ſubject them to the point of inaction. The aim of every one muſt be, if poſſible, to prevent their attaining a *ſubſtantive exiſtence*, for which, in our Saviour's words, "Prayer and faſting" may be eſſential as auxiliaries.

In the following paſſages, both of preacher and reviewer, one may more entirely agree.

"Sin is not a real *thing*. It is rather the abſence of ſomething—the will to do right. It is not a diſeaſe or taint; an actual ſubſtance projected into the conſtitution. *Sin, therefore, is not in the appetite*, but *in the abſence of a controlling will.*"

A will, that is, to prevent the illicit or inordinate indulgence of the appetite. The Reviewer remarks, on this paſſage:—

"He then proceeds to contraſt this with the ſtate of Chriſt; and to ſhow, that his ſinleſſneſs conſiſted, not in the abſence of the natural appetites of mind and body—not in ἀναβολα, but in the perfect command exerciſed over them by his will."

Then again, the Preacher:—

"Remember this. For the way in which ſome ſpeak of

the ſinleſſneſs of Jeſus, reduces all his ſuffering to p
pain; *deſtroys the reality of temptation*; reduces tha
ous heart to a pretence; and converts the *whole of*
tory into a mere fictitious drama, in which ſcenes
were repreſented, not felt."

VI.

INFIRMITY OF WILL AND INSANITY.

HABITUAL infirmity of will, and Inſanity, are almoſt convertible terms. Horace was right: — "*Ira furor brevis eſt.*" Anger is but ſhort madneſs—a brief inſanity in the trueſt ſenſe; becauſe, for the time, all control is loſt. So he is of unſound mind, who labours under an incapability of exerciſing his will to reſtrain himſelf, be it for a longer or ſhorter period, from the commiſſion of acts which he knows to be reprehenſible, and which he would deſire to avoid, if he felt he had the power. That there is ſuch a ſtate; that men and women both exiſt in this lamentable ſtate, knowing the right and chooſing the wrong, is matter of univerſal experience; but ſuch a perſon is not of unſound mind, in a ſenſe which, according to the legal definition, would exempt him from reſponſibility for his acts, be-

cauſe fully conſcious of the evil conſequences which may follow, and the diſtinction between right and wrong. *Inſanity*, either in a legal or a popular acceptation, is that ſtate of mind which confounds right and wrong, and *cannot diſtinguiſh the one from the other*. We obſerve perpetually in our courts of law, a tendency to extend the limits within which legal irreſponſibility ſhould be acknowledged; and to place a number of caſes under the category of "*Moral Inſanity*," as diſtinguiſhed from thoſe ſuppoſed to be the reſult of ſtructural changes from diſeaſe. Neither phyſician nor lawyer, however, can ſupply any means of accurately determining where the one ends and the other begins. As Sir Benjamin Brodie has truly obſerved, in his "Pſychological Inquiries," although the ſubject is one of great importance as it affects ſociety at large, and there is a neceſſity for not confounding *miſchievous* or *abſurd propenſities*, however ſtrong, with actual inſanity; yet there is no broad line by which the former can always be diſtinguiſhed from the latter. Rightly again, he inſiſts:—"The exiſtence of illuſions is not, in every inſtance, to be regarded as juſtifying the plea of want of reſponſibility." And for this reaſon, among others, to which Sir Benjamin refers, that illuſion, *real enough in itſelf*, does not neceſſarily imply the abſence of a conſciouſneſs of evil conſequences to themſelves or others, from any given line of conduct, nor the incapability of being influenced by them. In ſuch caſes, it is the fear of conſequences which ſupplies not only the

eſt ſafeguard againſt vicious indulgence, to the rejudice either of the individual or his fellows; nd to take this away, therefore, by recognizing heir irreſponſibility, would be as abſurd as dangerous, for it would deprive the unhappy ſubjects of ſuch illuſions, or vicious propenſities, of the only remaining check. Even with thoſe who are *inſane*, in the fulleſt ſenſe of the word, the fear of puniſhment will, in the great majority, ſupply them with a *power* of ſalutary control over their own acts not otherwiſe poſſeſſed, and when nothing elſe will. Where the brain is weak or diſeaſed, it is not neceſſarily incapable of performing, more or leſs perfectly, and in varying degrees of completeneſs, its ſeveral functions, as the inſtrument of the mind and the ſeat of conſciouſneſs, both in a perceptive and moral point of view. It may ſtill, though *greatly marred in its powers*, leave the ſubject open to the influence of emotional ſtimuli and moral impreſſions; not always in the ſame degree, but, to ſome extent, in all ſtates ſhort of a paroxyſm of raving madneſs. Nay, more than this, facts familiar to all phyſicians whoſe practice lies much with the inſane, eave no doubt of a ſtate of the cerebral organ xiſting, which a late phyſician of experience* nuch inſiſted upon as juſtifying his theory of the rain being not ſimply one organ (as every one nows it is double in its ſtructure), but that each alf, ſeparately, was capable of performing *all* the

* Dr. Wigan, "On the Duality of the Brain."

functions of the two combined; and *often did ſo perform them*, when the fellow-organ was diſeaſed; exerciſing, in that caſe, a conſtant and *watchful control over the morbid impulſes or aberrations of the other*. Only when theſe impulſes became, from increaſed ſtimulus, internal or external, ſo ſtrong as to *overmaſter and exhauſt* the controlling power of the former would the outward acts of inſanity be manifeſted. There are many perſons of weak brain and ſtrong paſſions, or morbid ſuſceptibilities, to be met with in every-day life, who go about their affairs and give no ſtartling evidence of irrationality, unleſs circumſtances calculated to rouſe theſe ſuſceptibilities ſhould occur; but they then give utterance to the moſt abſurd or violent expreſſions, and declaim in an exaggerated and altogether irrational way againſt perſons or things. If any evil ſpirit, an Iago or a Caſſio, deſires to draw advantage from the known weakneſs of ſuch a man, under certain ſtimuli or provocations, and watches his opportunity to goad on his victim beyond his powers of endurance, he may calculate with a dire certainty upon a time arriving *when all power of control* will utterly break down, and the wildeſt exceſs may follow. The late Grand Duke Conſtantine of Ruſſia has often been referred to, in various memoirs and works, as affording a ſignal example of a man ever liable to be laſhed, by ill-diſciplined paſſions, into a ſtate of ungovernable frenzy. In leſſer *degree* only, but preciſely identical in *kind*, are the inſtances obſervable, from day to day, in ſociety, and ſtill

more in domeſtic circles, where the reſtraints on outward expreſſion are leſſened. How conſtantly do we ſee men and women both, under ſome momentary contradiction or excitement, "thrown off their guard," as the popular inſtinct has graphically deſcribed it, ſay or do things which "will be company for them on ſleepleſs nights and anxious days, throughout a large part of life." As the author of "Companions of my Solitude" has equally well ſaid, in ſpeaking of ſome ſmall or momentary inadvertence, a man may "get entangled in a web of adverſe circumſtances"—ſome thoughtleſs word or act of impatience—that may form, ever after, a motto for his life.

Whether men have a brain, therefore, one and indiviſible, though moulded as a *double organ*, or are liable to have either ſingly or jointly, in varying degrees, more or leſs diſeaſed or impaired in power, and influencing each other, may be matter of diſcuſſion; but we cannot avoid the concluſion, that the facts which come under daily obſervation very ſtrongly corroborate the latter hypotheſis, as ſatisfactorily explaining numerous pſychological phenomena which muſt otherwiſe remain inexplicable. And, as regards the claſs of caſes referred to, of "moral inſanity," in which, it is aſſumed, the diſeaſe is rather in the percipient principle, than in the material ſtructure, Sir Benjamin Brodie, in another place, remarks with much truth:—"We are very far from being warranted in aſſerting that the one indiviſible percipient and thinking being, which each of us feels himſelf to be, may not be

in itſelf liable to changes, independent of any previous change in the material ſtructure with which it is aſſociated."

The great practical queſtion for ſociety, and one of deepeſt intereſt to every individual member whoſe welfare, happineſs, or liberty and life may all be affected by the concluſions arrived at, is a very clearly defined one. In what ſhall *inſanity*, that carries with it *irreſponſibility*, be held to conſiſt? and where ſhall the line be drawn that ſhall enable us to diſtinguiſh between ſuch evil propenſity and infirmity of purpoſe or power of will as leave the ſubject of it helpleſs under perſiſtent and vehement impulſes, to act contrary to the dictates of conſcience and merely ſuch vicious infirmity as requires to be ſtimulated by the terror of puniſhment? If ſuch incapacity of will be congenital and dependent (as idiotcy or any other impaired power) upon conformation; or, ſubſequently, upon diſeaſes and changes of ſtructure, it is obvious that there would be as much injuſtice in holding ſuch a being reſponſible as in puniſhing one confeſſedly inſane, without any conſciouſneſs of his ſtate. The conſcience, in ſuch a caſe, only renders the condition of the object more pitiable, as carrying with it a perpetual puniſhment. And who can venture to ſay that the ſtate of paralyſed will referred to may not, in like manner as a paralyſed limb, be contingent on ſome ſtructural or functional cauſe, over which the patient has juſt as little control? Even in thoſe caſes, and they are numerous, where the reſult is clearly

aceable to the indulgence of a vicious habit, ſuch s drinking, for example; and which it might, at *ne period*, have been quite within the power of he now helpleſs ſot to have reſiſted and broken; when this ſtage has been reached, there is no more power—or, there may be no more power—than in either of the two former ſuppoſitions. It is very true that, where vicious indulgence leads to its laſt reſult, we are diſpoſed to regard any puniſhment that may be awarded as but the juſt penalty of a cumulative kind which the Nemeſis of retribution inflicts. But the proof that, to mankind in general, ſomething more is held deſirable, in caſes coming under the category, than evidence that they had the power of diſtinguiſhing right and wrong and eſtimating the conſequences of their acts, is to be found in the reluctance of juries to inflict the laſt penalty of the law on criminals, in whoſe defence it is ſhown that the motive for the commiſſion of an offence or a crime was ſo diſproportioned to the act, and the danger attending it ſo certain, that no ſane man, having any control over himſelf, could be ſuppoſed capable of like action. At the ſame time, both in the heſitation and the contradictory verdicts, we ſee alſo evidence of the conſciouſneſs of a terrible danger to ſociety, if infirmity of will, the firſt of a long courſe of vicious licenſe and voluntary abſtinence from virtuous effort, were held to form any plea for mitigation, much leſs for acquittal, when legal offence or crime has followed.

Of the two evils, it will, no doubt, always ap-

pear the leſſer that a man who becomes the perpetrator of a crime, becauſe unable to reſiſt the vicious impulſes of his nature, ſhould forfeit his life, or be incarcerated for the reſt of his days as a felon, than that the ſlighteſt encouragement ſhould be given to the evil-diſpoſed; or a hope, however remote, held out to this claſs, that any infirmity of will, for the production of which they are themſelves reſponſible, will ever avail, in a court of juſtice, to ſcreen them from penalty. And there is as little doubt that, upon the whole, it is better it ſhould be ſo. But *crime* and *ſin* are not the ſame thing; and the connection between the two has no direct relation to the legal eſtimate of the firſt. When theſe caſes, therefore, of "Moral Inſanity," or perverted and depraved powers of control, are brought into the field of moral queſtions, a very different reſult may poſſibly be arrived at. "When our object is to diſcuſs the ſin, as diſtinguiſhed from the crime," it has been very truly obſerved, "legal definitions are not only of no ſort of aſſiſtance to us, but may be poſitive hinderances." It can, indeed, rarely happen that, in any number of perſons convicted of the ſame legal crime, be it robbery, murder, or any other heinous offence, the acts of any two can be equally wicked; the degree of moral guilt muſt be infinitely modified by attendant circumſtances, which can never, perhaps, be perfectly identical. There will be extenuating circumſtances in the one, and aggravating conditions in the other. The ſcale of guilt, in the moral ſenſe, is in-

finite in its gradations; and thoſe who are moſt guilty, in the eye of the law, may be leaſt ſo, when all the circumſtances of his life and hiſtory are taken into account, in the eye of the Almighty.

Viewed as a queſtion of moral guilt and wickedneſs, therefore, apart from human juriſprudence, there are many caſes in which the legal liability to penalty remains, but the moral reſponſibility is at an end; when all power is really loſt to direct the conduct, according to the dictates of reaſon and conſcience. An habitual infirmity of will is as much a malady as a permanently impaired power in a limb. Whether accompanied by a loſs of ſenſation (conſciouſneſs) or not, if there be a loſs of power to move (to act) the paralyſis which conſtitutes the real malady is there. Ignorance of the diſtinctions between right and wrong, or of the legal and moral conſequences of the acts, cannot be pleaded as any bar to the legal penalty; but *the utter abſence of power to avoid the evil* remains, nevertheleſs, as a valid plea before another tribunal. Now, if this abſence of power depend upon like cauſes of conformation or change of ſtructure, as idiotcy, cretiniſm, or inſanity, where is the diſtinction, or the ground of difference in the moral eſtimate? If the changes, whether in what Sir Benjamin Brodie deſcribes as the beneficent principle in the blood or in the material ſtructures, be the direct and natural conſequence of wilful vice and lack of virtuous effort, while a time of recovery was granted, it is perhaps idle to

inquire how far reſponſibility may extend—whether to the laſt link of the felon's chain—for we have no means of definitely determining what ſhall be the true anſwer. But that the law of cumulative and retributive juſtice will enforce terrible penalties, either in this life or in the next, for conduct leading to ſuch dire reſults, and for all the miſchief that may flow from them, there can be little room for doubt; and for this, if for no other reaſon, that he who *once had the power* to prevent all the whole ſeries of conſequences, *did not*, although it was plainly his duty, *exert it.* However little he might be able to ſee the interminable links of the lengthened chain, or the boundaries of the ever-widening circles, he would ſeem naturally reſponſible for all conſequences, which he might have prevented by the ſimple performance of a duty that was obligatory, irreſpective of the reſults attaching to its violation.

To revert, then, for a moment, to the queſtion how we ſhall draw the line between mere vicious proclivity, and infirmity of will, ſo combined as to conſtitute *an irreſiſtible impulſe* to vicious indulgence or crime, and leave the victim no longer a free agent to do or to abſtain, according to the dictates either of prudence or the moral ſenſe? The aſcertained incapability of being influenced by theſe would ſeem to furniſh the diſtinction ſo much needed.

The law, as it ſtands, attempts to baſe the teſt of inſanity, in connection with irreſponſibility, on the *abeyance of the conſcience*—the loſs of the

faculty of *diſtinguiſhing* between right and wrong. But the power to follow the dictates of conſcience is independent of the knowledge or *ſenſe* of right; and this power may be wholly loſt—the power to will and to act. Sometimes, by original defective conformation, there is every reaſon to conclude; at other times, by the inſidious progreſs of diſeaſe; and alſo, by habits of indulgence, in which the "percipient principle" itſelf may be vitiated. This power of control—*to will*, or *to do right*—may be more or leſs completely loſt, without the *conſcience* being either perverted or paralyſed, or even ſilenced. It is, perhaps, the poſſibility of ſuch perverted and paralyſed will being a conſequence of ſtructural diſeaſe, that leads the popular inſtinct to include well-marked caſes of irreclaimable vicious propenſity in the claſs of inſanity. But that which does certainly follow ſtructural changes and diſeaſe in the brain, apparently, quite as certainly follows in the caſe of inherited conformation and moral characteriſtics; ſo, again, it alſo follows long habits of indulgence in a vice, and where no ſtructural changes in the fibre of the brain can reaſonably be ſuſpected, ſince theſe may be inconſiſtent with other ſigns and attributes of health. The popular inſtinct, in that caſe, as ſo often happens, would be right in effect, though wrong in ſome of its premiſes. Such a man is inſane, though not ſtructurally diſeaſed; and may rightly be conſidered legally irreſponſible, becauſe wholly without control over his actions in certain determinate directions; not becauſe he

is without conſciouſneſs of evil, or unable to diſtinguiſh between right and wrong, and to follow all the conſequences his wrong actions may entail.

A few obſervations on the practical bearing of theſe conſiderations, as regards individual effort and reſponſibility, may fitly bring to a cloſe theſe ſuggeſtions; for, as regards the legal adminiſtration of juſtice, until we can diſcover ſome unerring teſt of moral and phyſical impotence, in all that concerns the will, and the power by which it is made to ſecond the dictates of the conſcience, we muſt be content, as the leſſer of two evils, to hold men legally reſponſible for their acts, ſo long as they have the conſciouſneſs of right and wrong, and can judge of the conſequences of a departure from right.

But *conſcience* is not *power*; and the conſciouſneſs of the diſtinctions between right and wrong will not always, unfortunately, as has been obſerved, give the power to *will aright*, or to act up to the moral ſenſe of duty, or even of what is due to our own ſafety. But as all caſt in human mould are, in varying degrees, ſubject to this calamity of infirmity of will in queſtions of duty, and our vigour of will is very much the creature of education, habit, and circumſtances, (depending firſt, upon the conſtitution with which we are born, and next, upon the diſcipline and exerciſe the will undergoes,) we muſt fain be content to conclude that to all not born inſane or idiotic, or ſubſequently become ſo by ſtructural diſeaſe, ſufficient

power is given to ſave them from any but the ordinary infirmity of purpoſe, marked by *temporary inconſiſtencies and failures in minor matters;* while ſtrength is always found to keep the obligations of the law in greater things, by thoſe who earneſtly and devoutly ſtrive to this end.

As regards individual effort, then, and its neceſſity, we ſhall do well to remember that we may ſucceed in effecting a cure with the inſane even, if inſanity be not the reſult of total leſion of ſtructure, if we can excite into activity the *will* to ſtrive and to do—if we can, with ſkilful hands, touch the ſecret chords of emotional impulſe, which are needed as the appropriate ſtimuli to ſet the whole organiſm in motion, and render it alive to genial and kindly impreſſions.

Undoubtedly "the moſt miſerable of all ſtates," as it has been truly obſerved, is the "*inability to will anything.* Irreſolution is a wretched convulſion of the mind, which only too readily terminates in intellectual paralyſis. Strong volition is the deepeſt and moſt ſpecial of all mental impulſes." *

Touching the cauſes of mental hallucinations and derangement, and the mutual influences of the body and the mind, there is in Sir Benjamin Brodie's Pſychological Eſſays, a very maſterly review of all the leading facts which ſcience and obſervation have made known. He points out, from certain well-known phyſiological data, that

* "Weſtminſter Review," July, 1855.

blood of an improper quality, or containing ſomething which blood ſhould not contain, may diſturb the functions of the brain ſo as even to influence the mind itſelf, and proceeds to argue that—

"There is nothing more intereſting in philoſophy, nor important as to practical purpoſes, than a juſt appreciation of the influence which the body exerciſes over the conceptions and feelings of the mind. Certain conditions of the former induce certain conditions of the latter. This is one of the principal trials to which we are here ſubjected; and, according to our original conſtruction and ſome circumſtances extraneous to ourſelves, the trial is greater to ſome of us than it is to others. A diſeaſed condition of the blood, where a morbid poiſon, as that of the ſmall pox, or the more terrible one of hydrophobia, has been admitted into it, will diſturb the nervous ſyſtem in ſpite of ourſelves. But though this cannot, there is much that can be helped.—We are told, on high authority, of the neceſſity of ſelf-control. We are alſo told how the effort of ſelf-control may be rendered moſt eaſy by avoiding thoſe ſenſual indulgences which tend to derange the functions of the animal ſyſtem. That for which we have moſt reaſon to be anxious, not only for our own ſake, but alſo for that of others, is ſuch a ſtate of our bodily functions, as will enable us to make uſe of our higher faculties, and promote in us happy and contented feelings."

Again, as to the very difficult queſtion, how far mental alienation is, in any given inſtance, the reſult of ſome wrong condition of the body, either

functional or organic; or whether there be any exceptions to this rule. All who have given much thought to the ſubject muſt be diſpoſed to agree with the author juſt quoted, that—"probably there is no degree of knowledge which it is in the power of man to attain, which could enable us to give a poſitive anſwer to this queſtion." There are many facts, certainly, which tend to juſtify the opinion that generally mental alienation proceeds from phyſical conditions and diſeaſe—either *organic* or *functional*. Moral influences may act, for aught we know to the contrary, directly upon the percipient principle or being within us; but in no ſmall number of caſes we have abundant evidence that they act on the mind through the *material organization*. In ſome caſes they are ſudden and violent in action as the more deadly poiſons; and a ſtrong emotion of joy, or grief, or terror, will kill with the ſwiftneſs of a ſtroke of lightning, or of a doſe of deadly aconites, while others act like ſlow poiſons, killing by degrees. Theſe may undoubtedly act as cauſes of inſanity or deranged mental functions, by effecting changes in the blood or the molecular ſtructure of the brain too ſubtile to be detected by the eye, even when aided by the beſt microſcope.

The mere abſence of certain ingredients or properties from the blood, as is well known to the phyſician and pathologiſt, will ſo affect the functions of different organs, and notably the brain, that their powers are either impaired ſimply, or altogether perverted and depraved. The kidneys

will ceaſe to purify the blood; the ſkin will refuſe its vicarious office; the liver ſecrete only an acrid and corroſive bile; and ſo on through the whole organiſm. When this is the caſe, whether phyſical malaria, bad food, poiſon in liquids, or purely moral influences be the cauſe, how is it poſſible to hold the patient *morally reſponſible* for the effects?

While heartily agreeing, therefore, with the writers already quoted, "that it is dangerous to admit the plea of irreſponſibility for thoſe who labour under this ſo-called moral inſanity, to the extent to which Dr. Prichard and others have claimed it for them," it is difficult not to feel that grounds of irreſponſibility, in the eyes of the Omniſcient, may nevertheleſs exiſt in many inſtances.

We all have to learn the difficult taſk of ſelf-reſtraint. All are born, ſome in greater and ſome in leſs degree, with evil tendencies and impulſes. And if theſe are allowed to grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen with our ſtrength, under adverſe influences—whether as regards our bodily conſtitution, the moral atmoſphere in which we are brought up, or the peculiar temptations to vicious indulgence which outward conditions of life may offer—the time comes, beyond doubt, to the leaſt fortunate of thoſe ſo circumſtanced, when the barriers between them and crime are of the very ſlighteſt kind. Their ſole ſtrength reſting, in fact, on fear of conſequences: in ſome evil hour the external temptation and the internal proclivity coinciding, theſe combined are too much for the

tenuated power of reſiſtance; and a crime is erpetrated for which a man ſtands before a jury rith a plea of "moral inſanity," as his only hope of eſcape from the laſt penalty of the law.

Not only is it, then, the imperative duty of all, (and a taſk which no one may eſcape, though to ſome the difficulty it entails may be greater than to others,) to ſtrive againſt whatever evil tendency or impulſes there may be in them; and if ſuch reſiſtance be ſtrenuouſly made in the beginning, when an evil courſe firſt ſuggeſts itſelf to the imagination, it is rare that ſtrength is not found to expel the thought. Whereas, if harboured, a time will full ſurely come when its intruſion will be ſo far beyond all effective control, that the ſpirit of evil has only to *preſent the opportunity* to *inſure the crime.*

A judge of one of the Pruſſian courts, Venerbach, once wrote a volume giving ſome of the reſults of his long judicial experience, in a ſeries of tragic hiſtories drawn from the authentic records of crime under his hand, and worthy of taking rank among the moſt graphic and impreſſive efforts ever made to warn by example and precept.

The peculiar ſyſtem of criminal procedure in Pruſſia at the time referred to, which made it eſſential that a criminal ſhould confeſs the crime before he could be condemned, leads to a far more ſearching and elaborate ſifting of evidence againſt a priſoner than is ever ſeen in our courts. The evidence gathered together often extends

through a whole life; and tends to lay bare all the hidden motives and cauſes of action from childhood upwards. We are enabled to trace theſe, and the firſt ſuggeſtions of evil, and ſtep by ſtep, from the germ into full maturity, the laſt fatal fruit. In every one of theſe appalling hiſtories, ſo dramatically unfolded from the dry records of examinations and *procès verbals*, the reader, after being ſtartled with the bare recital of a frightful crime and its firſt diſcovery, is allowed to go back and to mark how, by ſlow degrees, all the hidden links of connection are brought to light, all the tangled threads of evidence are traced up to their origin and placed in order; how the clue at laſt is found, and followed up perſeveringly, until the long-ſearched-for aſſaſſin ſtands confeſſed; and the conviction of the utter hopeleſſneſs of further denial is carried to the ſoul of the moſt ſucceſsful and hardened criminal.

The leſſon conveyed, in the moſt emphatic and convincing manner, in every ſingle inſtance is this:—that no great crime was ever committed, the idea or germ of which, in one form or other, had not been long harboured; nurſed in the thoughts, *and allowed to poſſeſs the imagination.* Thus an evil ſuggeſtion, which could eaſily have been reſiſted and caſt out in the beginning, but not ſo dealt with when it firſt made its appearance, ends by poſſeſſing the victim like an evil ſpirit, and urging him, beyond all power of control or ſelf-reſtraint, to the commiſſion of the foulest *crimes.* Should theſe great offenders have been

cquitted on a plea of moral inſanity, *becauſe at aſt they had loſt all control* over their evil propenity? There is no fact better eſtabliſhed, perhaps, han this, which Dr. Forbes Winſlow has recorded, in his "Anatomy of Suicide," that "a man may allow his imagination to dwell on an dea until it acquires an unhealthy (and often an irreſiſtible) aſcendancy over his intellect." What an argument this furniſhes for the neceſſity of *guarding our thoughts*, and the imperative duty which is laid on every man to keep a pure heart and a clear conſcience; watching with jealous care the *earlier ſuggeſtions* and *firſt beginnings of evil*, which are then, like the young weed, eaſily plucked out and deſtroyed, without damage to the good ſeed. But, if once allowed to take root, they may twine inextricably round the fibres of the heart and become irradicable; fatal alike to purity of life and peace of mind. Even if the inward thought ſhould never drive him who harbours it into criminal acts, the ſtruggle to avoid it will be inceſſant, the effort exhauſting, and the danger imminent.

Therefore was it Divine Wiſdom telling mankind, by the mouth of Chriſt, that *out of the heart* proceed "evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders." No man ever yet committed crime who had not firſt *nouriſhed the thought of it in his heart.*

APPENDIX.

A STRANGE half-myſtical book has been written by Dr. Burnett, "On the Philoſophy of Spirits," which, although dealing, of courſe, very largely in much that is purely hypothetical, has ſome good and practical views on moral and legal reſponſibility, in relation to inſanity and the diſtinction between it and a perverted will. The following paſſages more eſpecially may help to a better underſtanding of the whole ſubject:—

"The loſs of the power of the will," he obſerves, "is independent of the power of the conſcience, which may yet dictate benefit, or injury, or right, or wrong, though the will may have no power to act. This is ſhown in the caſe of old-eſtabliſhed and habitual ſins. The will, as an attribute of the mind, muſt, of courſe, be ſeparate from deſire, and the neceſſity, in a medico-legal ſenſe, not only of ſo doing, but of marking with true diſtinction the nature of the difference between the deſire and the attribute, is of far greater importance in determining many urgent points relating to the welfare, the happineſs, and the liberty to be enjoyed by every individual, or by a community of men. If it can be ſhown, as moſt unqueſtionably it can, that the power of the will, as an attribute of the mind, may be loſt over one particular deſire, while its power over ſome other deſire in the ſame individual is retained, there can be little doubt that ſuch a perſon, as relates to the particular deſire

thus affected, is certain in the matter of his own intereſts to ſuffer loſs of property, character, and health, according to the nature of the deſire ſo implicated, which conſtitutes, in a true pſychological ſenſe, an unſoundneſs of mind: the circumſtance of the individual knowing the conſequences in ſuch caſes, does not give to the will greater power or choice while the object of deſire is within reach. If therefore thoſe objects, from their nature or poſition, cannot be removed from the individual, rather than that others ſhould ſo ſeriouſly ſuffer, the individual ſhould be removed from them. By this means the liberty of the ſubject is really extended; for otherwiſe, all thoſe who are implicated by the conduct of ſuch a perſon are tied down by the moſt arbitrary and unjuſt fetters, becauſe evils are brought upon them by the ſelfiſh and ungovernable acts of others; and where manifeſt infirmity of will exiſts, the application of ſome ſalutary but legal reſtraint would doubtleſs not only ſerve as a protection to others, but exert a marked influence upon all ſo affected.* When a man voluntarily, or rather, having

* The ſubjoined letter has recently appeared in the public journals, fully confirming all that is here advanced:—

"THE INTOXICATING DRINKS MANIA.—The following letter on the exceſſive or immoderate uſe of ſpirits has been addreſſed by Dr. Nicolls, medical officer, Longford Union, to the Lunatic Aſylum Commiſſioners of Ireland:—

"'I beg reſpectfully to requeſt your attention to a ſpecies of madneſs which (though not legally recognized as ſuch) has led to more individual and family deſtruction than any other form of inſanity I have met with, in an extenſive practice of more than twenty years; ſixteen of them as medical officer of this workhouſe. The mania I allude to, is an inſane and irreſiſtible deſire for intoxicating drinks, induced by an over-indulgence in fermented or diſtilled liquors. I could, if neceſſary, give many, very many, moſt diſtreſſing inſtances of the ſad effects of this madneſs, not confined to the humbler claſſes, but extending to men of higher attainments and intellectual ſuperiority—not even to thoſe, but to ladies of ſuperior education and family connection. It occurs to me, that it would be a great bleſſing if this monomania was recognized by law as temporary inſanity, and thoſe labouring under it be allowed to be put under proper reſtraint in private or public aſylums until reſtored to a ſound ſtate of mind; thus might many murders and ſuicides be prevented, and the propagation of a malady, which I have reaſon to believe is tranſmiſſible from parent

forfeited the healthy balance of his will in this reſpect, involuntarily deprives himſelf of reaſon by habitual intoxication, he ought either to be legally regarded of unſound mind, or elſe become criminally reſponſible by the act of drunkenneſs. I do not think the queſtion of moral reſponſibility can be doubted in theſe caſes; for that reſponſibility goes much farther into caſes of genuine inſanity than is generally ſuppoſed, is now no longer to be denied. To wait, as the law now does, till the poor reaſon-ſtricken being commits ſome offence more or leſs heinous, of which he was unconſcious, and then to charge him with crime committed when he was without reaſon, this is not wiſdom. The privation of liberty ſhould not be made to turn ſo excluſively upon the conſcience as it generally is, as in ſuch caſes we get the worſt conſequences in no reſpect more hopeful or conſolatory, becauſe the individual is perfectly conſcious of the tendency of his acts. The will, when weighed down by the ſpirit of evil, is like an impetuous torrent that cannot be ſtayed."

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to child, arreſted. The dread of the reſtraint and diſcipline of an aſylum, if held out in time, might act as a ſalutary check to this moſt deſtructive madneſs. I truſt that for humanity's ſake you may give ſome attention to this worſt deſcription of mania.'"

VII.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT ON CONDUCT AND ACTION.

"Mr. Macaulay, at the Duke of Argyle's, ſaid to Johnſon:—He had no notion of people being in earneſt, in their good profeſſions, whoſe practice was not ſuitable to them.

"The Doctor grew warm, and ſaid:—'Sir, are you ſo groſſly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very ſincere in good principles, without having good practice?'"

Croker's *Edition of* Boswell's *Life of Johnſon.*

THE apparently irreconcilable contradiction between profeſſions of faith and practice, and the aberrations from principle noticed in ſo many inſtances in thoſe outwardly devout, muſt often have ſuggeſted the queſtion, what is the influence of devotional feeling and religious ſentiment on conduct?

Many will anſwer that, a Religion which is true and earneſt muſt of neceſſity be all-powerful, and

that there is no limit to its influence and control.* Is there no limit impoſed by poor human nature? Then, to reconcile this with univerſal experience and fact, we muſt accept, as a logical ſequence, the further concluſion, that there is no true Religion in the world! Religion ſo underſtood would neceſſarily preclude all ſin, in thought or feeling, in word or deed; and we know that the beſt of men cannot boaſt of any ſuch entire exemption. Whatever may be the influence, therefore, of the Religion of the Goſpel and of high devotional feeling, on men's hearts, it evidently ſtops ſhort of this. Hence ariſes the ulterior queſtion, are we ſo conſtituted, with our inheritance of a ſinful nature, that Religion ever can have this perfect fruit? It is uſual to attribute the inconſiſtency ſo conſtantly obſerved between the religious faith of individuals and their practice, to hypocriſy—inſincerity in the profeſſion made. And yet in ſome, if not in many, the proofs of ſincerity are often too abundant and concluſive, notwithſtanding the moſt glaring want of correſpondence between the profeſſions of faith and the acts done, for this convenient and ſweeping judgment to be accepted as a ſatisfactory ſolution of the problem. This muſt often have been felt by

* "Man can appreciate and aſpire to this ſupramundane excellence; and in the caſe of every one who poſſeſſes true faith, (faith that moves the heart and will in accordance, and in conſiſtency with the character of the things believed,) the manifeſtation of God, given to man in his preſent ſtate, elevates him to the character required by the future and better ſtate."—*God Revealed in the Creation.*

thoſe who look upon life and its anomalies as ſubjects of ſerious ſtudy.

It would ſeem that a foregone concluſion, the abſtract truth of which, taken ſingly, can hardly be diſputed, often miſleads us in ſuch caſes. Let us take the following, as a fair ſtatement of the grounds on which a judgment in ſuch caſes is too frequently made to reſt.

"Conſcience is governed, in a great meaſure, by what men believe; indeed, faith is the legitimate regulator of the conſcience. If a man has correct views of duty to God and man, he will have a correct conſcience." * And in this concluſion many think they ſee the principle ſo much inſiſted upon by Chriſt and His Apoſtles; —the all-importance of faith. As though a right faith included all other things; and its ſufficing virtue, like a ſpell, would guarantee its poſſeſſor from every deviation from truth and right conduct;—a ſpell exerciſing ſuch unceaſing and irreſiſtible control over words and actions, that evil could find no place or means of action within its circle. And, to carry out this inference to its legitimate concluſion, there has been much ſpeculation expended in the effort to define what that Faith is, in its ſcriptural ſenſe, to which the promiſe of ſure ſalvation is attached. But the moſt orthodox definitions are ſuch as leave no alternative, whenever we trace them in their application

* "Philoſophy of the Plan of Salvation," by E. Walker.

to conduct or practice in the beſt of men, but to deny its exiſtence—thus ſtamping every ſhort-coming of a profeſſing Chriſtian, either as damning proof of hypocriſy and want of ſincerity, or of right faith.

It is time, however, we recognized the truth, that it is not ſincerity, or earneſt faith even, that is wanting, in many caſes, but ſome other condition, eſſential to render both effective. Of Phariſees and hypocrites, alas! there is no lack; but the prevalence of theſe will not, in any way, meet the difficulty, or tend to explain the fact, of a true belief and earneſt ſincerity being compatible with conduct ſadly at variance with the courſe ſuch faith would preſcribe. Granted that the faith to which ſuch ſaving virtue is attached in the Goſpels, is not the mere intellectual acceptance of certain truths; for otherwiſe, as has been obſerved, we may number fallen ſpirits among the elect, for they, no doubt, believe in God and Chriſt. Granted that the faith referred to muſt be a living faith, capable of influencing the heart, as well as convincing the underſtanding, and of moulding the whole character of man;—a faith, ſuch as the author juſt quoted has admirably defined, "*that moves the heart and will in accordance, and in conſiſtency, with the character of the things believed.*" The definition is admirable; but yet, to ſay that it will ſo move the heart and will, or is able to do ſo under all circumſtances, is to beg the whole queſtion, and leave the difficulty preciſely where we found it. Faith, no doubt, involves a belief

in the Goſpel truths—nay, more, a full and earneſt deſire to make thoſe truths the guiding principles of our lives; but are we ſo conſtituted that no antagoniſtic habits, tendencies, or external circumſtances, can exerciſe a contrary influence, and develope other and nullifying action? If we are; then, to be poſſeſſed of faith, is to be under the abſolute and irreſiſtible dominion of a power which muſt ſave us the neceſſity of all effort, ſet us far above all temptation, and make us, by its one gift, perfect. But we know too well that, in the Divine Economy, no ſuch reſult enſues. We know that, in this ſcene of probation, it is never permitted to man to find himſelf wholly beyond the reach of temptation, and be thus relieved from all neceſſity for watchfulneſs and effort: elſe had the Apoſtle not declared that on him, too, was laid the obligation "to work out his ſalvation in fear and trembling," leſt, "while preaching to others," he ſhould be "a caſtaway" himſelf; and by ſo ſtartling a demonſtration of the inefficacy of the higheſt faith, (inefficacy, that is, to preclude failure,) adding force to his exhortation, "to take heed leſt they ſhould fall"—an exhortation addreſſed to all—the trueſt and the beſt not excepted. But, even without this authoritative declaration, it is ſurely eaſy to ſee, that neither a phyſical law, ſuch as inanimate matter obeys, nor a neceſſitating inſtinct governing the brute creation—abſolute in their requirements, and irreſiſtible in their operation—would be adapted to the government of a rational being, who is at the ſame time a moral

through a whole life; and tends to lay bare all the hidden motives and cauſes of action from childhood upwards. We are enabled to trace theſe, and the firſt ſuggeſtions of evil, and ſtep by ſtep, from the germ into full maturity, the laſt fatal fruit. In every one of theſe appalling hiſtories, ſo dramatically unfolded from the dry records of examinations and *procès verbals*, the reader, after being ſtartled with the bare recital of a frightful crime and its firſt diſcovery, is allowed to go back and to mark how, by ſlow degrees, all the hidden links of connection are brought to light, all the tangled threads of evidence are traced up to their origin and placed in order; how the clue at laſt is found, and followed up perſeveringly, until the long-ſearched-for aſſaſſin ſtands confeſſed; and the conviction of the utter hopeleſſneſs of further denial is carried to the ſoul of the moſt ſucceſsful and hardened criminal.

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legal or moral conſequences of his acts, does not avail in ſuch caſes to give the will greater power when the object of deſire is within reach.* To ſee the better courſe, and chooſe the worſe; true in ancient Rome when Horace wrote, is not leſs ſo now. Neither the philoſophy of the heathen, nor the religion of the Chriſtian, ſuffices to inſure conſtant victory. Man's control over himſelf is ſtrangely and fearfully limited; and his beſt efforts are often traverſed by ſuch potent and perſiſtent influences as might well ſuggeſt a demon world, with power to diſturb the order of this, and negative all the better impulſes of humanity.

In ſome ſenſe, at ſome point of time, it would

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* The following note of the gambling at White's, during the eighteenth century, extracted from a well-written article in the "National Review," furniſhes a very apt illuſtration:—

"Into this vortex of gambling were drawn the beſt hearts and largeſt brains of the century. The parts of Lord Edgecumbe, the wit of George Selwyn, the amiability of Lord Carliſle, the ſplendid talents of Charles Fox, were alike impotent to ſave from the maelſtrom. Lord Carliſle—in a letter endorſed by George Selwyn, 'after the loſs of the £10,000'—writes, in an agony of ſelf-reproach, 'I have undone myſelf, and it is to no purpoſe to conceal from you my abominable madneſs and folly. . . . I never loſt ſo much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the houſe for the whole.' A day or two after, he writes, 'Lady Carliſle is very well. You may be ſure I ſhall prevent this man from ſetting ruin like a bull-dog at her. She is very nearly made familiar with it; and if it is not made to fly at her, ſhe will approach it with as little fear as any one I know.' Lord Carliſle's life, for many years, was a conſtant ſtruggle between the temptations of the gaming-table and the warnings of conſcience and affection. At moments, he hung on the verge of ſuicide. His letters to Selwyn—who had both good ſenſe and good feeling, though neither could keep him from the dice-box—are a moſt afflicting revelation *of the hell to which the gambler, with an unſeared conſcience and ſtrong affections*, perforce *condemns himſelf*."

ſeem we muſt be free to chooſe between the good and evil placed in our path; for without ſuch freedom we cannot underſtand moral reſponſibility attaching to our acts.* But how myſteriouſly and incomprehenſibly are our beſt intentions, wiſhes, efforts, rendered nugatory, or converted into a ſnare and a deluſion, leading us blindly into deeper wrong. Theſe things are, and it is idle to attempt to myſtify a truth ſo plainly revealed by daily experience and the conſciouſneſs of every individual. There are natural tendencies born with us, independent of any voluntary effort or act of ours. External influences, too, are ſometimes ſtrangely and fatally appoſite to the particular proclivity, which, from ſome inward influence, prompts to ſin or crime. Habits again grow up with our growth, often imperceptibly, until they finally fetter every ſpontaneous movement, and envelope in their ſerpent-folds the whole nature and being of man.† Theſe are all ſo many influences or forces conſtraining us with varying degrees of power, ſometimes for good, but too often for evil! It ſeems as if we had only to will to do right, and the thing would be done. But it is not ſo eaſy to will what we deſire. Between the deſire and the act "lies the incapable organ of the will, which at beſt, perhaps, only

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* See Appendix, page 53.

† "Johnſon obſerved, that the force of our early habits was ſo great, that though reaſon approved, nay, though our ſenſes reliſhed a different courſe, almoſt every man returned to them."—CROKER'S *Boſwell's Life of Johnſon.*

wearily, and after long labour, imperfectly accompliſhes what is required of it. It may be true that we can act as we chooſe—but can we chooſe? 'I know what I ought to do, and would do it,' ſaid one of his inſane patients, in a lucid interval, to M. Eſquirol, 'but give me the power—the ability which is wanting—and you will have cured me.'" * How many men are there in the world who, if we could read their ſecret hearts, would reveal the ſame thought, and the ſame ſenſe of an inſuperable difficulty!

The true ſource of much of the inconſiſtency and ever-recurring contradictions between Divine aſpirations and failing purpoſe—indicating the inefficacy of devotional feeling though ſeconded by the ſtrongeſt dictates of conſcience, to make man's practice conform, in all things, to his faith and his moral convictions—muſt be ſought in the will itſelf. On whatever phyſical or ſpiritual condition the power and action of the will may depend, it is often weak or inadequate to the conſtant ſtrain which the lower deſires, or the emotional nature, put upon it; and then the human being drifts away, "his will a bondſman to the dark,"—like a helmleſs bark on a ſtormy ſea—full on to rocks and ſhoals which the ſteerſman plainly ſees, but is powerleſs to avoid.

The concluſion to which theſe various reflections lead is not far to ſeek. Faith, a right belief, genuine religious ſentiment, are all very precious

* Wigan "On the Duality of the Brain."

aids to right conduct; without these, indeed, no one may claim to be considered a Christian, or lead a Christian life, in which practice shall truly reflect, or at least bear *some true relation* to, the faith. But there are other appointed means to secure this end, without which, as to the final result, the most devout feelings are vain as the tinkling of cymbals before the Temple gates. Christianity is not merely a set of dogmas, or any kind of doctrine, but a life to be lived in conformity with a principle of vital and transmuting power—a principle to be made tangible and substantive in action, made incarnate and visible to eyes of flesh in daily acts—a principle by which habits are slowly, but surely formed; and so thoroughly grafted on the wild stem, that nothing but such violence as rends limb from limb can separate the two, or divide parts which are held together by vital bonds, and have grown to be parts of one whole. Then, indeed, acts consonant with the faith adopted — acts which the conscience dictates — the Will may *find power to perform.* No opposing desires can then avail to break through the triple line of defences, which long-continued discipline and unbroken habit have built up round the spirit, enthroned in strength and conscious security. The *habit* of command and self-denial fails not under severest trial. Unquestioning, unhesitating, and habitual obedience, makes all things easy, even the most arduous and forbidding. But where these conditions are wanting, there is no security, and no true development

of religion in the life and daily practice of any man. Then only does religion become a governing and vital principle, ſanctifying and guarding from injury every hour of labour or of pleaſure. The religious ſentiment may indeed be preſent without theſe; and alſo an infructive *deſire* to give it fitting embodiment in word and deed; but religion, in a true and practical ſenſe—a religion which guards all the iſſues of life, and mingles with every thought and pulſe, making an integral part of theſe, and of the proper buſineſs and daily labours of each ſucceeding year, there cannot be. The Religion which hallows all the moſt trivial as well as the greateſt efforts has no exiſtence where *daily and hourly practice has not built up a rampart of habitual virtue, and obedience*, to the dictates of an enlightened and ſenſitive conſcience. Habits of ſelf-indulgence are utterly incompatible, for the whole fabric is built up by the ſpirit of ſacrifice, under the law which requires a life—not its idle moments, or its refuſe, but the whole life—as a willing and loving offering laid upon God's altar. The greateſt empire in the world, the ſtrongeſt and the moſt deſpotic, is the empire of habit.

Archbiſhop Whateley, in his Bampton Lectures, makes the following excellent remarks, when ſpeaking of the uſe of human learning in matters of religion, and on the neceſſity of making our religion practical, if we would give any worth to the religious ſentiment.

"Another caution muſt be to apply practically

to our own hearts, and exemplify in our conduct, whatever we learn, and whatever we teach reſpecting religion. We muſt never forget that the utmoſt proficiency in theological knowledge will be not only uſeleſs, but pernicious, to the ſtudent who does not at the ſame time labour to become ſpiritually-minded, and to 'bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.' For he who is not careful thus to apply to himſelf perſonally, and to reduce to practice, what he learns, will only become the more hopeleſſly irreligious, becauſe he will, through long familiarity, have hardened himſelf againſt religious impreſſions. To uſe the words of the acute and judicious Biſhop Butler, 'going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts,—talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it, this is ſo far from neceſſarily or certainly conducting to the habit of it, in him who thus employs himſelf, that it may harden the mind in a contrary courſe, and form a habit of inſenſibility to all moral obligations. For, *from our very faculty of habits, paſſive impreſſions, by being repeated, grow weaker, and thoughts, by often paſſing through the mind, are felt leſs ſenſibly.*' This fully accounts for any apparent inconſiſtency in thoſe who after having talked well all their lives on the theory of virtue, and 'preached to others,' themſelves become, in the words of the Apoſtle, but 'caſtaways.' Without the conſtant attendant effort, and ſome degree, at leaſt, of ſucceſs, to reduce our moral theories to practice, and to give the religious ſentiment *its proper work to do in daily life*, the

tendency of things is, as Butler remarks, by habit of paſſive thought to become more hopeleſſly irreligious in deed and action, and in the matter of religious precepts."

The will of man may be ſtrong to enable him to reſiſt all the ſolicitations and influence of deſire, if an originally firm nature has been ſtrengthened and ſuſtained, like an Athlete's frame, by long habit and ſevere training. What the mind conceives, or the moral ſenſe dictates, may be that which alone determines the act in a nature ſo fortified by habitual exerciſe; notwithſtanding the conſciouſneſs of ſtrong and imperious deſire for ſomething wholly incompatible. But it is far different with the ſelf-indulgent and the weak. With them the moſt paſſionate, earneſt, prayerful deſire, fails in its object, and does not control the acts—not ſo much becauſe the deſire is weak in compariſon to others of a contrary tendency, but becauſe the will is weak, and has been too little exerciſed for the continued exertion of an *effective controlling power*, or been too completely under the dominion of ſome vicious habit. Such minds are weak, either by acquired depravity or original infirmity. Moſt frequently imperfect training, deſuetude in early life, and the conſequent want of habits of ſelf-denial and command, in giving effect to the better ſuggeſtions of the ſpirit of man, is the determining cauſe. For deſuetude, which we ſee in a muſcle leads to loſs of ſtrength —waſting and final deſtruction of muſcular power, is but a palpable manifeſtation of the ſame law by

which development of the brain with the moral and intellectual faculties is regulated. There is the ſame evidence in the oppoſite direction. See with what eaſe and perfection the muſician, the artiſan, the juggler, will, without conſcious effort, perform the moſt delicate and complicated movements of the fingers, acting under the combined influence of many mental proceſſes. Habit and long practice alone make this *poſſible;* but they do more, they render that which without ſuch aids is impoſſible, *eaſy*, and the performance free from fatigue or mental exhauſtion—there is *no ſtrain*, becauſe there is *an abſence of conſcious effort.* So it is with the will, and the power of controlling the lower deſires or any vicious impulſes. All men are not alike; and as in muſic, or mere mechanical employments, equal excellence cannot be attained by all; neither is it attainable in the higher regions of the will and moral control. But there is reaſon to conclude that, to all born without leſion or defect of brain, power is given to attain that degree which is eſſential for the labour of this life, and their preparation for another.

With this conviction we muſt reſt ſatisfied. In regard to Faith, however, and its true place in the Chriſtian ſcheme, there ſeems to be much miſapprehenſion of a very dangerous nature. The faith to which merit and efficacy is aſcribed in the Scriptures is certainly a morally efficient cauſe, not only convincing the judgment, but ſanctifying the heart's affections: yet when it is deſcribed, as we often ſee it in theological works, in ſuch terms

as the following—we cannot help inquiring, who then ſhall be ſaved?

"If holineſs be not diſcerned in a man, that lack of holineſs is a proof that he has not yet faith—for by their fruits ye ſhall know them." This is the doctrine of the Church of England, as may be ſeen by reference to the Articles of Religion, 11, 12, 13. Again it is ſaid, "Faith is that belief which neceſſarily leads to a courſe of action correſponding with the thing believed." Now if this be a true definition of faith, in the Apoſtolic ſenſe, where is ſuch faith to be found? Not on earth; otherwiſe, as has been already obſerved, humanity would have attained perfection. St. Paul and St. James dwelt reſpectively on the neceſſity of faith and of works as the eſſential conditions of ſalvation. To many it has ſeemed their views were contradictory; but a true Chriſtian feels very certain no ſuch contradiction can really exiſt between the inſpired writers, and that there muſt be a ſenſe in which the precepts conveyed by both, are ſtrictly conſonant and conſiſtent with each other. Luther ſeemed to have a much clearer view of the true relation between faith and works than many of his followers; but he has been both miſquoted and miſunderſtood in this particular. He evidently contended for the all-importance of faith as the firſt and eſſential condition of ſalvation, *and for works in true relationſhip*, but ſtill ſecondary. Was not this in effect St. Paul's view? Both the Apoſtle and his humble follower in the ſixteenth century had before them,

probably, the knowledge and full conviction of the utter impossibility, in man's fallen state, of that perfect correspondence between faith and works which it is the *tendency* of that Divine power to induce; and therefore insisted first, and principally, upon the vital and transmutative *principle*; —knowing that where this was, the rest must follow as naturally as effect to cause, though not in all with equal degree—*not in any to perfection.* It was, no doubt, in view of this latter condition, undeniable and invariable as it is, that Luther laid himself open to attack when he declared such was the all-saving power of faith that even deepest crime could not avail to rob him who possessed it of his salvation. It was in this recognition of a fact, which many devout people repudiate, namely,—that a want of consistency between faith and works is possible (not only possible, but in various degrees universal), that he gave offence; and a seeming justification to the injurious inference that he deemed works no necessary part of the conditions of a Christian's salvation. But the same reproach, on similar grounds, has been addressed to St. Paul. It seems much more rational and just to conclude that Luther drew his conviction from a deep insight into human nature and its inherent constitution—from a wide and comprehensive view of the whole field of human experience. He saw reason to believe that there *was* faith in the world, and at the same time he saw that it did not, either in saints or martyrs, prevent imperfection in the fruit; and hence

logically concluded, that the relationſhip, however true and neceſſary, between faith and works; could never during this life be without flaw, or ſome leaven of inconſiſtency. It had not ſaved David from crime—nor Peter from a denial of his Saviour, (though he gladly devoted a life to his ſervice ever after, and his body to the croſs;) and he inferred that neither were we entitled to look for more perfect fruit, or a never failing perfection in humbler men; and ſtill leſs to conclude, as too many are diſpoſed, that where this was not, no ſaving faith exiſted; and that deſpair ſhould mark the erring Chriſtian's ſteps.*

Is this to frame an excuſe for error, or for crime? God forbid. To deal with faith and human nature in their blending, as the world's experience alone juſtifies, cannot be a ſin. It is not truth, but error, that is miſchievous; and to claim for faith, in its ſcriptural ſenſe, and as an efficient cauſe, *effects the world has never yet ſeen*, is to take to our hearts a lie or a deluſion; either of which carries a fatal poiſon to the ſoul, whiſpering deſpair, not *humble truſt and unceaſing effort* to the fallen.

That our conduct is naturally influenced, whatever may be the degree, by our belief, is a propoſition few will be diſpoſed to diſpute; nor even the farther deduction from the recognized principles of human nature, that man is led irreſiſtibly to worſhip a ſuperior being, and, "by worſhipping,

* See Appendix B, to this Eſſay.

becomes assimilated to the moral character of the object which he worships." Both propositions are true in the abstract, but essentially false if applied to human beings without reference to other and antagonistic circumstances—to conditions which have the necessary effect of *limiting and modifying* their effect. The *tendency* is there; the tendency to lead man "to abandon everything in himself, and in his course of life, which is condemned by the character and precepts of the God he worships, and to conform himself to that standard which is approved by the same criterion." But this obviously constitutes only a very partial view of the whole. There are other and conflicting tendencies—desires in direct antagonism—which must also be taken into account in the sum of life, if we would arrive at any true and complete result. For instance, when it is said by the same author,* in reference to the assimilating power of belief or worship, that "*love for another always influences the will to act in such a way as will please the object loved.* So soon as the affections move towards an object the will is proportionably influenced to please and benefit the object." We feel that the assertion, without limitation or reserve, is essentially untrue. Were it otherwise, the life of every family—every married couple—every earnest Christian—would be little better than a lie and a juggle. If it were true absolutely, whence then come quarrels and feuds,

* "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation."

where love the moſt earneſt and impaſſioned, has been too manifeſt and certain for doubt? How can one who loves ever utter complaint or reproach, in ſuch an hypotheſis—ſhow impatience or inflict injury, where the object of love is concerned? Is it ſaid ſuch things have never been? Speak then, countleſs millions of lovers—huſbands and wives, parents and children, friends in every relation of life, where love enters—who have felt its influence, recognized its obligations; and yet have miſſed the happy reſult of perfect harmony! Speak, all ye generations of Chriſtians of every age and race—who have loved your God and prayed each night, "Forgive us our treſpaſſes," but who, deſpite of effort and prayerful endeavours, have each night, as it came round, reaſon to pray for that ſame forgiveneſs of treſpaſſes, on to the end of a long life! Of all ye millions, let him who has been daily ſinleſs ſpeak—Prophets and Apoſtles firſt! No, this is not true, elſe would ſuch a prayer as Chriſt taught his diſciples be a ſurpluſage to all who loved God. The prayer of Chriſt's followers muſt proceed from love and faith; for not only could it have no efficacy without theſe, but the act itſelf would be a mockery and an inſult to the Supreme Being, as either motiveleſs—or proceeding from ſuch inferior motives as are abhorrent to His nature. But if *dictated by love*, and *proffered in faith*, (the only conditions contemplated in the Saviour's injunction,) and the thing to be prayed for is the *forgiveneſs of daily treſpaſſes*, then is the neceſſity

for ſuch a prayer proof enough that love does not ſo "affimilate the worſhipper to the object worſhipped" that the will is ſovereignly acted upon in a way to enſure perfect conformity of life. No demonſtration can be more complete or unanſwerable;—and the inconſiſtency between faith and practice reſolves itſelf into a queſtion of degree. Either there is no true love of God on earth, or that love does not practically inſure perfect conformity of life. Let theologians who inſiſt upon ſuch conformity as the inſeparable ſign of a genuine love and a ſaving faith—that freedom from treſpaſs and wrong, which One only in human form has ever yet diſplayed—chooſe between the two alternatives. As man and woman may love each other earneſtly and truly even to the death, and yet offend,—ſo may the erring and repentant Chriſtian ſtill invoke the Father's pardon as one who loves,—even though he errs. Perfect obedience, and ſuch love as caſteth out not only fear, but all taint or leaven of the "old Adam"—"defects of will, and taints of blood," which makes men dead to ſin and every evil impulſe—cannot be his lot until the grave has cloſed over theſe mortal bodies, and death ſets free the germs of a new life and regenerated being.

It is impoſſible to overſtate the importance of a right judgment on this ſubject, which is one of deepeſt intereſt to all men. Perhaps the ſtudy of our own hearts and our human relations to each other may go far to ſuggeſt a true ſolution—theſe ſame human relations being the pſychical reflection

or type of the Divine,—both acting in harmony with the laws of Eternal Power. The archetype of these human relations is to be sought in the sphere of the spiritual, which is thus shadowed forth in tangible human form, to teach us those higher things which eye hath not seen, or ear heard;—and to make us apprehend, through the earthly mould, the Divine Original.* What can be the *Sonship* of Christ—the filial bond with the Father, who is a Spirit without parts or substance? Obviously not that which constitutes the earthly relationship of father and son; but this latter is a symbol, or type, of that which is Divine,—and the nearest approach our limited intellect can make, to the apprehension of the higher truth conveyed in the terms employed.† The Scriptures again tell us that man himself has been made in God's image. This, in like manner, must evidently refer to some spiritual likeness, some participation of nature, enabling us the better to love and know Him. It is in accordance with this scrip-

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* See Appendix A, to this Essay.

† So Lessius in his "Education of the Human Race:"—"When I believe that I recognize in God a similar reduplication, I perhaps do not so much err, or that my language is insufficient for my ideas, and so much at least for ever remains incontrovertible, that they who wish to make the idea thereof popular for comprehension, could scarcely have expressed themselves more intelligibly and suitably than by giving the name of a Son through whom God testifies of himself from Eternity. Now if this doctrine of the Trinity should at last, after endless errors, right and left, only bring men on the road to recognize that God cannot possibly be One in the sense in which finite beings are, that even his Trinity must be a transcendental unity, which does not exclude a sort of plurality."

tural view that our apprehenſion of the nature and attributes of God is, by ſome fixed law, always in the proportion of our likeneſs or aſſimilation to Him in nature. "The pure of heart ſhall alone ſee God;" and it is through the purifying and ennobling influence of our affections that the heart is enlarged and made holy,—and becomes a fitting veſſel for the reception of bleſſings and inſtructions. We feel that the love borne to us by others, human beings like ourſelves,—in its ſtrong faith and earneſt ſincerity,—is not only ſufficient to make amends for many errors in their conduct, often diſtaſteful to us—things ſometimes repugnant to the ſtrongeſt inſtincts of our nature—but to make us *love them* in return. Strange myſtery of love! Is there not thus revealed to us, day by day in the experience of our own hearts, the potency of the ſpell attaching to it; home truths and familiar illuſtrations telling us in language too clear to be miſtaken, how ſurely we may truſt in its efficacy with a Heavenly Father! To thoſe who have loved much, much ſhall be forgiven, our Saviour has aſſured all mankind; and our own hearts give reſponſe that ſuch a law has already been written there. That love which begets in *us* patience for failings, and even love in return for the love of the faulty, reveals a myſtery, and ſolves the problem—how God may love the ſinful and accept the imperfect offering; and how, in proportion to the *ſincerity and depth of our love*, is His goodneſs, mercy, and love towards us. Love will not indeed make fallen man, either ſinleſs or

perfect. Human infirmity and error will mingle with our highest aspirations and our best sustained efforts—but the tendency of love is *evermore to diminish* these; while it wins acceptance for the imperfect, in lieu of that completed work and obedience which we cannot give, by reason of the corruption of our nature. Do not human beings the same by each other, impelled by the strong power of love? To those who love us not—law, strict justice; but to the loving another code, is applied. Nay, the benefits we confer, and the sacrifices we make to serve or save others, become vital motives to more love and effort; new links to bind us more strongly to them. The love we have bestowed and the sacrifices we have made, often form the most enduring claims to continued affection in human relations. So hath it been graciously disposed that the heart of man, in which God's image was originally graven, though that image may have been well-nigh blotted out, shall still be the best interpreter of His eternal Law and Divine Nature; revealing some of the higher mysteries of both, and of the government of the Universe. Not without adequate design has it been made known to man—that to him alone on earth was the privilege bestowed of being created in his Maker's image. Something of the same nature and affections, however immeasurably inferior, must, as has been remarked above, have constituted this likeness to the Creator—the germs, it may be only, of characteristic qualities and specific nature, destined in

another ſtate of being to further development—to receive, like the Lapula, reſplendent wings, where now only the bare rudiments can be traced beneath the covering of coarſer mould adapted to an inferior life and the groſſer elements of a ſtagnant pond;—wings of angel and of ſpirit, and all glorious adaptations and developments for higher ends, but vaguely indicated in humanity, as the prophetic promiſe of a future deſtiny. The germ only arrives at ſuch maturity here, as may ſuffice to ſhow that all the rudimentary members and parts of a more glorious being *exiſt*, for higher life and for wider development hereafter, under other and more favourable conditions. Only a more limited and gradually progreſſive development is provided for here, to the end that this ſame human nature may approach nearer and yet nearer to the Divine Archetype.*

Taking this ſcriptural view for our guidance, it will at once be ſeen how all the relations of life, between man and his kind, are ſpecially adapted, not only to develop in us the rudimental elements of a future being, but to fulfil the ſcarcely leſs important office of teaching us our relations to God, and thoſe he maintains towards us. A revelation of ſpiritual affinities and analogies—the way and the life, wherein love is the "firſt beſt cauſe" of all, ſupplying

* A very ſtriking illuſtration of this is furniſhed by the diſcoveries of Swammerdam and Malpeghi, of the lineaments of the butterfly beneath the maſk of the larva, and the marvellous analogy is carried ſtill further by ſome more recent inveſtigations. See Appendix D, page 57.

the myſtic links of connection between matter and ſpirit, between God and man. From the ſocial and blood relations of mankind, and from the works of nature, all Chriſt's moſt touching parables are derived. By and through theſe from the beginning, the Prophets, and, in the cloſe of the revelation, the Saviour himſelf ſought to enable the human race to realize the myſteries of their being, and of the relationſhip maintained between them and their God; whence flow, as from a fountain-ſource, all their duties in this life, all their hopes of another and a better ſtate of exiſtence.*

If we glance through theſe ſymbolic teachings, with the Scriptures for our guide, we ſhall ſee the parental and the filial ſtand firſt in order in myſtery and importance. God is revealed as our Creator and Father; the race of man as His children: and wonderfully does the relationſhip of parent and child on earth ſeem adapted to teach by example and the daily experience of life, by what each reſpectively feels, deſires, expects, or demands in that relationſhip, the myſtery of the ſpiritual. If, indeed, our relationſhip to God is that of child to parent, how could we ſo well learn what we may reaſonably hope from Him; and what we ought and muſt render to Him in return; or what our feelings and relations to Him through life ſhould be, if we would enter into our inheritance as ſons of God? He is juſtified of

* See Appendix A, to this Eſſay, referring to "Types and Analogies in Nature."

men by the teaching of ſocial relations; and, as the Father Almighty, He is ever repreſented as enforcing our duties, preciſely in the way the beſt of human parents who loved his child would naturally and ſurely adopt:—by advice and inſtruction, by entreaty and motives of love and devotion; by fear for the froward, and chaſtiſement for the perverſe: with juſtice and with wiſdom, but with untiring goodneſs and patience alſo.

What does the father rightly expect of his child, and what does the child render unto the father with gladneſs and affection? Is it not abſolute and loving obedience; faith in his truth, truſt in his goodneſs and care, ſervice unwearied, reſpect and devotion in all his thoughts? This does God require of us as His children. We do not think it too much for a good and noble father here on earth—one who has a princely inheritance to beſtow on the child worthy of his love. Do we deem leſs can be expected by our God who created us, and has preſerved us from our cradle upward; who ſhowers daily bleſſings upon our head, and a thouſand mercies, and would fain reſerve for us a crown of imperiſhable glory in a kingdom without end?

Without purſuing this ſymbolic teaching further into all the relations of life, we ſee enough to learn, with chaſtened heart and humble ſpirit, that the perfect ſervice of the Law and Love combined, none may render; but the loving heart, the willing deſire, the loyal effort, the untiring thought and ſpirit of devotion and re-

verence,—theſe indeed are indiſpenſable; and theſe come all from Love. What earthly father, or huſband, or ſovereign, will be content with leſs; or hold child, or wife, or ſubject true, and worthy of love in return, who has leſs to offer? To our own hearts we are referred for judgment. True motive and earneſt effort, we know, is the leaſt we require from child or ſervant. For involuntary failure, unwilling or unconſcious offence, —all which infirmity, not predetermined will, is reſponſible for—there is in love large ſtore of pity and power to forgive, to the extent of the erring one's incapacity to conform, under trying conditions, to all which duty demands. We have ſeen that the power to ſhape our volitions according to the dictates of conſcience is not abſolute. It has been truly obſerved that, "by the very conſtitution of human nature, a vehement contrariety exiſts between the principles of the higher and the lower life, which is never abſolutely reconciled, and preſſes always as an annoyance and a burden upon the high-wrought ſenſibilities of ſerious meditative minds." The teſtimony of Foſter, a true and earneſt minded preacher of the Goſpel, is emphatic and concluſive on the point. "I know," he ſays, "I know from experience, that habit can, in direct oppoſition to every conviction of the mind, and but little aided by the elements of temptation, ſuch as preſent pleaſure, &c., induce a repetition of the moſt unworthy actions. The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle reſtored

can become as firm as one that has never been moved. It is as in the caſe of a mound of a reſervoir, if in one place broken, whatever care has been taken to make the repaired part as ſtrong as poſſible, the probability is that if it give way again it will be in that place." And this alſo is true, from another writer, that "our ordinary conduct is determined much more by the general tone of our feelings, (that is, our habitual feelings,) than by the direct force of precepts and prohibition. The heart is in a perilous ſtate when the vulgar ſolicitations of appetite, intereſt, or pride, are encountered and oppoſed only by the ultimate or ſtrongeſt motives that may be applicable to the occaſion."* Without habits of ſelf-denial and control there is, indeed, no ſecurity; and with the curſe of evil habits once contracted, whatever love of God may ſurvive or take root in the heart, the victim might well deſpair and exclaim, "who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?" did we not believe that to ſuch love and prayerful effort Divine aid is vouchſafed. So terrible is the power of habit over the living organization and the ſpirit of man, as he is conſtituted. "There are hundreds of thouſands of human beings," wrote a phyſician† at the cloſe of a long life ſpent in daily practice and obſervation, "who paſs their whole exiſtence in the inceſſant ſtruggle between two volitions, making the moſt heroic efforts to overcome their tendency

* "Saturday Evening," by Iſaac Taylor.

† Dr. Wigan, "On the Duality of the Brain."

to evil and to error." Dr. Wigan, as before mentioned, dwells on the fact that there are two brains in every human head, the exact counterparts of each other (as are the two eyes, ears, and many other organs in the body) each capable of exercising ſingly all the functions, habitually performed by both. The fact of two contending volitions or deſires is all that is here inſiſted upon, as placed beyond diſpute by univerſal experience; and the bearing which this fact has upon the character and conduct, as proving the poſſibility of contrary and utterly diſcordant paſſions, deſires, and volitions coexiſting in the ſame mind. If this be true, it follows that a fervent and ſincere love of God, with a high development of the religious ſentiment and very devout feeling, *may* be compatible with the ſaddeſt inconſiſtencies in conduct and practice. What may be the effect on ſalvation who may venture to predict? God alone can diſtinguiſh what is the ſum of true thought, and loving effort, buried beneath theſe conflicting evidences. We cannot know, but only gueſs in part, the proportion between the temptations and the reſiſtance offered, the true balance of the affections, or of good and evil, in theſe dire conflicts which engage the ſoul. What in every period has been the true ſtate of the heart, He who reads its ſecrets alone can determine; and on this,—not on the outward acts, muſt a future deſtiny mainly depend. To men, ſo prone to judge, it may well be ſaid—

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But never what's reſiſted."

Thoſe who retain their virtue more from the abſence of temptation or urgent inducements to evil, guarded by outward conditions or phlegmatic nature, may rank lower in the judgment-day than the deeply-ſtained penitent who never relinquiſhed hope or effort for victory under the moſt untoward circumſtances, or moſt grievous failures. Ruſkin has glanced at this with his uſual felicity of diſcrimination, when he remarks that* "it would be well if moraliſts leſs frequently confuſed the greatneſs of ſin with its unpardonableneſs. The two characters are altogether diſtinct. The greatneſs of a fault depends partly on the nature of the perſon againſt whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its conſequences. Its pardonableneſs depends, humanly ſpeaking, on the degree of temptation to it." And he proceeds to ſhow that ſuch is the meaſure uſually taken—"men eſteeming thoſe faults the worſt which are committed under leaſt temptation."

God in His wiſdom has ſhed a Divine influence on all human affections and relations, when theſe are true, not falſe or counterfeit, and ſanctified the lowlieſt of their forms. The tenderneſs we feel for the ſufferings of dumb animals committed to our charge, and grateful regard for the examples they furniſh of ſublime devotion and undying affection, is an intuitive recognition of the Divine element. Love, we ſee daily,

* "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

not only prompts to the devotion of all our faculties to others; but makes ſervice grateful to him who ſeeks to render it, and acceptable to the recipient. Service is indeed only irkſome or hateful where there is no love to ſanctify it. And that ſervice nor God nor man accepts. Love forms its judgments on the *heart's inclination*, the *motive*, and the *will*. The moſt imperfect ſervice, if the beſt in the power of the ſervant, is yet accepted: but where the true love is wanting, even more perfect ſervice is ſternly rejected as worthleſs or diſtaſteful. So reads the law—and its counterpart in the human heart, written by the ſame Divine hand.

When the erring Chriſtian, ſore-beſtraught with conſcious imperfection, and ever-recurring offence, droops under his burden—when the heart is oppreſſed with wearineſs, and diſturbed with doubts whether love and ſin may hold diſputed ſway in the ſame breaſt, and ſtretching "lame hands of faith," ſtill "faintly truſts the larger hope," it is in this direction hope firſt cometh. Perfect ſingleneſs—*obedience that has no imperfection*—is not the Goſpel doctrine; but conformity to the utmoſt limit of our capacity, *with earneſt love and faith, for the ſanctifying principle*. It has been obviouſly intended that our material organization ſhould have, and continually exerciſe, a ſtrong, and more or leſs deciſive action and controlling power. Love's proper work in man is, *to guard his motives, and to mould the temper and habit of his mind*. To

eſtabliſh a perpetual guard over the ſtronghold of faith, and create a never-failing *tendency* towards, and a habit of ſtriving after, the right and the true. So love is made to bridge over the chaſm —wide and deep though it be—between God's perfection and man's ſinfulneſs. It forms the link between a ſaving faith and imperfect works, reconciling juſtice with mercy. He who is ready to lay down his fortune or life for another, is held to love truly and earneſtly, even though he may have often done acts little in accordance with entire devotion; and more or leſs offenſive and diſtaſteful to the object of his affection. We who cannot read the heart do not the leſs accept the ſacrifice as the proof, deſpite all ſeeming contradictions and faults of which we may very juſtly have complained. The two things we know and feel are not incompatible, however inconſiſtent they may ſeem. There is a higher law in tranſcendent regions than we have reached. In moments of great trial, demanding ſupreme acts of reſolution or ſacrifice, we find the power of ſpiritualizing our being, ſubliming all its groſſer parts, ſeparating what is pure from the baſer reſidue, and breaking all the fetters of habit and infirmity, for the one act which ſhall vindicate our true deſcent and eſtabliſh our birthright. But we cannot always do this (not perfectly and with unvarying ſucceſs) in the abſence of the powerful motives which may once have ſupplied the ſtimulus needful to nerve the will, and give it, for a brief interval, an abſolute and

ſovereign power over all inferior or contending deſires. And failing this, we ſometimes fall back into a woeful train of infirm purpoſes. Backed by long-confirmed habits, the baſer inſtincts and deſires ſurround us with ſnares and pitfalls, into which many ſlip, when thus not rouſed to heroic action. In theſe circumſtances, the exiſtence of a ſtrong and abiding love for the Creator can alone eſtabliſh a ground for pardon and love in return, deſpite our imperfections. And if true, earneſt, faithful love be there, God will ſeal the ſuffering mortality to Himſelf; and when death rends the veil of mortality, earth-ſtained and ſoiled though it be, He who is mighty to ſave will waſh the ſins away—thoſe ſtains which concealed the purer ſpirit beneath, yet living and ſuſtaining to the end the battle for the right and the true.

One thing there is, however, wholly incompatible with ſaving faith or love for God, and that is the conſcious, deliberate *intention* to continue in any acknowledged ſin or evil courſe manifeſtly inconſiſtent with theſe. Where the love of God exiſts there muſt be a tendency to aſſimilation; there muſt be a *conſtant effort and deſire*, for this lies at the very heart of all living faith. The queſtion which will probably determine our final deſtiny, will it not be this,—"Is thy heart right towards me?" If to our God the anſwer can be, "*Yes*," *in all ſincerity*, then may we conclude—but then only—that the outward acts will become wholly ſubordinate: not perhaps without any influence on our future

deſtiny or the final judgment, but ſtill *comparatively* unimportant.

If then we turn to the original problem—What is the influence of devotional feeling, and the religious ſentiment on conduct?—we ſee that neither the one nor the other is any guarantee for purity of life, or good works. So far as mere feeling or ſentiment is concerned, theſe may be found combined with great turpitude. Like any other kind of ſentimentality, it is not only uſeleſs for any practical good, but its tendency is miſchievous, as accuſtoming the mind to barren impreſſions and emotions which lead to nothing, and not unfrequently perhaps they ſerve to delude the weak-minded into a belief, that theſe religious ſentiments and emotions may do duty for a true and working religion built on faith and active love. Even theſe, it has been ſhown, which do conſtitute religion, are no ſecurity againſt many and ſad inconſiſtencies in conduct; but where ſuch faith and love of God exiſt, there muſt be a *conſtant tendency towards aſſimilation to the Divine nature;* and every renewed effort to attain this end of life. Religion, thus underſtood, muſt ever be practical—a living and a working principle. Fruitful, therefore, in various degrees and ways, *but never barren*, or a mere idle ſentiment which exhales itſelf in religious exerciſes, or in pious ejaculations and dreams never to be realized. It has been well ſaid that the higheſt life which we can have is contained in the practical life; and there is aſſuredly no true religion which is not practical, and made manifeſt in *works* and in *action*.

APPENDIX.

A.

DEAN TRENCH, in his uſeful work on the Parables, has the following admirable remarks, ſo fully bearing out all that is advanced in the Eſſay, that the author cannot reſiſt the temptation to quote them :—

"I ſay either to illuſtrate or to prove; for the parable or other analogy to ſpiritual truth appropriated from the world of nature or of man, is not merely illuſtration, but alſo in ſome ſort proof. It is not merely that theſe analogies aſſiſt to make the truth intelligible, or, if intelligible before, preſent it more vividly to the mind, which is all that ſome will allow them. Their power lies deeper than this, in the harmony unconſciouſly felt by all men, and which all deeper minds have delighted to trace between the natural and the ſpiritual worlds, ſo that analogies from the firſt are felt to be *ſomething* more than illuſtrations happily but arbitrarily choſen. They are arguments, and may be alleged as witneſſes; the world of nature being throughout a witneſs for the world of ſpirit, proceeding from the ſame hand, growing out of the ſame root, and being conſtituted for that very end. All lovers of truth readily acknowledge their myſterious harmonies, and the force of arguments derived from them. To them the things on earth are copies of the things in heaven. They know that the earthly tabernacle is made after the pattern of things ſeen in the Mount (Exodus xxv. 40,

1 Chron. xxviii. 12), and the queſtion ſuggeſted by the angel in Milton is often forced upon their meditation :—

'What if Earth
Be but the ſhadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?'

Theſe are not merely choſen illuſtrations from the great ſtock and ſtorehouſe of images from whence others as good might have been ſelected, but 'rather they belong to one another, *the type and the thing typified*, by an inward neceſſity, they were *linked together long before by the law of a ſecret affinity*. It is not a happy incident which has yielded ſo wondrous an analogy as that of huſband and wife to ſet forth the myſtery of Chriſt's relation to his elect church. There is far more in it than this: the earthly relation is indeed *but a lower form of the heavenly*, on which it reſts, and of which it is the utterance. So when Chriſt ſpoke to Nicodemus of a new birth, it was not merely becauſe birth into this natural world was the moſt ſuitable figure; but all the circumſtances of this natural birth had been *preordained to bear the burden of ſo great a myſtery*.' The Lord is King, not borrowing this title from the kings of the earth, but having lent his own title to them and not the name only, but having ſo ordered that all true rule and government upon earth, with its righteous laws, its ſtable ordinances, its puniſhment and its grace, its majeſty and its terror, ſhould tell of Him and of His kingdom which ruleth over all. The earthly kingdoms and the earthly kings are figures and ſhadows of the true.

"And as in the world of man and human relations, ſo alſo is it in the world of nature—the ſame Lord who ſits upon his throne in heaven, does with the ſkirts of his train fill his temple upon earth; theſe characters of nature which everywhere meet our eye are not a common but a ſacred writing—*hieroglyphy of God*; and it ſhould be man's bleſſedneſs that he finds himſelf in the midſt of ſuch, and, becauſe in the midſt of them, therefore never without admonition and teaching.

"For ſuch is in truth the condition of man; around him is a ſenſuous world, yet not one which need bring him into

bondage to his ſenſes, but ſo framed as, if he will uſe it aright, continually to lift him above itſelf—a viſible world to make known the inviſible things of God, a ladder leading him up to the contemplation of heavenly truth. And this truth he ſhall encounter and make his own, not in fleeing from his fellows and their works and ways, but in the mart, on the wayſide, in the field, not by ſtripping himſelf bare of all relations, but rather recognizing theſe as inſtruments through which he is to be educated into the knowledge of higher myſteries, and ſo dealing with him in reverence, ſeeking, by faithfulneſs to them in their lower forms, to enter into their yet deeper ſignificance; entertaining them though they ſeem but common gueſts, and finding that he has unaware entertained angels, and thus, beſide his revelation in words, God has another and an elder, and one indeed without which it is inconceivable how that could be made, for from this it appropriates all its ſigns of communication. This entire moral viſible world from firſt to laſt, with its beings and its ſubjects, its parents and its children, its ſun and its moon, its ſowing and its harveſt, its light and its darkneſs, its ſleeping and its waking, its birth and its death, is from beginning to end a mighty parable—a great teaching of ſuperſenſuous truth, a help at once to our faith and to our underſtanding.

"The whole of Scripture, with its ever-recurring uſe of figurative language, is a reawakening of man to the myſtery of nature, a giving back to him the key of knowledge, the true *ſignatura rerum*; and this comes out, as we might expect, in its higheſt form, but by no means excluſively, in thoſe which by pre-eminence we call the Parables. They have this point of likeneſs with the miracles, that thoſe too were a calling heed to powers which were daily going forward in the midſt of men, but which, by their frequency and orderly repetition, had become wonder-works no more, and men had need to be ſtartled anew to the contemplation of the energies which were ever working among them. In like manner the Parables were a calling of attention to the ſpiritual facts which underlie all proceſſes of nature, all inſtitutions of human ſociety, and which, though unſeen,

are the true ground and ſupport of all. Chriſt moved in the midſt of what ſeemed to the eye of ſenſe an old and worn-out world, and it evidently became new at his touch; for it told to man now the inmoſt ſecrets of his being. He found that it anſwered with ſtrange and marvellous correſpondences to another world within him—that oftentimes it helped to the birth great thoughts of his heart, which before were ſtruggling helpleſſly to be born—that of theſe two worlds without him and within, each threw a light and a glory on the other."

Elſewhere the ſame writer ſpeaks of the univerſe as one organic whole, and ſays it is ever God's law that the lower ſhould contain the germs and prophetic intimations of the higher.

B.

In the celebrated controverſy between Paſcal and the Jeſuits, which gave birth to "Les Lettres Provinciales," it was aſſumed on both ſides that morality was capable of being reduced to a ſyſtem, and that the problem could be ſolved by a ſet of general rules by which the morality or degree of immorality of any given action whatever might be determined. But the time has long paſſed for the belief that any power can be attained by men of gauging moral guilt. He alone who reads the hearts of men, and to whom all things are known, can duly eſtimate the relative proportions of ſin or guilt, in ſeemingly ſimilar caſes; who knows not only where we have failed but what was the preſſure, and all that ſhould have been reſiſted alſo. Paſcal, by his endeavour to apply a rigid ſyſtem of rules to caſes of morality, placed himſelf in a difficulty, at leaſt as great as that which he ſought to prove the Jeſuits laboured under by exceſſive laxity. For if they had a ſyſtem of morals not free from the ſcandal of being very elaſtic, Paſcal's poſition gave a ſyſtem of morality, which it has been well obſerved in a very clever article in the "Saturday Review" on this ſubject,* "abſolutely condemns the

* July 17, 1859.

whole exiſting ſtate of ſociety, and would, if adopted, bind in iron chains all the energies and all the affections of mankind, and ſtand ſelf-refuted." The Jeſuits, on the other hand, can hardly be denied the conſciouſneſs of this, and, however dangerous their mode of procedure, a deſire "to bring human life within the pale of ſalvation," and a wiſh that there ſhould be "ſome ſort of proportion" between the ſyſtem of morality adopted, and "the actual ſtate of human ſociety."

The ſame effort, if not founded on the ſame theory, is ſtill traceable in many of the beſt intentioned, in various ſections of the Proteſtant Church of the preſent day. A diſpoſition to frame a rigid ſyſtem of morality, and aſſume the power of gauging the moral guilt of all, by reference to its unyielding definitions, as though morality were ſubject to rules as preciſe and definite as law.

The Jeſuits' argument of Sanchez, which ſo ſcandalized Paſcal—namely, that "it is permitted to the natural appetites to enjoy the actions which belong to it,"—apropos to the queſtions from Eſedbot, where it is aſked,—"Is it permitted to eat and drink as much as we pleaſe (*tout ſon ſaoul*) without neceſſity and for mere pleaſure?" and to which, according to Sanchez, the anſwer is "certainly, if it does not hurt our health—for it is permitted to the natural appetite, &c.," was, after all, perfectly ſuſceptible of defence, and much more rational in the application, than the principle maintained by Paſcal and his friends of the Port Royal. And admirably the reviewer has performed the taſk, when he ſays:—

"The whole point and force of Paſcal's letters lies in the aſſumption that there is a grand unalterable code of morality, which can be put into an expreſs ſyſtematic form, according to which all actions muſt be regulated, and which the maxims of the Jeſuits either evaded or overthrew. The true anſwer to the book is, that the ſyſtem which Paſcal inveſted with theſe glorious attributes was, in fact, arbitrary, and in many reſpects falſe; and that if it had been ſtrictly applied to the purpoſe to which Janſeniſts and Jeſuits alike contended that ſyſtems of morals ought

to be applied, it would have ſpeedily reduced the world to a monaſtery or a wilderneſs."

Truly ſo, and whenever a line of argument, logically carried out, lands in ſome impoſſible concluſion, we may ſafely aſſume that ſome error has paſſed unperceived into our premiſes—ſome fallacy that vitiates the whole. For in reference to the queſtion of appetites and deſires, what better line, it is aſked, can we draw than that ſuggeſted by Sanchez, unleſs we deny that we may eat or drink for pleaſure without neceſſity? "But if the principle which Paſcal implies were the true one, no one would ever take a meal without ſin, for even the priſoners in a gaol eat ſome part of their food merely becauſe it pleaſes their palates, and beyond the abſolute neceſſity of the caſe."

This is the queſtion that diſturbed St. Auguſtine ſo much. But the principle ſeems here correctly laid down, —all exceſs or gluttony being hurtful to health, God has fixed a limit, not preventing indulgence, but aſſigning a boundary. It is permitted to men, to whom He has given natural appetites, to enjoy the actions which belong to them—within certain eaſily-aſcertained and well-defined limits in each caſe—under certain conditions or circumſtances, which are in themſelves reſtraints. Civilization itſelf reſts upon no other or better foundations than the exiſtence of natural appetites and deſires, moral and phyſical, and the lawfulneſs of their indulgence. Mr. Buckle, in his late work on the Hiſtory of Civilization, has in vain endeavoured to make civilization the product of knowledge and intellectual activity, leaving altogether out of the field imagination, ſenſibility, and taſte; not only all the æſthetic ſide of humanity, but the moral and emotional. The ſimple and concluſive anſwer has already been given more than once in the reviews on the work, and it is that "Intellect taken alone has nothing properly human in it—no motive, ſtill leſs any motive deſtructive of humanity, all that it is, in the beſt eſtate in which it is known to us."

Take away the appetites and deſires, all the purely emotional and moral ſide of nature (the ſources of nearly all errors and evil), and there would be a total abſence of

all motive for exertion;—all effort at advancement, intellectual or otherwiſe. The appetites and paſſions of man, as he is conſtituted by his Creator, are made the mainſprings of all action and movement for good or evil;—and this gratification is legitimate, becauſe plainly held out as the inducement to effort, ſelf-denial, ſacrifice—to all heroiſm and all virtue. The inducement is the hope of fruition (backed by the inſtinctive ſenſe of deſire and want) under a recognized right of legitimate enjoyment. The fruition or gratification of all thoſe deſires is in truth the ſanctioned reward,—when the conditions impoſed by the laws of our being, as thoſe alone under which fruition may be wiſely or rightly ſought, are duly obſerved. Man may eat meat and drink wine, enter into the whole inheritance of narcotics and ſtimulants, (provided by the ſame hand that gives corn and oil, milk and honey), if he will obſerve the conditions attached to their uſe; that he is not to conſult the pleaſure of his ſenſes to their hurt, or the injury of any other of the powers or faculties given him—that is, in contravention of thoſe laws by which they are guarded. The grand problem of life, therefore, which lies at the root of religion, which underlaid the Jeſuit and Janſeniſt controverſy, and which preſſes upon every human being for ſolution is this:—Given a number of appetites and deſires, ſome ſhared with the reſt of the animal creation, and others only partially ſo, or not at all, by their emotional, æſthetic, and moral character—what part are they to play in man's exiſtence? The aſcetics, in every age and clime, have ſought to ſtarve, or to trample them out, as carnal and ſinful—flying to the monaſtery and the wilderneſs. To this their tenets legitimately lead, and any too rigid application of a ſyſtematic code of morals, ſuch as Paſcal advocated, and would have ſeemed to believe poſſible, would, in like manner, tend to reduce the whole world. The Jeſuits ſought by rules of a large and elaſtic character to enforce a moral code, and yet bring the majority of men, in very various degrees of imperfection, within the pale of ſalvation and under the protecting care of the Church. They have failed, partly from the inherent

lifficulty of the taſk and errors in an arbitrary, falſe, and mpracticable ſyſtem—partly alſo from defects and vice in he human agencies employed. And out of the pale of he Latin and Greek churches, Chriſtians are ſtill left to olve the complex and trying problem, each for himſelf, iow theſe various appetites, deſires, paſſions, are to be ctively employed, and their exerciſe enjoyed, with due egard to nature's laws and God's deſign in ſo framing his creature? In this region we ſee clearly enough that law, not licence, is the corner-ſtone of the whole edifice—that harmony only conſiſts with ſubordination as an all-pervading principle, and that conſequently reſtraint is an eſſential element, inſeparably connected with the fulleſt development poſſible, and the higheſt perfection attainable in the nature of things.

To aſcertain correctly the right limits of this reſtricting law over all, and, when once diſcovered, to let the application be ſelf-impoſed with a vital ſpontaneity in it, is the laſt ſecret. Thus it is that ſacrifice and ſelf-denial enter into all that is higheſt and beſt, be it in the animal and ſenſuous, or in the more ſpiritualized ſphere of thought and feeling—the moral, intellectual, and emotional ſide of our nature. Theſe two, the ſenſuous and the ſpiritual, are joined together by God himſelf, and man's attempt to ſever them muſt ever be a miſerable failure. There may, and, as we have ſeen, there muſt be ſubordination; but no divorce is poſſible without ſomething criminal in the attempt, and failure in the end, as the final reſult. Truly has it been obſerved, "The fulleſt development of humanity" will not come from intellect alone, nor from moral, religious, or æſthetic feeling alone, "it muſt come from the conjoint and harmonious action in the whole nature of man."

Seeing that intellect affords no motive power, and that when the appetites and emotions ſupply the deficiency, and are guided by it, they are not ſanctified, we are led inevitably to the concluſion that religious motive can alone ſupply the want, "and of all the motives that may diſpoſe a man to be the beſt that he may be, and to do the beſt that

he may do—it is the ſtrongeſt and the only one equal to every condition of humanity and its higheſt development. In its healthy ſtate it includes all other inducements to action and its own higher inducement beſides. The religious not only accepts the ſecular, but conſecrates it, and gives it a ſpecial power by making it ſacred."*

"Nor is this merely the concluſion of a writer on theology with a profeſſional bias. Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "Conſolations of Travel," gives the ſame emphatic teſtimony, when he ſays:—"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could chooſe what would be moſt delightful, and, I believe, moſt uſeful to me, I ſhould prefer a firm religious belief to every other bleſſing; for it makes life a diſcipline of goodneſs, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vaniſh, throws over the decay, the deſtruction of exiſtence, the moſt gorgeous of all lights—awakening life in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity."

A ſecond writer,† not likely to be other than lay, and immerſed in mundane affairs, furniſhes a fitting cloſe to this long note:—

"We ſay that the belief that to obey God's will in every action of life is the higheſt aim of human exiſtence, far from being a ſlaviſh one, is the nobleſt conception of life that any creature can form. So far from cruſhing the faculties and ſuſceptibilities, it is the beſt of all means of developing them to the higheſt pitch of excellence and glory of which they are capable."

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* See "Britiſh Quarterly Review," July, 1858, for a very admirable article on "Buckle's Hiſtory of Civilization," from which many of theſe paſſages have been quoted.

† "Saturday Review," November 15, 1859.

VIII.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

IT is related that "Flavius Juſtinus of Grecian deſcent in Flavia Nicopolis, a Roman colony of Paleſtine, ſought to quench his thirſt for religious truth in the ſchools of Grecian Philoſophy. Captivated with Plato's theory of ideas, and hoping ſoon to reach the ſublime heights from which he might gaze directly upon God," he gave himſelf up to lonely contemplation.

Whether this object of ſo many efforts is beſt to be attained in ſolitude and in the contemplation of abſtract truths, or in the world's activities by conſecrated labour in doing God's work, is a grave queſtion: one that has very often been agitated, and which ſtill divides the world, both Heathen and Chriſtian, and each reſpectively has to this day its aſcetic or "wall-turning" Brahmins, and its Epicurean or working votaries. "Solitude and ſilence," it has been well obſerved, "are amongſt the means of ſpiritual elevation, as po-

verty is in moſt inſtances healthful to the ſoul, and a means of obtaining ſimplicity, which is good for both body and mind." Thoughts which lay at the foundation of the monaſtic ſyſtem of Europe, as in former ages, of all aſcetic inſtitutions in the Eaſt.

It may be, on the other hand, as thoſe generally contend whoſe ſhoulder is to the wheel, that, to ſubſtitute for that praiſe of Him which conſiſts in doing His work in the midſt of ſuffering and trial, a withdrawal from the world, its duties and its temptations, and the inceſſant outpouring of mere verbal adulation or rapt thought, inſtead of being the higheſt, is the very loweſt idea that piety has ever entertained of the right way to magnify the name of God. But this is not the place for the diſcuſſion of ſo large a queſtion, nor does it altogether fall in with the train of thought ſuggeſted by the paſſage in the life of Flavius, "ſeeking to quench his thirſt for religious truth, and reach thoſe ſublime heights from which he might gaze directly on God, by giving himſelf up to philoſophic ſpeculations and lonely contemplation." That he did not by this means ſucceed we know.

Some two thouſand years later we read that Zchokke, a German writer of earneſt nature, unconſciouſly repeated the ſame experiment. He was greatly troubled, his biographer tells us, with religious miſgivings. "He tried to read and reaſon them down, and found a temporary ſupport in the philoſophy of Kant, but it was all in

vain. Only after he *had engaged earneſtly in patriotic exertion, and given himſelf to deeds of active benevolence*, did theſe diſtreſſing feelings leave him, and the Goſpel of Chriſt reveal itſelf to his mind as in truth divine. "He paſſed," ſays the writer of his life, "from the dark and tempeſtuous abyſs on which he had floated, up into the ſerene heaven of a living faith, not through the narrow gateway of a wretched logic, but along the *broad and beautiful road of actual work.* When he ceaſed to wreſtle with the grim ſpectres of the imagination, and addreſſed himſelf with true manly earneſtneſs to the great buſineſs of life, he found peace."*

So far as this evidence goes, it is certainly in favour of work, and againſt ſolitude and ſilent contemplation; if either muſt be choſen excluſively as the road to heaven. It is more probable, however, that both are eſpecially ſuited to certain faculties and wants of our common nature; and both may conſequently be needful alike to its beſt development, and to its more perfect dedication to God. The error in that caſe would rather conſiſt in overlooking the law of proportion, everywhere prevailing, from the chemical affinities and combination of atoms, to the ſpiritual relations of

* "Unlike mathematical axioms, which are ſelf-evident, unlike the laws of phyſical ſcience, which are gathered by induction from experience, *moral truths enter the mind through life, right views come from right action*, principles from practice. Training, therefore, muſt go before teaching." This appears to have been Ariſtotle's account of his own method in others, and worthy of all remembrance.

man to God; and the obſervance of which is eſſential to the dedication of a full and perfected life—the offering He requires.

But it is through Truth alone, however attained, that we can hope "to gaze directly upon God;" and ſo in like manner, only by ſteadfaſt purſuit of truth, can any continuous or ſteady approach towards Him be made. All that is falſe—in a word, all Error—tends to dim our power of viſion, and bring a film over the eye of the ſpirit within us. All ſtrivings in a wrong direction avert it from its final object. If we fail in reaching the goal we loſe the race, and with it the only prize worth ſtruggling for, of all that the world offers. Hence the importance of truth in all its forms: truth in ſcience, truth in morals and truth in religion; all converge towards the ſame centre of light. And the danger of error lies in this, that, by a correſponding law, it tends, whatever be the form it takes, to fly off in divergent lines into outer ſpace and darkneſs. Error, even in idle words, falls under the ſame law; for the tranſition from error in words to things is fatally eaſy, as every day's experience teaches.

BOOK II.

"Do I not love thee? Anſwer then, what is it that I love?
What can fill this lonely heart, when aching with its woe?
What viſions bright and rapturous of the unſeen world above?
What hopes, or joys, or ſorrows, of the weary earth below?

Do I not love thee? Anſwer then, what is it unto me
That earth is green in ſpring-time, or the heavens ſoftly blue;
That the ſunbeams play and ſparkle, upon river, lake, and ſea?
If the heart is colourleſs and cold, all nature is ſo too.

Do I not love thee? Anſwer then, how can I find a pleaſure
In tinkling rills, or ſinging birds, or winds amid the trees?
Or ſound of ſilver harp-notes in the hours of ſummer leiſure—
If the heart-ſtrings anſwer not *thy* voice, the ear is deaf to *theſe*.

Do I not love thee? Anſwer me, then wherefore do I linger
O'er days whoſe mingled memories, all, all are chained to thee,
While o'er this deſert waſte of life I ſtrew with trembling finger
Prayers, wiſhes, hopes, whoſe ripening fruits I may not live to ſee?

Do I not love thee? Anſwer then, why is this cheek ſo faded—
Pale as the waning moon juſt ſinking in the ſea?
Why weep I over vaniſhed youth, and over beauty ſhaded,
All that I only value now, as valued once by thee?

Do I not love thee? Thou doſt *know* this life has not a pleaſure,
A pride, a hope for me, that is not alſo thine;—
Can my dreams paint a higher joy, covets my heart a treaſure,
More rich, more perfect than *thy* love to anſwer unto mine?"

Anon.

I.

LOVE.

"IT is the want of love on either ſide which prevents people ſuiting," is often affirmed as a ſocial and moral axiom; yet many a life's experience tends to throw great doubt upon its truth.

There is a love which "hopeth all things and ſuffereth all things;" capable, it may be, of rendering the companionſhip of the moſt diſſimilar natures a ſource of happineſs and never-failing pleaſure;—but that is love, divine in character; and few are ſuſceptible of it. Few are they from whoſe hearts, as from a fount of living water, it wells up pure and undefiled. Such love as this is like a mountain ſtream riſing from ſome hidden ſpring, and giving new life and beauty everywhere in its paſſage through the lower fields and paſture land of a ſelfiſh, toiling, money-making world. But the love moſt commonly met with in this imperfect probationary life, it muſt be confeſſed, is very liable to be contaminated. In its paſſage many

other elements are apt to be mingled with it, which give to the living ſtream, however pure and bright at its ſource, many noxious qualities, and neutralize ſome of its more precious virtues. There is, to begin with, a capacity for both love and hate, often equally active in the ſame breaſt. Again, there is a love which has, often unconſciouſly, ſelf for its firſt end—its idol, and others only in a ſecondary order; and this love is not divine, and ſeems quite compatible with the indulgence of evil habits and paſſions which make the miſery of thoſe to whom in their ſelfiſhneſs they attach themſelves, or who by deſtiny or faith have been made to cling to them.

Then comes one of the myſteries of this life; ſtretching through all its relations. Thoſe of mother and daughter, huſband and wife, the cloſeſt and the deareſt as well as the more diſtant. How often do we find a diſcord, more or leſs ſuſtained and jarring, making the miſery of all. Yet each one capable, under *ſtrong impulſe*,* willing, perchance, to make large ſacrifices for the other's welfare or happineſs. Such inſtances there are of man and wife, who, each hour of the day, will do and ſay things that make the miſery of exiſtence, and yet love on very conſtantly. It is not the want of love then—not this altogether (if even mainly?) which prevents a family, or two perſons finding happineſs in each other's ſociety, *but the*

* See Eſſay on "Inſanity and Infirmity of Will," page 125, for the pſychological aſpect in connection with phyſical condition.

baſer metal with which the love is alloyed. An undiſciplined temper, deſultory and ſelf-indulgent habits, an ill-regulated mind, an egotiſtic nature, ungoverned paſſions and pampered ſuſceptibilities, a jealous or ſuſpicious character, theſe are the alloys, in ſome indiſſoluble connection, by which love is too often marred; and what but miſery and mutual wearineſs, in the common intercourſe of domeſtic life, can be the final reſult? When love and any of theſe are mates, but chief of all, diſtruſt, nothing fair and loveable can come of the union, and not unfrequently ſome hideous abortion mocks the heart.

It is a common error to ſuppoſe, however, that where ſuch things are no love can be; that the true nature of the tree in this, as in ſpiritual things, is to be judged excluſively by the fruit; and where that is, like the apple of the dead ſea coaſt, fair of promiſe and good to ſee, but duſt and bitterneſs within, the love is ſpurious; a counterfeit, and no true affection. Yet it is not ſo; at leaſt this view does not give the whole truth, nor a right verſion even of any part. The dying breath of thoſe who have loved long and well, has too often borne deciſive teſtimony againſt the ſweeping concluſion.* Love and error ſtill mingle

* Johnſon furniſhed an illuſtration of this in his own perſon. His wife, a widow, older than himſelf, he married againſt his mother's opinion, and, it muſt be confeſſed, all prudential conſiderations. They quarrelled on their way to church, and he rode on before and left her to come after as ſhe beſt could alone. Nor was their married life by any means free from jars and diſcords; yet, in admitting all this, many years after her death, which he never

in this life—the pure and the troubled ſtream together, and often inſeparably. Men and women both—or no faith may be put in obſervation and experience—love a life through, and yet neither give nor receive happineſs from it. Love, the true and the divine, as it is the moſt precious gift of God to man, wherewith an immortality of happineſs is to be won and enjoyed, ſo is it more fatally beſet with paraſitic enemies. Theſe, like the creepers and the moſs of a tangled foreſt rob the tree of its vital and prolific power, and, in lieu of golden and nutritious fruit, bring out only the miſtletoe, and ſhade for ranker weeds. Where theſe are, the germ may alſo be—the germ and the capacity too, which give true promiſe of better things; but unleſs the vital energy can be found to burſt the paraſitic cerement of weed and creeper —to outgrow and caſt off the ſoul-deſtroying accretions of ſelfiſhneſs or ſloth, evil habit and ungoverned temper, it is but a hopeleſs ſtruggle. Love may indeed preſerve and aſſert its exiſtence,

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ceaſed lamenting, we are told in the hiſtory of his life:—"The ſum was, as he confeſſed to Boſwell, that 'his gloomy irritability' had never been ſo painful as during his married life. In the midſt of his miſeries, by his own account, however, 'the final' days of their union were tranquil, and full of conſoling recollections to the ſurvivor. If the courſe of events had not been favourable to their happineſs, it had never extinguiſhed their fondneſs. For years they had mingled minds and habits; the death of his wife diſturbed he whole routine of his exiſtence, and whichever way he turned there was a woful blank."—*Croker's edition of Boſwell.* How many are there whoſe experience in married life, its ever-recurring diſſonances, and enduring affection ſurviving death itſelf, bear teſtimony to the general truthfulneſs of this deſcription of Johnſon's feelings.

nay, prove the divinity of its ſource by ſome great or heroic ſacrifice—the effort of an hour; but joy or happineſs or content, ſhed over days and years of life, purchaſed by every hour's effort, by ſmall conceſſions and ſelf-denial with loving thought, theſe are impoſſible conditions and requirements, to the untrained will and undiſciplined temper. The habits of a life, like the threads of hemp, once twiſted and knotted into cable, are too ſtrong; not even love itſelf can break them. Coiled ſecurely round the human victim, there muſt be power from on high to ſet him free, and ſend him on his way rejoicing. To man, without ſuch ſuperhuman aid, it ſeems impoſſible—to man or woman either! We take with us into the married ſtate, as we ſhall into the future life, *the mind and character we poſſeſſed before the outward changed;* —and we remain eſſentially the ſame in ſpite of ſtrong deſire and much effort.

How much have the *daily habits* and the *temper* to do with the whole complexion and tenor of life—our own and others'! Do we ſufficiently reflect on this—we who are grown up, and in the full vigour of our faculties—and you, fathers and mothers, round whoſe knees little children yet young and tender ſing; pliant while in the twig, but ſoon to become ſtubborn and fixed as the gnarled and knotted oak;—do you reflect what is the influence of *habits of temper and of mind;* that as they are in the young greenwood, ſo will they be in the full-grown tree? How many of us are there who ever reflect that "a burſt of

paſſion is neither more nor leſs than a bur
ſelfiſhneſs, and the individual does more inju
one hour of anger than he could undo perha
years of willing toil, the offspring of the moſt
voted love?"

II.

CHARITY.

"THAT is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthleſs gold
Who gives from a ſenſe of duty;
But he who gives a ſlender mite,
And gives to that which is out of ſight,
That thread of the all-ſuſtaining beauty,
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot claſp the whole of his alms,
The heart outſtretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it ſtore
To the ſoul that was ſtarving in darkneſs before."

James Ruſſel Lowell.

"THAT is no true alms where a ſenſe of duty is the motive." How hard and heterodox this muſt ſound to many who give largely of their ſtore, and yet have never given true alms, becauſe theſe have never been the gift of a loving ſpirit. Yet, well enough we all know, the giving of money is one of the ſmalleſt provinces of that charity which alone is Chriſtian. Advice, ſupport, companionſhip, encouragement, the influence of example,

each and all involving the ſacrifice of our time, our eaſe, our taſtes, are far more coſtly gifts than gold. But to all theſe even we muſt add *Charity*, that is, *Love*, or our offering has no worth. The love of Him who has laid this duty upon us muſt be there,—upon us who are His ſervants; and with it there muſt be love to thoſe we ſerve, as fellow-ſervants and brethren in need. True charity begins from this centre. All good ſuperſtructure *muſt* have this foundation.

But who that has ever tried to exert himſelf in this field, or even ſeriouſly reflected on the ſubject, has not felt the great difficulties to be encountered at the firſt ſtep? Charity, beginning in this central love, immediately branches off into two great diviſions—public, and private. Large provinces both, inexhauſtible indeed, and ever calling for more labourers. Either or both may be the proper field for thoſe who have aught to ſpare, of money or of time, from the daily demands; and to apply ſound principles in both theſe directions is a taſk calculated to tax the powers of the ableſt and the beſt.

Charity on a large and comprehenſive ſcale, where we muſt work with others in directing the great machinery for good which exiſts in the world and only wants right direction, is firſt in order of difficulty. This works by Inſtitutions; engines of immeaſurable power for good or evil, according as they harmonize with or violate ſound principles;—according as they are baſed on a deep inſight into the true cauſes of ſocial evils, and the beſt means of era-

dicating the effects. Knowledge of those causes will alone enable us effectually to grapple with their results. Without such knowledge and guidance our best efforts may only add to the mischief, stimulate the growth, and perpetuate the existence of the social evils they are designed to mitigate,—by affording relief in wrong directions, or under wrong conditions. Misguided charity is a fatal thing. The proper field of exertion for those, who by position or intelligence may influence others, and who by patient study see their way clearly to an enlightened course of philanthropy,—or, as it has been defined, "benevolence, under the guidance of science,"—is, undoubtedly, public institutions, collective efforts to remove, by comprehensive measures, great social evils. In our individual capacities, disposing only of our own funds or time, and in a more limited sphere, there is perhaps less hazard of going wrong; and the effects of any error are infinitely smaller. To aid or benefit, and cheer on to renewed effort, all who want help or are in danger of falling, even in single instances, is a work, however, which no one may hope to accomplish without anxious thought; for the problem to be solved is one of great nicety as well as importance,—how to give the greatest amount of needful help with the smallest encouragement to undue reliance upon it. Private charity can in this direction effect that which public charity cannot. It can make the distinction between the merely unfortunate poor and the ill-conducted; the repentant and the hardened. It can ascertain where the outward condition is the chief evil, and

where only the conſequence and ſymptom of a malady within, which we muſt reach with our remedies if we would effect any real good. This is its peculiar office, and it is commendable, or the contrary, as it exerciſes its functions with more or leſs diſcernment. All charity muſt be from the heart, but guided and directed by the head, or it may be a mere engine of evil.

"Long, long it ſeems ere we are doomed to find,
The point of contact between mind and mind,
Such ſtrange diverſeneſs, and on either ſide
Such doubt, diſtruſt, and prejudice, and pride.
Yet theſe muſt come—O! brief be the delay,
A better ſpirit with a brighter day,
When not alone, with ready ſympathy
We hail each charm of Nature fair and free,
But warming to an inſtinct yet more true,
Shall walk in peace the flowery empire through,
And our hearts open to her children too."

III.

SEXUAL DIFFERENCES IN MENTAL CONSTITUTION.

THE human mind is ſo conſtituted, it would appear, as to admit of ſome diverſity in the modes by which either conviction or a clear perception of truth may be attained. The ſenſes, with the perceptive and intellectual faculties, form one inſtrument. The emotional and ſympathetic faculties ſupply a ſecond. The firſt is more peculiarly diſtinctive of man; the ſecond is generally in greateſt perfection in women; although both are of courſe common to each, by virtue of their common humanity. Notwithſtanding, there being an aſſumed ſuperiority in the means, and a greater certainty in the reſult of intellectual and logical proceſſes, by which, as much as by greater phyſical ſtrength, man habitually aſſerts a kind of ſexual ſuperiority over woman, it may be doubted whether in this, as in all other diſpoſitions of things in the moral government of the world, the relative ſuperiority and inferiority is not more one of form or appearance

than of ſubſtantial reality. There is at leaſt much to lead us to infer, that what may be eſſential and real in theſe differences is of a partial kind, and that to each ſome compenſating condition or equivalent is attached.

There is no doubt that man, phyſically and intellectually, has in his conſtitution ſome elements of greater ſtrength than his helpmate and companion. But there are other conditions of power than mere ſtrength, whether mental or phyſical, and in ſome of theſe women are not only pre-eminently but eſpecially gifted. So that, after all, though a man of great intellectual ability and acquirements, with a well exerciſed underſtanding, may be more ſecure than a woman from making illogical deductions from any given premiſs, he is not, perhaps, better guarded from adopting *erroneous concluſions*. His liability to error in the premiſſes is equal to her liability to miſtake in the logical proceſſes or ſteps of the argument; while, on the other hand, ſhe certainly poſſeſſes, from the emotional and ſympathetic ſide of nature, an intuitive faculty and a power of perception, or apprehenſion rather, of truth, either ſubjective or objective, in which man is often wholly wanting, and almoſt always gifted in an inferior degree. Man works intellectually and logically; woman ſympathetically, and by ſome more intuitive proceſs; and each grapple with the ſubjects of thought in the mode moſt natural and familiar to them—the mode in which they know by experience their greateſt ſtrength lies.

Both, no doubt, may by very different roads arrive at the ſame goal, but which is the more certain to do ſo, is leſs clear. The intuitive faculty is akin to the inſtinctive power in animals, which not only ſupplies the place of intellect, but is far more unerring. Hence it may be that we ſo often obſerve, when woman argues, ſhe is weak and inconſiſtent; the logical ſteps of the reaſoning eſcape her; ſhe is plainly fighting with weapons in the uſe of which ſhe has no ſkill or proficiency, and probably very little natural aptitude; and ſhe will often aſſert a victory when by all the rules of logic plainly beaten out of the field. She will aſſert a palpable *non ſequitur* to her premiſſes, and inſiſt upon the logical conſiſtency of the concluſion arrived at. And the concluſion may, indeed, be right enough after all, though all the previous ſteps of the argument may, and moſt likely will be wrong. She ſhould adopt the advice given to a military governor of Jamaica by Lord Mansfield, when the former expreſſed ſome doubt of his judicial competence to the poſt, "You will do very well, Sir, if you will only act upon my advice—never give your reaſons; for any judgment you may pronounce will probably be right, while your reaſons, in a legal ſenſe, will infallibly be wrong!" And his lordſhip uſed to relate, that the only appeal that came before him from the colony was a caſe where his friend had forgotten the advice; and the reſult bore out its wiſdom, for the reaſons given were wrong, though the judgment on the merits of the caſe was right.

The non-recognition of theſe diſtinctive characters has tended to bring ſome unmerited contempt on woman's intellectual capacity and endowments generally; and called in queſtion the ſoundneſs of her judgment in things which, if eſtimated by her mode of arguing upon them, are far above her ſcope. Yet how often has the reſult ſhamed the higher intellectual pretenſions and all the logical appliances of her lord; and how much finer her tact and unerring its inſtincts. How much truer the perception of right, owing, perhaps, to the greater purity of her nature and temperance of living. Woman knows by experience how often ſhe has *felt* rightly, and inſiſts upon the ſtrength of her conviction, whatever may be the array of logical argument againſt her concluſions. Man, on the contrary, is led by his education and perſonal experience alike to diſtruſt mere feeling or intuitive perception of truth in the concrete; to look upon theſe as doubtful guides, and refuſes to be convinced by that which neither addreſſes itſelf to his underſtanding, nor approves itſelf to his reaſon by any logical proceſs.

And thus it is ever in the lower as in the higher life. To be perfect, the diſtinctive characters of both ſexes muſt be blended; in their combination alone is there a complete development of human nature in its moſt perfect form. This, which in a metaphyſical as in a myſtic or ſpiritual ſenſe is true, is to all appearance typified in the phyſical conditions. Created apart, with ſeparate individualities, counterparts to each other, alike in what they have

and have not, it was moſt palpably deſigned that neither ſhould live alone, or ſingly achieve that which united, follows in the order of Nature. Each, mentally and phyſically, and ſo alſo pſychally, is the complement of the other. The danger of iſolation to the one is an overweening confidence in mere intellectual power and phyſical ſtrength, and the other a too implicit reliance on emotional nature and the impulſe of feeling, in contradiſtinction to reaſon, the great corrective principle and ſafeguard againſt deluſion and error.

True, the blending in one harmonious duality two ſuch diſtinctively characterized individualities conſtitutes a very difficult problem. And unleſs there be on each ſide ſome truſt in the eſſential worth of what is moſt diſtinctive in the other ſex, and a readineſs to appreciate theſe at their true value in the eſtimate of the whole worth of our common nature, no mere effort of the will can enſure a ſatisfactory reſult. Diſtruſt or want of due appreciation on either ſide is a bad foundation for a unity of life. Woman's diſregard of man's ſtrength and the ſupremacy aſſigned him in the order of nature, or man's ſcorn of her weakneſs and its Divine compenſations, are alike fatal; and it is hard to ſay which is the moſt ſo! They very often meet in married life, and in that caſe all the laws of Church or State muſt fail in effecting any real union, or that blending of two natures, for the completion and higher development of each, in which the true ſenſe of marriage lies. All elſe in the union of the ſexes is mere concubinage, ar-

rangements more or leſs permanent and degrading, according to circumſtances, but not marriage in its original intent and ſpiritual ſignificance.

In ſpeaking of the characteriſtic differences in mental organization, no leſs than in phyſical, the one indeed correſponding with the other in many eſſential features, the infinite variety of proportion and predominance muſt not be overlooked. There is in Nature no unity of type or deſign without variety in the form. Some men are eſſentially more like women, in many of the moſt characteriſtic features, as ſome of the latter are maſculine, even ſometimes to developments of outward form of bone and muſcle, beard and voice, with a moral organization to correſpond. So ſome women have been great mathematicians. Theſe, however, in this extreme, are mere exceptions to the general order of nature. Such interchangeable varieties and modifications of degree are merely referred to here in relation to the degree of truſt and confidence which the moſt ſeverely logical and beſt informed underſtanding of maſculine endowments may, without diſparagement, extend to the more intuitive ratiocinations and impulſes of women. Much of courſe muſt depend upon the original capacity, kind, and degree of culture in each particular caſe. There are ſome incorrigibly ſilly women, as well as men in this world, whoſe judgments are no more to be truſted than the divinations of fortune-tellers. But againſt any ſweeping condemnations of ſuch ſources of wiſdom as are more eſpecially beſtowed on the female

ſex, let a ſtrong and a manly proteſt once for all be entered. They do not ſee things as men ſee them, yet how often does the reſult prove that they ſee them as ſpirits may, "with other, larger eyes than ours," and far more correctly. The man of largeſt capacity and ſtrongeſt ſenſe, matured by long experience, has only to paſs in review the inſtances in which his beſt conſidered judgments have been falſified by the event, (to ſay nothing of the ſtupendous blunders and egregious follies ſome of the wiſeſt have, once or twice at leaſt in a life, committed) to learn ſomething of diffidence. We have only to conſider in retroſpect the perſevering conceit diſplayed from youth to old age, in the aſſumption of wiſdom to direct and adviſe all other men and women, while tripping by the wayſide ourſelves, in order to feel diſpoſed to receive in a more tolerant and philoſophic, as well as a more genial ſpirit, ſuch light as woman often brings to the conſideration of human character and motives in connection with the moſt intricate affairs; and to welcome with a loving ſpirit that gentler, truer tact by which ſhe *feels* where worth and honour dwell, when man with ſpectacles on noſe would paſs it by unheeded or diſcredited.

IV.

LIMITS OF THE PROVINCE OF GOVERNMENT.

MR. MILL, in his admirable work on Political Economy, devotes a conſiderable ſpace to this important ſubject. He remarks that, "Whatever theory we adopt reſpecting the foundation of the ſocial union, and under whatever political inſtitutions we live, there is a circle around every individual human being, which no government, be it that of one, of a few, or of the many, ought to be permitted to overſtep. There is a part of the life of every perſon who has come to years of diſcretion, within which the individuality of that perſon ought to reign uncontrolled, either by any other individual or by the public collectively. That there is, or ought to be, ſome ſpace in human exiſtence thus intrenched round, and ſacred from authoritative intruſion, no one who profeſſes the ſmalleſt regard to human freedom or dignity will call in queſtion. The point to be determined is, where the limit ſhould be placed; how large a

province of human life this reſerved territory ſhould include. I apprehend that it ought to include all that part which concerns only the life, whether inward or outward, of the individual, and does not affect the intereſts of others, or affects them only through the moral influence of example."

The old problem—ever recurring, ever difficult of ſolution. The political and ſpiritual dominion which may be rightfully exerciſed in the intereſts of ſociety and the whole race, over the individual man. The one is the control of a government, the other of a prieſthood; for ſuch is that which is always aſſerted, under the more palatable name of the Church. The difficulty of the problem chiefly lies in the impoſſibility of iſolating or ſeparating the individual man, in any phaſe of his exiſtence, from the race to which he belongs, and the ſociety of which he forms an integral part. How impoſſible to demonſtrate that any act, or mode of thought and being even, in the individual, is not a matter of concern to others—a means of influencing others, and determining their mutual relations; and by ſo much influencing ſociety, and governments as the repreſentative of the aggregate. And ſo long as this impoſſibility exiſts, all ruling powers, lay and eccleſiaſtical, temporal and ſpiritual, may claim a direct intereſt, and a voice in the queſtion raiſed as to man's independence, or rightful freedom from their control. In reference to the ſpiritual authority, what Chriſtian is there who will deny that his religion ſhould

penetrate through and through;—pervade his whole being, mould all his thoughts and actions, and be the one guiding principle of his life. His religious training and belief therefore are, above all things, important to the State and the Society of which he may be a member. If, on the other hand, to the "Church" is committed the cuſtody and direction of the conſcience, as the Romaniſts demand, how can the prieſthood fail to exerciſe a ſupreme power over all the iſſues of life? There is nothing lay or ſecular; nothing lies beyond ſuch limits; for Religion in the trueſt and fulleſt ſenſe, abſorbs the whole being of man, and there can be no outer ſphere of independent action. Whether it be right to make peace or war, to give education or to withhold it, to rule ſtates by one or by many, is to be determined by the conſonance of theſe ſeveral meaſures with the ſupreme law and dictates of that religion. But the opinions of individual men as to this conſonance, being ſubject to infinite variety, a church or prieſthood always arrogates the right of pronouncing authoritatively and *ex cathedrâ* on the point in diſpute. Hence it would appear, that between a ſpiritual deſpotiſm of the moſt grinding and abſolute form, placed in the hands of utterly irreſponſible agents (irreſponſible to any earthly power), and the aſſertion of a liberty of judgment (and of action in accordance with it) which ſhall entrench round a large portion of human exiſtence in every individual, and keep it ſacred from all authoritative intruſion, there cannot be any alternative. The great danger of a

ſpiritual dominion exerciſed by a ſacerdocy, by any body of men claiming to be the ſole interpreters of a divine law, is the deſtruction of all that conſtitutes individuality and free will. This peculiar kind of deſpotiſm entails a worſe than Egyptian bondage on the prieſt-ridden caſte; and is not confined to the Papal Church. See what the Calviniſts have aſſerted, and the power they claim rightfully to exerciſe as God's miniſters, over the whole life and conſcience of their fellow men. Do they not abſolve and condemn for this world and the next, and pronounce authoritatively upon all the problems and ends of life? True, they may contend that they only do this as the interpreters of a written law; but ſo in like manner the Romaniſt Prieſt arrogates to himſelf to be no more than the interpreter of the written and traditional law; the prieſthood repreſenting the collective church of Chriſt under Divine guidance, and in ſuch relation ſecured from error and entitled to give judgment without appeal: but in both caſes, what does this amount to? Is it not the ſubjugation of the bulk of mankind to a ſacerdocy, which all hiſtory proves to be as prone to error, paſſion, and abuſe as any other inſtitution in which human agency is concerned. This is emphatically true of the Roman Catholic ſacerdocy, of the Greek Church, and no leſs ſo of the Anglican, the Calviniſtic or Preſbyterian, and every other community of worſhippers claiming to be Chriſtians and putting forward like pretenſions of an eſſentially ſacerdotal character. Human in-

terpreters theſe (adminiſtrators of a Divine law, if they will, but) ſubject to the ſame infirmities and fallibility of judgment as any other body of choſen adminiſtrators or governors. That which was true of ſacerdotal hierarchies in pagan nations, is true of the Chriſtian wherever they overſtep the limits aſſigned, not more plainly by the conſtitution of a reaſoning and reſponſible nature in man, than by the New Teſtament. Chriſtianity was the ſuperſeding of the Jewiſh Sacerdocy, and *a proteſt againſt the ſubſtitution of any other.* A prieſthood in the Jewiſh ſenſe, as neceſſarily mediators between God and man, is in its very eſſence hoſtile, and utterly oppoſed to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity as the Goſpels have delivered it to us. They give no ſanction whatever, but on the contrary denounce all ſuch aſſumptions of a divinely derived *right of interpoſition between man and his Maker*, on the part of any order of prieſts. To Chriſt we are told to look for grace, for aid and ſalvation, to Him alone as our mediator, and not to any ordained prieſthood for the diſpenſations of His grace and power. Whatever may be the view finally adopted as beſt conveying the true meaning of the Apoſtolic "Church of Chriſt" to which promiſes of never-failing grace and peculiar bleſſings are attached;—whether it be regarded as an outward and viſible church, or one excluſively ſpiritual, it does *not* mean a *prieſthood*, as thouſands at this day are led to believe. A prieſthood may indeed, in the ſenſe of adminiſtrators and inſtructors, form conſtituent parts of the Church on

earth, and be entitled to ſupport, affection, and reverence from all Chriſtians, as men devoted to God's ſervice—miniſters of good things for man's ſalvation, and in a peculiar degree ſervants of Chriſt: but let them not be confounded with a ſacerdocy, the privileged poſſeſſors of a ſpiritual dominion and power over their fellow-men, incompatible with his individuality and with all that conſtitutes his true worth and dignity,—his free will, and moral reſponſibility for its exerciſe, to Him who gave the firſt, and made the laſt a condition of future life, and his beſt title to reſpect. To ſurrender either into the hands of others, mortals like ourſelves, is to renounce our birthright, and voluntarily to accept ſlavery in exchange for theſe glorious privileges of free men which Chriſtianity bequeathed to all mankind by its authoritative declaration, and a charter written in the blood of Chriſt. Let each man ſtand then on his inheritance of immortality and reſponſibility; nor hope to enjoy the one and eſcape the other, by any baſe ſurrender of that right to human agents, offering vicariouſly to take both upon them on our behoof. To his own maſter every Chriſtian muſt ſtand or fall; and in the laſt hour he will plead in vain, penance or abſolution of prieſtly order. No mortal delegates may ſtand between him and his Judge, and cite *their* acts as his grounds of acquittal or condemnation.

The author juſt quoted, adds that, "the preſent civilization tends ſo ſtrongly to make this power of perſons acting in maſſes, the only ſubſtantial

power in ſociety, that there never was more neceſſity of ſurrounding individual independence of thought, ſpeech, and conduct, with the moſt powerful defences, in order to maintain that originality of mind and individuality of character, which are the only ſource of any real progreſs and of moſt of the qualities which make the human race much ſuperior to any breed of animals."

And this alſo is true; ſupplying an argument drawn from a more mundane point of view perhaps, but not the leſs applicable. Wherever individual independence of thought and freedom of conſcience is given up, the foundation is laid for moral degradation, whether this come in the form of a deſpotiſm of mere temporal power in the hands of one or many; or that of a ſpiritual tyranny exerciſed by a pope or a prieſthood. And there is this remarkable fact to be obſerved, that theſe generally are found to co-exiſt, mutually leaning upon each other for ſupport, thus ſhowing the innate ſympathy and identity of principle between them. The inevitable tendency of both alike is to deprive the maſſes of all individual freedom of judgment or action, and to reduce them to a ſtate of paſſive pliancy, or blind obedience to the beheſts of a few. Thus in their origin, as in their tendencies and ultimate reſults, they are nearly identical; and it is accordingly rare in the hiſtory of the world to find the one without the other; whether in ancient or modern times, among heathen or Chriſtian nations. Very often we read of the internecine war of the two powers for ſupremacy;

and the ſacerdotal, wielding a ſpiritual power, has often proved more than a match for the ſword and ſceptre of temporal ſovereigns; but moſt generally there is a ſiniſter alliance between the two, for the better enthralment of the human race. Auſtria flings herſelf hyſterically into the open arms of the Roman Church; after the revolutionary efforts of 1848,—efforts to throw off the yoke of a ſyſtem of government depriving the people of all field for development, or the exerciſe of the higher faculties, in action and in thought. Naples propped up the ſame ſyſtem by the ſame means. The head of that church, the Pope himſelf, feeling the ground of his ſpiritual dominion crumble under him, has reverſed the proceſs, and clutched the ſtrong arm of France for ſupport. The conſtant tendency of Proteſtant countries, on the contrary, for the laſt two hundred years has been, not to repreſs the free energies of man, or contract the field for their exerciſe, but to enlarge and ennoble it. There is ſurely ſomething in this contraſt, ſo uniformly maintained from century to century and among different races, very ſignificant. It is urged, we know, by the ultra-montane party (and we have a ſimilar ſection in our Proteſtant churches under another name), that our free development is the progreſs from order to anarchy; that law, not liberty, is the higheſt good of man, and that the whole tendency of our Proteſtant doctrines and liberal aſpirations is, firſt atheiſm, and next the giving over of body and ſoul to every kind of ſelf-ſeeking and immorality;—to communiſm, ſocial-

iſm, plunder, and deſtruction, with utter confuſion and degradation in the eyes of God and man. But is there any truth in ſuch an inference, or real ground for ſuch an aſſertion, even if taken with limitations as to degree? Where is diſbelief and a profound ſcepticiſm moſt prevalent, and apparent beneath the ſurface,—in Proteſtant or in Catholic countries? No one who has even had curſory means of obſerving the two can feel any doubt. Infidelity, beneath an outward and very flimſy garb of ſuperſtition and devotion, is prevalent among the maſſes in every Roman Catholic ſtate. Dr. Arnold has ſaid with great truth, that between believing anything and believing nothing, there is but a ſhort ſtep; and hence as theſe, like all other extremes, have a tendency to meet, *ſuperſtition is the great promoter of infidelity*. Before man can yield that blind credulity exacted by the Roman prieſt, he muſt renounce his individual judgment and all the powers of free thought, which are his beſt protection againſt error or extravagance, and degradation as a moral and rational being. Once arrived at that fatal ſtage in which he learns to lay this aſide, and conſider his abnegation a merit; there is no middle courſe open between abject and blind adheſion or utter infidelity. But the moral inſtincts of man are ever arrayed in antagoniſm againſt the firſt, and conſtantly tending to drive him to the oppoſite extreme, ſince that is the only alternative left. Hence ſuch populations form at once the moſt alluring elements for an uncom-

promiſing tyranny, ſpiritual and temporal, and ſupply the moſt terrible of the agencies for revolution—Italy to wit. Proteſtant populations are not free from the reproach of infidelity, and may be fairly chargeable with a leaven of ſocialiſtic and revolutionary principles; but it is a queſtion of degree, and of ultimate influence on the deſtinies of a people. Roman Catholic and Proteſtant populations are alike ſubject to the inroads of ſuch enemies to all true progreſs, moral and political, becauſe human nature is common to both; with this difference however, that, in the one caſe it is the inevitable tendency of the ſuperſtitious and deſpotic ſyſtem under which they are condemned to live, to generate theſe monſter evils of infidelity and revolution; (the violence of reaction in the moral as in the phyſical world being ever in relation to the force brought into play,) while the tendency of Proteſtantiſm, aſſociated as it has always been with more or leſs of political freedom, is altogether the other way. Theſe mutually tend to prevent the evolution of noxious elements; and of thoſe mephitic vapours which the fermentation of ideas and vices among the great maſſes will generate deſpite the beſt efforts of man; they provide vents by which they eſcape into the free air, and ceaſe to have a deadly character, by dilution and contact with a healthier atmoſphere. In this way they never acquire that degree of intenſity which, like pent-up ſubterranean fires, may ſuffice to upheave the foundation of ſtates, and bury in the ruins, all ſocial and religious inſtitutions.

Even if it could be ſhown that there is a certain amount of evil attending ſuch free vents, which, like the open craters of Veſuvius, are ever and anon flinging upward in limited quantities and with a ſeeming menace, the burning lava that is boiling and ſeething beneath; the queſtion would ſtill be, which is the leſs evil of the two,—a perpetual paſſage down the ſides of a mountain into the ſea, of an inſignificant ſtream of perilous and burning ſtuff; or the perpetual danger of an eruption that ſhall lay whole cities waſte and deſtroy its millions! Aſk the good people of Naples, who have ſome practical experience in the matter, which they would deem the more preferable of the two, and the anſwer will ſettle the queſtion.

What then, is the nature and amount of political and ſpiritual authority which may be rightfully claimed over the individual man, in the name of ſociety, in the name of Chriſt, and in the intereſts of humanity? And how far, in thoſe intereſts, may the two ſources of all power, the ſpiritual and the temporal, be united in a government, as the repreſentative of ſociety, and the defender of its rights as againſt the individual? A dogmatic anſwer would be a ſtrange act of preſumption. All that can be ventured upon is ſomething in the ſhape of a ſuggeſtion as to the direction in which we ſhould ſeek for that anſwer, —and one or two conſiderations of eſſential importance.

Aſſuming, as the advocates of an ultra-montane policy and ſyſtem would aſſert, that all power

comes from God, and is a truſt to be employed for man's ultimate benefit, viewing him as a moral and reſponſible being, with a heritage of immortality; and that all temporal power muſt therefore have reference to this Divine origin and man's ſpiritual and eternal welfare as the great aim of exiſtence, how ſhall a government beſt diſcharge this truſt and fulfil all its conditions? By limiting its functions to ſecuring his material well being, and ſecuring protection to life and property? There are few, perhaps, who would be willing to accept this utilitarian view, as either comprehenſive enough or ſatisfactory. Should governments then, aim at more; and ſeek to ſecure, as far as human agencies can go, the development of the inner and higher life;—and with not leſs care and jealouſy than lands or houſes, protect it from all aſſaults from without; and more than this, *promote* the development of all that is beſt and higheſt in man? But if ſo—how is this to be effected? There is a ſpiritual power here to be called into play for a mixed ſpiritual and temporal end, whether wielded by lay, or clerical hands. Is a prieſthood claiming an authority from on High, and above all civil juriſdiction or ſecular control, the fitting inſtrumentality? And what does this lead to? What has been the invariable end of ſuch pretenſions to the preſcriptive rights of a ſacerdocy of the olden time? The repreſſion of all free thought, the ſubjugation of man and ſtates to a deſpotic and irreſponſible power, which pronounces, without appeal, on all

the iſſues of life and thought. And the effect of that degradation? Superſtition the blindeſt, and infidelity of the darkeſt ſtamp; material decadence of power and wealth, of induſtry and all the elements of national life and proſperity follow invariably. Italy, Spain, Portugal, the rival Cantons of Switzerland, Catholic and Proteſtant States in Germany, all tell the ſame tale.

The rule of a ſacerdotal hierarchy, then, does not at all events attain the declared end, the ſocial and moral elevation of man in the ſcale of nations. It has not done ſo at Rome, where the prieſt ſits on the throne with no ſecular rival, and rules ſupreme over one of the moſt ignorant and corrupt populations in Europe. It has not done ſo in Spain, where a ſucceſſion of kings have been the ſervants of the ſame church, and very obedient ones too. And why? May we not ſee a ſufficient cauſe of failure in this one fact, that the influence of the papal ſyſtem is erroneouſly founded on the deſtruction of man's individuality, inſtead of its fulleſt development. It thus produces only blind votaries and ſlaves, with all the nobler qualities ſtarved or repreſſed, in order to attain a perfectly unreaſoning credulity and a ſemblance of an impoſſible uniformity. With this, too, many of the inſtincts peculiar to ſlavery, whether mental or phyſical, are rouſed into dangerous activity, as the retribution for a violation of God's eternal laws in the conſtitution of man; who was deſigned to be a rational and reſponſible agent in all things, and not an automaton.

But even aſſuming that a church alone can be fitted to give ſpiritual inſtruction or wield ſpiritual power, we are met with an inſurmountable difficulty in any theory of government adopting this poſition. Where is the line to be drawn between things ſpiritual and temporal, and who is to be empowered to fix it? If it be not clearly ſtruck, one of two reſults muſt follow. Either there is an *imperium in imperio*, and a kingdom divided againſt itſelf, bringing confuſion into all the provinces of government, and neutralizing every vital action; or the head of that power becomes the virtual ſovereign, and the temporal power a cypher. Now it muſt be very clear, whatever elſe is doubtful, that in this nineteenth century we are ſtill without any means of drawing ſuch a definite line between the domain of the ſpiritual and the temporal. For the purpoſes of all efficient government, directed to the moſt obvious as to the higheſt ends, therefore, it is eſſential that there ſhould be no power within its ſphere, claiming the exerciſe of an independent and irreſponſible authority. It ſeems alſo further clear, that as regards the limits to the province of government, there is ſomething in the conſtitution of man, which, in one direction at leaſt, very diſtinctly defines theſe. The free play, the exerciſe and the development of all his faculties, but more eſpecially of thoſe on which his elevation above the reſt of the animal creation mainly depend, are eſſential; neither church nor government, therefore, may, conſiſtent with this, claim from him the abnega-

tion of thought, or judgment and reaſoning power exerciſed upon thoſe things which moſt clearly concern his preſent and future welfare as a member of ſociety, and the poſſeſſor of an immortal ſoul. Neither may they take means to dwarf or repreſs them. Any compulſion brought to bear within this field of individuality is an injury and a wrong; an injury to ſociety, and a wrong to the individual, which both may reſiſt; which both will reſiſt, juſt in the proportion that they are capable of appreciating the true end and aim of their exiſtence as ſojourners on earth, and their duty towards Him who gave thoſe powers of thought and judgment. Who gave them that He might receive intelligent worſhip, and not the blind ſervice of idolatry, nor the paſſive ſubmiſſion of a life, out of which we allow, whether from apathy or puſillanimity, all true worth and ſavour to be trampled by the iron heel of power, whether lay or ſpiritual.

V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

ZSCHOKKE remarks ſomewhere, "that the judgment we form of ſtrangers, on firſt meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them." This may very well be true without attributing any ſecond-ſight power of previſion or glamour, for in old acquaintances our judgment is biaſſed by familiarity with the traits and peculiarities of a character on the one ſide, and by the ſpecial knowledge we poſſeſs upon the other. Something may, perhaps, be allowed for ſympathy or antipathy; thoſe ſubtle affinities and repulſions which exiſt in the moral and ſpiritual as they do in the material world, and are as certainly, though not as eaſily, ſubmitted to analytical teſts. But chiefly the greater clearneſs and accuracy of the firſt rapid *coup d'œil* is to be attributed to the freſhneſs of the mind for the perception of whatever is *peculiar*

or *diſtinctive.* It is an old faith, ſomewhat brought into diſrepute by the pedantries and puerilities of Lavater's ſyſtem, but not to be diſcredited out of the field of philoſophic truths, that the prevailing characters and habits of the mind, the claſs of paſſions or emotions that have moſt frequent play in the ſoul, are indelibly ſtamped upon the countenance; though it may not be given to all to read theſe lines correctly or completely.* But not only is the face an index to the ſoul in this ſenſe, but the figure, carriage, geſtures, all betray the more ſtriking characteriſtics of a man's nature and habits, both of thought and action. All, on the contrary, that is diſtinctive ceaſe to ſtrike us with familiarity, and thus it is, probably, that in many caſes our firſt impreſſions are really entitled to more confidence than they uſually obtain. It was once ſaid by a keen obſerver that "a man cannot lie all over." The eye will betray the lip, or the involuntary geſture, both. And all ſuch diſcrepancies ſtrike us moſt forcibly on a firſt interview.

* "During the waking ſtate, the cerebral nervous power exerts a conſtant influence on the automatic ſyſtem, which acts in obedience to the ſtimulus thus received. *Conſequently the prevailing cerebral action is exhibited in the manner and deportment of the individual.* Beauty of expreſſion is thus the involuntary repreſentative of a beautiful mind, while a malignant expreſſion proclaims the malevolent paſſions which habitually hold ſway within. The body thus anatomically expreſſes the operations of the mind as in joy or anger, griefs, &c. as well as the more habitual moods."—Dr. Coombe.

VI.

TRUTHS IN FICTION; OR, MARGINALIA PSYCHOLOGICA.

PART I.

"The morning breezes are at play, no work have they to do,
But ſhake the young leaves on the tree, and curl the waters blue.
The doves ſit baſking in the ſun, and plume their feathers gleaming,
Murmuring notes as ſoft and low as muſic when we're dreaming.
It is a time to ſit and muſe, in ſweet abſtracted fit,
A volume open on the knee, in which high thoughts are writ.
Whoſe images acroſs the mind ſhall flit, an angel train,
Which, mingling with their fiſter troop, around us quickly weave
A glittering and a magic veil, to dazzle, not deceive.
For though it hides the real world, and paints a world more fair,
We know its work is witchery, its forms are but of air,
A dream from which we muſt awake, a ſpell that cannot laſt,
Yet lovely while it lingers here, and ſoothing when 'tis paſt."

Anon.

WORKS of fiction have many detractors, but more votaries. So univerſal is the taſte, and imperious the demand for them, that they muſt meet ſome common want of our nature. The child and the ſavage, before letters are known to them, are alike eager for ſuch food as only fiction can ſupply; and will give up many more ſubſtan-

tial things to obtain it. They are not always good of their kind, and when the works themſelves are leaſt exceptionable, a continued courſe is never wholeſome, any more than conſtant feeding on cakes and ſweetmeats. Both have a certain tendency to blunt the appetite for plainer food, and impair the healthy digeſtive powers. Neither is our ſtate of mental development or moral health always ſuch as to exact wholeſome nouriſhment from the materials they preſent. If they bring to us the cloſeſt ſemblance we can hope for on earth, to that gift, which angels and ſpirits have been ſuppoſed to poſſeſs,—a power of "painleſs ſympathy with pain,"— there is a penalty attached to our acceptance of the counterfeit for the reality, which leaves only a doubtful gain. Sympathy is divine, and the moſt delicate as well as the moſt myſterious of the inſtruments with which man has been entruſted. Well has it been termed "the key to truth, for we muſt love in order to appeciate."* Its free exerciſe or uſe, however, is not intended to be painleſs; but to be a cauſe of pain, as well as of ineffable, and altogether unſelfiſh joy. It is intended to ſupply one of the moſt powerful motives to action. The natural impulſe, when any true ſympathy is felt, is immediate expreſſion; or action, if mere expreſſion does not ſufficiently anſwer the end. Sympathy with pain, or ſorrow, or wrong, rouſes in us the impulſive deſire to act at once without pauſe or doubt, and to the utmoſt

* Lord Lindſay.

extent of our power to remove the cauſe of pain or ſorrow, and ſo relieve the ſufferer;—to undo the wrong, or to avenge it. Is there no peril, then, in the habit of indulging, for our luxury merely, a ſympathy that muſt needs ſtop with our own ſenſe of pleaſant emotion; and cannot be followed by its natural conſequence, effort and action? Are we at liberty to make ſuch idle uſe of this moſt precious motor-power given us from on high, aſſuredly for other and nobler purpoſes? We ſee in the phyſical organization that a like perverted uſe, or abuſe, of the natural inſtruments of enjoyment, leads inevitably to deterioration and rapid decay of power in the vital ſources. There is to all the functions of our complex nature, phyſical or moral, *one healthy and legitimate mode of exerciſe and development aſſigned; and every other is prohibited, and charged with heavy retribution.* It is permitted us to find a great and natural enjoyment in eating and drinking; but if we ſeek to eat or to drink for mere pleaſure to the palate, irreſpective of the true end, the nouriſhment of the body, (on the due ſuſtaining of which all our energies depend;) the time comes when to eat is only pain; and prolonged exiſtence can bring no pleaſure, either to the palate or the brain. So it is with all elſe: and in this matter of ſympathy, the readieſt ſympathizers with fictitious ſorrows, are ſometimes the moſt hard-hearted and impenetrable in preſence of real afflictions, and when their active help is needed! Nero could weep at the creation of a tragic poet, but had no tears for

the tragedies which depopulated Rome under his rule. The indulgence of any ſentiment or emotion without its reſpondent action, is fatal, if often repeated or long continued; fatal, not only to the healthy play of the individual nerves or portions of our wondrous mechaniſm immediately affected, but to the whole being. By this law of our nature there ſeems attached to all *emotional excitement a work to be done*, and the diſconnection of the two is prohibited under grievous penalties.

Iſaac Taylor has ſaid, "The tendency of a taſte for imaginative indulgencies is to petrify the heart." Certainly the habitual paſſive reception of emotional impreſſions, followed by no anſwering action or fruitful effort, *has* this petrifying tendency; while at the ſame time it enervates, and in proportionate degree renders the whole organiſm *morbidly ſuſceptible of excitement*. Ladies who weep over the fictitious ſorrows of heroines in hot-preſſed novels, do not always attend with equal intereſt and aſſiduity to the more real but leſs romantic claſs of family duties. There are too many men, like Sterne, who could write moſt pathetic and touching narratives of imaginary troubles, or laments on a dead donkey; and yet let his illegitimate children go to the workhouſe, and his wife pine in ſickneſs and in ſolitude in the country, while he danced attendance in town on Eliza Draper. Moore ſeemed to find it pleaſanter and eaſier too, in the hey-day of his popularity, to pen or to ſing ſentimental ſongs on Abſence,

than to keep his "Beſſie" company, as a good huſband ſhould have done. Indulgence in the intereſt and emotion cauſed by acknowledged fictions, does not then render the heart more acceſſible to real claimants on their ſympathy; but has on the contrary a tendency to harden and make it leſs ſenſible.

Art, and the works of poet and painter, have theſe no legitimate place then in the ſcheme of the world's government? It is hard to believe this. As regards the imaginative faculty and its application to the arts for man's benefit, whether in works of fiction—poetry or proſe, in muſic, painting, or ſculpture; it has indeed been much diſputed what is its true place or rank among the means vouchſafed us of bringing truth to the ſoul, and lifting it higher and nearer to communion with God. In dealing with all things "vital to the ſoul," the efforts of earneſt mind to ſhow what is moſt beautiful in nature and in truth, (and not only what humanity in its beſt form is, but what it might become,) to depict what is eſſentially true though imaginary in form, and ſo to touch the hearts and captivate the imagination of thoſe not otherwiſe ſuſceptible, or to whom by other means the ſame truths might never be preſented, or find acceptance; this at leaſt is a noble and a worthy vocation, whatever form it may take. The poet's miſſion is not only to realize the ideal, but to elevate and idealize the real. And this applies with equal truth to all art, and artiſts of every denomination, whatever may be the materials or inſtrumentality employed.

Bacon traced the profound impreſſion which heroic poetry has always made on the mind of man, to his conſciouſneſs of the fact that the outer world is inferior in dignity to the ſoul;—and that greater grandeur, beauty, and order is required than can now be found on earth, to ſatisfy the cravings of his nature, in whom a loſt perfection is ſtill dimly reflected. Whether this be the true explanation of that love for works of fiction, and the arts eſpecially dedicated to gratify the craving for ideal perfection, which ſeems common to the whole race; there can be no doubt that in ſome degree they ſerve this purpoſe. And a moſt important one it is, if they keep before the mind a higher perfection in all things than man can find realized in the daily life around him; and ſo tend to keep up an ideal ſtandard of beauty and of excellence, the type of which is with God. The abſorbing cares, and more ſordid buſineſs of a life paſſed among things common and debaſing, only too effectually ſerve to keep out of ſight and memory all ſuch types.

That fiction and art have their legitimate work and place, therefore, in the ſteam-racked world of modern times, we need not doubt. The imaginative faculty is a reality, as much as the hardeſt iron, or moſt ſubſtantial nugget; and as a reality muſt be treated and employed. Now the work of poet, painter, and muſician is to make this inviſible but moſt potential agent an active inſtrument for good, a teacher of mankind;—the ſoother of his cares, the tranquillizer of the over-

ſtrained and overtaxed brain:—and above all, to meet the higher wants and aſpirations of our common nature, by ſupplying the food which alone can nouriſh and give them vital development. Imagination is to ſome the wine and to others the opium of their exiſtence; and in either form neceſſary ingredients in the daily food. Wine, "which maketh glad the heart of man,"—Opium, the ſoother of pain and aſſuager of ſuffering. But like theſe good things, man in his long and often trying journey, muſt reſort to it only within right limits; or pay the penalty of toiling on with unnerved powers and relaxed ſinews, inſtead of increaſed vigour, a lighter ſtep, and a better heart. This, which is perhaps the moſt commonly accepted uſe of art and imagination, embodied in poetry and works of fiction, is only the loweſt uſe. Valuable only as affording relaxation to the wearied brain, peace to the fretted ſpirit,—a ſpell to drive, for a time at leaſt, the torturer from our ſide when we are ſtretched helpleſs and in pain on a bed of ſickneſs. As they are written in the preſent day, much of the higheſt inſtruction is to be found in their pages. The beſt talent is there, and the ableſt writers often chooſe this field of labour in preference to every other. We ſhould have but a very imperfect idea of the characteriſtic life and movement of ſociety, in our own times, if we excluded the novel and the periodical from our table. They teach while they amuſe; and at the ſame time call into life and action the powers of the imaginative faculties.

There is another, though a ſubordinate and altogether incidental uſe, to which works of fiction are ſometimes unconſciouſly applied by thoſe who read them in common. Often they ſerve to gauge the character, and ſound hidden depths of thought, not in the writer but the reader;—to give ſome undeſigned revelation of an unknown hiſtory. Paſſages which either captivate the imagination or ſtriking ſome chord, waken the deep murmurs of the heart and bring back the muſic, ſad or gay, of ſome long forgotten melody; will occaſionally make ſtrange revelations, even to ourſelves, and in that which it has moſt concerned us to know. Theſe ſudden revealings of a hidden truth may ſupply the epigraph long ſought, and miſſed perhaps, for a whole chapter of incidents, or give the *mot d'enigme* of a life.

This as regards ourſelves—but by converſation and the free-maſonry of ſympathy, how much is ſometimes revealed of the prevailing tone of thought and feeling, and ſometimes of thoſe hidden under-currents which ſway the actions of the moſt matter-of-fact people. A work of fiction, read by different perſons, and incidentally made a ſubject of converſation, will often give a new inſight into the hearts of all the readers.

Theſe marginalia,—glimpſes of truth in fiction, of which moſt readers are conſcious as they turn over the pages of a modern novel or a volume of memoirs, and half involuntarily note or mark a paragraph as they paſs on, thinking to return (although they ſeldom do), are frequently ſuggeſtive

to an extent we are at a loſs to explain. What trains of thought they ſet in motion! and to how many ſtrange and unanticipated iſſues they often carry us!

Books that have paſſed through other hands, too, and bear traces of the mind with which they were read, have alſo a new kind of intereſt lent to them, if, either from the public part in life ſuch readers may have played, or our own private relations and perſonal knowledge, we are led to take any intereſt in them. What more grateful legacy of a departed friend, whoſe thoughts we have often ſhared in life, than their once familiar books, with pencillings of byegone days? We take up ſuch ſpeaking memorials of the paſt with a mingled feeling of ſatisfaction and regret, gathering and garnering from time to time ſtray thoughts and gleaming memories. Like flowers plucked in country lanes, when in the evening hour friends ſtroll together in pleaſant converſe—now dwelling on the paſt (with that peculiar intereſt which attaches to all intimate interchange of thought, where "life's youth has been paſſed together, and all its graver experience gathered apart;") now glancing into the future,—preſent plans and hopes form a running commentary, like the murmurs of a wayſide brook, ever and anon breaking in upon the narrative.

Some books, again, are much more ſuggeſtive than others, even where there may be no great diſparity in the intellect or general ability traceable in their compoſition. Hawthorne, an American

writer, is diſtinguiſhed for his graphic power, and remarkable for this ſuggeſtive quality. In his "Houſe of the Seven Gables," and in the "Scarlet Letter," he has produced two works it is impoſſible to read, without making many excurſions into other ſcenes; and no one who ever reads theſe tales will eaſily forget them. His "Blithedale Romance" is inferior, but the ſame diſtinctive lines are there. The volume is on the table, and bears the markings of another reader than its preſent owner. Let us ſee what the paſſages are.

"The greateſt obſtacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove oneſelf a fool; the trueſt heroiſm is to reſiſt the doubt, and the profoundeſt wiſdom, to know when it ought to be reſiſted and when to be obeyed." Very true, but the great obſtacle in the way of our being true to ourſelves and others, as well as heroic, is leſs perhaps the fear of committing a folly; than that of appearing to do ſo, and thus making ourſelves look ridiculous. How potent is this with many, and how much evil may reſult from ſuch acts of moral cowardice or weakneſs, or rather both! It reſts very often, however, upon ſomething more than a mere fear of ridicule. Doubt and uncertainty, as to our judgment on paſſing events, or in any preſent conjuncture, does more to paralyſe even ſtrong and well-developed intellects, than is perhaps generally known or ſuſpected. We ought to be very cautious how we weaken people's faith in themſelves. Their judgment may very often be at fault, and with the beſt can

never be infallible. But remember, you ſtrong minded men, (and ladies too,) that it is often, nay generally, all theſe weaker veſſels have to depend upon, to carry them through difficult paſſages and over ſhifting ſands, the ſhoals and rocks of life, where you would find it irkſome enough to follow perhaps;—and where in effect, you have not the ſlighteſt intention of following them, either for your own amuſement or their benefit. And when really ſenſible perſons, capable of appreciating what has been right or wrong, wiſe or fooliſh, in their paſt lives, look back and weigh their actions in the balance, how often is the reſult quite ſatiſfactory? Are we not very generally conſcious of many egregious blunders and miſtakes; and little acts of cowardice or meanneſs, to ſave ourſelves the diſagreeable taſk of ſpeaking out an unpalatable truth, or of ſacrificing a vanity? Let us not forget this, but learn to be tolerant of a brother's weakneſs; and above all, reſpect in him any faith he may have, which will give him the courage ſo often wanted,—*to act upon his own judgment and to the beſt of his knowledge;* inſtead of halting miſerably in doubt and heſitation between two opinions, until it is too late to adopt either.

"It was hardly poſſible to help being angry with her from mere deſpair of doing anything for her comfort. Moſt men have a natural indifference, if not an abſolutely hoſtile feeling towards thoſe whom diſeaſe or weakneſs, or calamity of any kind, cauſes to falter and faint amid the rude joſtle of our ſelfiſh exiſtence."

The charge conveyed in this extract, marked by one both gentle and delicate, who had perhaps in a life's experience ſeen reaſon to come to a like concluſion, has too much truth in it. And mainly, we fear, is it to be attributed to intenſe ſelfiſhneſs. Some little, (it may be ſaid in extenuation of the more brutal part of ſuch ſelfiſhneſs,) of this impatience of weakneſs, is to be attributed to an uneaſy feeling of impotence, of inability to remove that which is a ſource of pain or injury to another;—and of one who perhaps looks to man for help and comfort, both rightfully and naturally.

The "Houſe of the Seven Gables" is full of cloſe ſtudies of character: a Flemiſh painting is not more minute in its fineſt touches. There is a ſubtile truth in the following remarks, and all the more note-worthy that only keen obſervers would be likely to mark it in the every-day developments of character about them.

"He had a more exquiſite enjoyment of Priſcilla's ſilent ſympathy with his purpoſes, ſo unalloyed with criticiſm; and therefore more grateful than any intellectual approbation, which always involves a poſſible reſerve of latent cenſure."

Perhaps much of the ſecret or partially covert diſſonance often developed in married life among the more cultivated, might find its explanation here. Man does not naturally or habitually appeal to woman for *criticiſm*; that is, for *intellectual* approbation or cenſure. Neither as woman nor wife does it come gracefully from her,—nor is it na-

tural to him to receive it. To her he looks for, yearns for, Sympathy—Sympathy with his feelings, thoughts and purpoſes,—with his hopes and aſpirations: and when in ſearch of this he meets with a critic on intellectual grounds, he feels as one who aſked for bread, and had received a ſtone or a ſerpent. It is hardly juſt to ſay that this is the feeling of a little or a jealous mind that cannot bear oppoſition or criticiſm, although ſuch comment is often made perhaps by fair critics; but rather is it true that the ſource from whence the criticiſm comes gives a character of incongruity and diſſonance, to all that flows from it of a diſparaging or *excluſively critical character*. Yet why, it may be aſked, is man to aſſert ſuch ſuperiority, both mental and moral, that woman's voice in matters of opinion, principle, or taſte, ſhould never be heard in oppoſition. Is the ſneer put in the free-ſpoken biſhop's mouth by Browning, true of man in general, that flattery or *ſubſervience* alone will content him? The negative may not be altogether ſo clear as might be wiſhed. Some baſer alloy ſtill mingles with our better nature, intellectual and moral. Certainly there is no ſuch conſtant ſuperiority in man, intellectually or morally, as ſhould preclude advice, counſel, or opinion from a ſenſible woman on any matter of taſte, principle, or conduct.

And we ſhould do well to remember, in connection with this ſubject, that to every one, as well as to the hero, it ſometimes happens that a criſis comes, "in which his intellectual perceptions cannot altogether help him out." He feels the deficiency,

but only turns for help to a ſympathetic ſource of inſpiration. It is in ſuch circumſtances, eſpecially, that he is apt to feel the want of a large heart, and expanſive ſympathies with thoſe near him: while it narrows his own field of viſion in what concerns himſelf, and reſtricts his influence over others, he is conſcious of its analogous effect in them. In truth, our influence over others is generally proportioned to the breadth, the univerſality, and the warmth of our ſympathies. A man ſo conſtituted as to be reduced to his intellectual perceptions, and merely the inſight into the hearts and influence over others which the intellect can ſecure, muſt often fail to comprehend all the finer influences which move a woman's ſoul.

> "So tendereſt thoughts, deep feelings unexpreſt,
> Lie hidden oft in ſome miſconſtrued breaſt,
> Which yields its treaſures up but to Love's faithful gueſt."

Upon this text, indeed, Hawthorne ſupplies unconſciouſly a truthful commentary and illuſtration.

"How many a woman's evil fate has yoked her with a man like this! Nature thruſts ſome of us into the world miſerably incomplete on the emotional ſide. No paſſion ſave of the ſenſes, no holy tenderneſs, nor the delicacy that reſults from this. When a woman wrecks herſelf on ſuch a being, ſhe ultimately finds that the real womanhood within her has no correſponding part in him. Her deepeſt voice lacks a reſponſe; the deeper her cry, the more dead his ſilence. The fault may be none of his; he cannot give her what never

lived within his ſoul. But the wretchedneſs on her ſide, and the moral deterioration, attendant on a falſe and ſhallow life, without ſtrength enough to keep itſelf ſweet, are among the moſt pitiable wrongs that mortals ſuffer."

The ſecret of many a life is there. A counterpart full of worldly wiſdom, and of truth too, is ſupplied in another work by the ſame author, of tragic intereſt, the "Scarlet Letter."

"Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unleſs they win along with it the utmoſt paſſion of her heart. Elſe it may be their miſerable fortune, as it was Roger Chillingworth's, when ſome mightier touch than their own may have awakened all her ſenſibilities, to be reproached even for the calm content, the marble image of happineſs, which they will have impoſed upon her as the warm reality."

True,—and ſad as true; for ſuch riſks are full lightly run by thouſands, and in miſery and ſin the fruit is eaten; the firſt in the form of a diſcontented and unſatisfied heart; while the laſt too often comes of it. The huſband who has not begun by winning the *heart* of his wife, has but ſcant ſecurity for all the reſt. Angels may guard the gate, but there is no garriſon worthy of truſt to keep watch and ward within, or man the walls. Of all the miſtakes made in worldly things, perhaps this is the ſaddeſt; and well has the author elſewhere remarked, "It is a truth (and it would be a very ſad one, but for the higher hopes which it ſuggeſts) that no great miſtake, whether acted or

endured in our mortal ſphere, is ever really ſet right." Wrong, indeed, never comes right, to the end of the world; and, as ſome one has alſo not leſs truly ſuggeſted, ſo far is the commiſſion of one miſtake and the experience it brings any ſecurity againſt a ſimilar folly, that, *à propos* to marriage eſpecially, he who has once made an ill-adviſed match, is pretty ſure to repeat his miſtake a ſecond time,—if he has the opportunity! To be accounted for perhaps, by the fact, that all our ſins and follies, all the miſtakes and crimes of our life are generally the reſults of ſome proclivity; ſome ſet and current of habitual thoughts, impulſes, and principles, which are very rarely entirely eradicated or changed, even after the ſevereſt leſſons; and therefore, with the opportunity for full play, the ſame cauſes which led to the firſt fault or failure again make their appearance, and lead to a ſecond and a third, and ſo on to the end.

Here is a fitting moral to cloſe with: would we could all take it into our hearts and reduce it to action.

"Among the many morals which preſs upon us from the poor miniſter's miſerable experience, we put only this into a ſentence; Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worſt, yet ſome trait whereby the worſt may be inferred."

PART II.

"Oh, for the ſight of a flower,
Our longing eyes to greet!
Oh, to recall for an hour,
The life of the daiſy ſweet,
We ſo often have cruſh'd with our careleſs feet!"

HAVE you ever ſpent an idle hour, reader, in turning over the pages of Longfellow's "Hyperion?" He has prefixed two mottos to his romance, both good, but they tell two very different tales. On the title-page he ſays,—"Look not mournfully into the paſt. It comes not back again; wiſely improve the preſent. It is thine. Go forth to meet the ſhadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

And to his firſt book he prefixes the old quatrain which ſpeaks of a paſt ſorrow, in the words of one who had drunk deep of the cup and found hope only at the laſt draught.

"Who never eat his bread in ſorrow,
Who never watch'd the midnight hours,
Weeping and ſighing for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye unſeen powers!"

True are the morals both convey. As regards the firſt—an enervating, aimleſs, endleſs ſorrow, haunting us like a "dream of one we have loved, and loſt for ever," has ſomething not feminine,

but effeminate, and unworthy in it. Fanny Kemble had a right perception of this when ſhe wrote :—

> " Shall love lay on my ſoul the ſin
> Of caſting from me God's great gift of time !
> Shall I, theſe miſts of memory lock'd within,
> Leave and forget life's purpoſes ſublime ! "

Balzac has ſummed up in few words very ſterling truths bearing on this ſubject.

" Les exiſtences foibles, vivent dans les douleurs, au lieu de les changer en apothègmes d'expérience. Elles s'en ſaturent et s'uſent en retrogradant chaque jour dans les malheurs conſommés. Oublier eſt le grand ſecret des exiſtences fortes et créatrices,—oublier à la manière de la Nature, qui ne ſe connait point de paſſé, qui recommence à toute heure les myſtères de ſes infatigables enfantements."

When we have extracted from the paſt the leſſons of experience, it is well to linger no longer over our buried hopes and pleaſures ; repentance is too apt to become repining. Sorrow, like love, may be either divine or diabolic in its tendencies and influence ; both may be thoroughly ſelfiſh, morbid, and repining ; an incarnation of diſcontent, rather than the embodiment and expreſſion of a holy grief, or a noble paſſion. Alas, for humanity, that even the nobleſt and beſt of our ſentiments and emotions ſhould have their counterfeit, and be ſo eaſily mocked by what is vile and unworthy. Yet the old ballad points to a great truth. Sorrow brings with it influences and teachings which

are alike divine. The heart that ſoftens to the gueſt of ſad and forbidding mien, hath often entertained in the ſable garb of mourning and death, an angel unawares. Joy and love both have their divine inſpirations; but the deepeſt and holieſt of all which ever ſwell the heart with grateful praiſe and a truſt and wiſdom not its own, are perhaps more often to be found among the humble and the ſorrowing. There are well-ſprings of life and faith only to be reached by ſhafts driven deep through the outer ſhell, and buried in the heart,—though it bleed, and ſuffer by the violence.

To bear ſuch ſorrow wiſely, receive it rightly, and find in it a bleſſing in diſguiſe, is only the portion of a few. To hold it ſacred, not to be trampled down or caſt off recklеſſly, but ſtill leſs to be nouriſhed morbidly as a pretext for inertneſs, or miſanthropy, and a ſelfiſh indulgence in repining againſt our lot and an irremediable paſt; this is what it behoves a Chriſtian and a loving man to make good, whenever death flings his gaunt ſhadow on the hearth-ſtone; or ſickneſs lays its palſying hand upon our frame, or that of one ſtill dearer to us.

"The ſetting of a great hope is like the ſetting of the ſun. The brightneſs of our life is gone, ſhadows of evening fall around us, and the world ſeems but a dim reflection, itſelf a broader ſhadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The ſoul withdraws into itſelf. Then ſtars ariſe and the night is holy."

Thus it ſhould be; though when a man feels

" his houſehold gods are broken and that he has no home," the ſtruggle to be cheerful and to be ſtrong, is like the ſtruggle for the great Redan; there is life and death in the effort, as victory or defeat is ours. The world ſeems leſs beautiful, while the warfare of life becomes more earneſt, and the burden grows heavier. We go to our accuſtomed work, and wear perhaps the ſame ſmile, but " a joy has gone out of the day and night." The brighter colours have fled, and a grey twilight is ſpread over all. This is the ſtate of mind moſt difficult to combat, and nothing but vigorous action and practical worth has any power to exerciſe the ſpirit. Goethe has well expreſſed this truth in the lines:—

> " Wouldſt ſhape a noble life? Then caſt
> Out of thy mind the verged paſt;
> And though ſomewhat be loſt and gone,
> Yet do thou act as if new-born."

He repreſents his hero as given to that dangerous habit of pulling up his principles " as children do the flowers they have planted, to ſee if they are growing, ſo that they never have time to take root." This is what the French as a nation have been doing this century paſt nearly, in both political and religious things; apparently unconſcious of the fact that the eternal diſcuſſion of firſt principles is incompatible with a firm faith in any.

He ſays,—" The Chineſe proverb is true,—a ſingle converſation acroſs the table with a wiſe man is better than ten years' mere ſtudy of books."—Yes, true enough, whether of Chineſe or " New

York" manufacture. Yet there are ſingle books from which more practical wiſdom is to be extracted than from ten years of converſe with ſome —ay, many men. But the ſaying is true in this, that action and living converſe with our fellows, is more eſſential to man's development than book-learning, however profound; though he who would approach excellence muſt be able to combine both. We ſeldom think out our thoughts to a practical end, except when we come in contact with others, and give to our opinions expreſſion, or their practical application; then they and we alike, are teſted and perfected. It has been obſerved, that people ſeldom write to any good purpoſe, who have neither readers nor hearers in view.

This is very true alſo—"How eaſily, under certain circumſtances, one may glide into habits of ſecluſion, and in a kind of undreſs, ſlipſhod hardihood, with a pipe and a proof-ſheet, defy the world. But becauſe ſolitude and books are not unpleaſant to me, nay, wiſhed for and ſought after, ſhall I ſay to my brother "Thou fool!" Shall I look ſociety in the face and ſay "Thou art heartleſs!" Heartleſs! Beware of that word! The good Jean Paul ſays that "Life in every ſhape ſhould be precious to us for the ſame reaſon that Turks carefully collect every ſcrap of paper that comes in their way becauſe the name of GOD may be written upon it." Nothing is more true than this, yet nothing more neglected. Yes!—and hence we may ſee why our Saviour pronounced the moſt grievous of ſins to be contempt—con-

tempt for our fellow-man—whether of high or low degree:—"Whoſoever ſhall ſay to his brother 'Raca,' ſhall be in danger of the council: but whoſoever ſhall ſay, 'Thou fool,' ſhall be in danger of hell fire." This is perhaps one great drawback to life in the Eaſt, or among people of inferior civilization. Anywhere, men are apt to get the habit of looking on all about them and whole maſſes of human kind, with a ſcornful and depreciatory, if not a ſelf-glorifying feeling. Many have felt, and tried to ſtruggle againſt this danger; and perhaps becauſe they were conſcious of a ſecret tendency to look with impatience, if not contempt, upon all who fall ſhort of their own ſtandard, (alas! how miſerably the while they probably fall ſhort of their own!) they have chafed in company of people given to a cenſorious and depreciatory habit; who reverſe the poet's happy thought of "finding the ſoul of good even in things evil," and find in all things good, ſome EVIL, a canker or a blight, a weakneſs or a failing, a ſore on which to preſs their fingers! Who would not rather dwell with a downright fool, if a good-natured one, than man or woman, (though they poſſeſſed the genius and wit of Burke, or Sheridan, or fifty poets and ſtateſmen,) whoſe pleaſure was perpetually to rail at and find defects in all about them;—from the ſervant who waits to do their bidding, to the maſter whom they in turn ſhould ſerve loyally and with truth. The writer of "Evening Thoughts" has ſome admirable obſervations on this ſubject, and ſo has Goethe. The latter ſays:—

" Are not the maſs of men ſo marred and ſtunted, becauſe they take pleaſure only in the element of evil ſpeaking and evil wiſhing? Whoever gives himſelf to this, ſoon comes to be indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, ſpiteful towards his equals, and the true, genuine, indiſpenſable ſentiment of ſelf-eſtimation corrupts into ſelf-conceit and preſumption." The Apoſtle claſſes evil-ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering together, and verily, it is hard to ſay which is moſt to be contemned, or moſt inimical to peace and good-will among men. But this we do know, and have often ſeen and felt, that no man may permit himſelf to fall into any one of the three vices without degrading his own ſoul and riſking his perdition. People uſually begin by being hard to their inferiors, cenſorious of their neighbours, and jealous of their ſuperiors; and end by being falſe to all,—but to none ſo much or ſo perilouſly as to themſelves and their God! Not that we are denied all judgment on the actions and conduct of others; or that we are ever called upon to make our " judgments blind." On the contrary, it is clear that there is ſometimes no duty more imperative the Chriſtian than to bear his teſtimony to the on truth—the truth as regards both perſons and things; and when that involves the condemnation of others, it may often require great ſelf-denial, and the higheſt effort of moral courage. When we paſs a cenſure on others with a feeling of pain and regret; with no ſecret conſciouſneſs that we are gratifying ſome hidden ſpleen, ſome inward

jealouſy or envy, or ſome Phariſaic conceit of our own ſuperiority, and are ſure of our motive, (even ſhould we be miſtaken in the matter or the judgment,) the effort may be, and in all probability is, a virtue. It was not to preclude this that our Saviour ſaid "Judge not," for His whole life was a proteſt againſt evil and hypocriſy, and ſloth, and wrong doing in every ſhape. And it is our buſineſs alſo, at a humble diſtance, to ſeek to follow His example. The precept would rather ſeem to have had, for its object, to inculcate caution in forming *uncalled* for, *raſh*, or *uncharitable judgments*, eſpecially of motives, reſpecting which we can know ſo little; and to warn us not to *ſeek* the exerciſe of a faculty ſo difficult rightly to apply; but to remember in what need we ourſelves ſtand of the largeſt meaſure of indulgence, of forbearance, and long-ſuffering; and do to others as we would they ſhould do to us! Shall you, whom your Sovereign perhaps places in a poſt of honour and truſt, and largely ſalaries, you who feel and know that were that ſovereign to be "extreme to mark what is amiſs," or could know how often you fail to give perfect, willing, and devoted ſervice; how often you do his work lukewarmly or neglect it altogether, commit errors and are guilty of overſights;—ſhall you—profitleſs ſervant that you are, with many hundreds or thouſands a year to ſecure zeal and courage and devotion, with all the advantages of a Chriſtian education and culture of mind—rail at your ill-educated ſervant, and ever be on the watch to find fault in him to whom you

do not pay as many ſhillings a year—expect from him that perfect ſervice *you* cannot render, with the higheſt motives to exertion? But more, if you fail to a worldly maſter, how will your ſervice to a Heavenly Lord bear ſcrutiny? Let us at leaſt avoid to add this ſin to others of omiſſion; and neither in friend or ſervant ſeek carpingly for ground of cenſure. But there are other reaſons which in our own intereſt and in that of others, ſhould teach us moderation in what we demand, and indulgence even when reaſonable expectations are not fulfilled. We cannot always rail, even at a ſervant, without its tending to that great ſin of contempt for the being habitually paſſed under our condemnation. Then again, there is no obedience to another which is not degrading if it do not ſpring from love. We may exact ſervice, it is true, out of the neceſſities of thoſe who are poorer and muſt work for the beheſt of a maſter, be he good or bad, a hard, or a kind and conſiderate maſter; but only to the latter is it poſſible to render loving, willing ſervice;—the only ſervice that honours him who receives, and him who ſerves alike. All other ſervice ſinks a man in his own eſtimation; and if we do not deſire this, we muſt uſe other means than reproach, or taunt, or cenſure. Theſe only appeal to what is ignoble and evil in our nature; whereas it is our bounden duty to appeal to that which is higheſt, in every living ſoul we come in contact with; and how irreparable may be the evil we inflict on thoſe dependent, or more or leſs liable to be influenced by us, if we reſort only to

ſuch ſources of influence as are moſt pernicious, and in their eſſence and tendencies, degrading! But many conſcientious maſters and miſtreſſes (not too much in the habit perhaps of conſidering that the ſervant of this world may be the preferred in the next) will exclaim, "What then, ſhall we, with our impracticable theories of life and conduct, ſtand by and ſee our property ſpoiled by ſloth, or pillaged by diſhoneſty, or our comfort deſtroyed by neglect of orders. Is there to be no true ſervice demanded becauſe *we* are not PERFECT? Shall I not blame when negligence or worſe occurs, exact that for which I engage and pay ſervants, and puniſh where it fails?" Not ſo: but while requiring as we ought, even for their own ſakes, that they rightly perform the duties which belong to their ſtation; we ſhould require it IN THE WAY MOST LIKELY TO ANSWER THE END and to obtain the deſired ſervice in the way that is moſt conducive to THEIR WELL-BEING AND OUR OWN. We ſhould try to make them feel and know, that in the maſter or the miſtreſs they have a friend, to whom they were not as mere chattels, or at beſt, domeſtic animals for their uſe; a friend in whoſe breaſt a heart ſtill beats for them, as well as for ourſelves and the reſt of the world! Continental nations in Europe, and Eaſtern races, have no doubt many vices, from which we are comparatively free; but it is not ſo certain that ſervants in any of theſe countries are not really in a better relationſhip with their maſters than in

nineteen out of twenty places in England. Nowhere is a ſervant held at ſuch arm's length as of another ſpecies, with leſs of human ſympathy, or encouragement of ſuperior minds,—unleſs it be in the United States, and there be colour in the blood. The ſlave in the Eaſt, ſlave though he be, may become before he dies, a Prime Miniſter or Chief Vizier. The true ſlave is the white ſlave, and where he and ſhe fares the hardeſt, ſometimes, if not generally, as regards the nouriſhment of the heart and the kindly culture of their better feelings, is in England.*

It is not mere indulgence however, not chiefly this perhaps, that is wanting. We may be very indulgent, both to friends and ſervants, becauſe it falls in with our own idleneſs or weakneſs, or want of courage to find fault; and in that caſe the indulgence will generally be in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and be in itſelf a ſource of further evil. It is only the indulgence that is conſiſtent and continued;—that ſprings from a right feeling and is maintained upon the right principle, of requiring no more from man or woman than, with all the infirmities of human nature in general and what we know in them individually, they are capable of performing, without a greater effort than moſt people can make. And then, having pitched our ſtandard of efficiency with ſome refer-

* One of the critics took exception to this and quoted it with a ſneer. I leave it nevertheleſs, becauſe I believe it to be *true*.

ence to the ability of the people we have to deal with, the further principle is eſſential, of keeping them up to the higheſt point, whatever this may be, *in the beſt way;* and in no caſe by inceſſant railing, ſcolding, worrying, and burſts of petulance or paſſion, becauſe we feel the irkſomeneſs of diſciplining ourſelves in order to diſcipline them. Let us withal mingle ſome human intereſt and ſympathy in our chidings; and not only ſeek, but ſhow them that for their ſakes, apart from our own more ſelfiſh intereſt, we would fain induce them well and rightly to perform their part in life. "Oh! but they are ſuch a bad and thankleſs ſet, ſo ready to take advantage of you if any kindneſs is ſhown; it is ſo impoſſible to make an impreſſion upon them; they are ſo ready to leave you to better themſelves, &c. &c.!" Well, ſuch as they are, and you deſcribe them, Sir, or Madam, ſuch does our whole ſyſtem tend to make them; and the evil is only to be remedied by maſters and miſtreſſes mending themſelves, and their mode and principle of dealing with thoſe dependent upon them. Bad maſters make bad ſervants; hard, ſelfiſh, exacting, and unreaſonable or inconſiſtent maſters or miſtreſſes, make deceitful, obdurate and thankleſs ſervants. "Ready to better themſelves!" Why ſhould they not? Have they reaſon to think there is any intereſt for them perſonally, for their well-being or futurity in the breaſt of either maſter or miſtreſs? Let us be juſt to ourſelves and to them; do our duty to them in a loving and God-fearing

ſpirit, regarding them alſo as worthy of His care and ours; do right, whatever the effort, or however ſmall the worldly fruit, and right will come of it in the end; if not in our time, perhaps in that of our children; and we ſhall profit in this, that we ſhall not have the ſin of contempt laid on our ſouls. Above all, O maſters!—and miſtreſſes too—remember that they are not cattle; they are human beings with like feelings, paſſions, and infirmities;—like feelings to wound, paſſions and weakneſſes which make virtue impoſſible to them (as to you) if theſe are not taken into account by thoſe who have power over them. And forget not, as you would be forgiven yourſelves, that they have ſouls to ſave, of as much importance in the eyes of God as your own!

Speaking of the calamities of authors, it is ſaid that many of them ſpring from falſe and exaggerated ideas of poetry and the poetic character, and "from diſdain of common ſenſe, upon which all character worth having is founded. This comes from keeping aloof from the world, apart from our fellow men, diſdainful of ſociety, as frivolous. By too much ſitting ſtill the body becomes unhealthy; and ſoon the mind. This is Nature's law."

There is much truth in this, but it is very doubtful whether the characteriſtic calamities of authors can rightly be traced to keeping aloof from their kind. Too excluſive dwelling on their own merits, and in the realm of thought alone, without practical application to the common work

of life, ſeems a much more fertile and general cauſe of miſchief. Contemplation and action muſt go hand in hand, if we would avoid going perilouſly aſtray.

"Where ſhould the ſcholar live? In ſolitude, or in ſociety? In the green ſtillneſs of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark grey town, where he hears and feels the throbbing heart of man?" The author ſays, "in the dark grey town:" but the anſwer ſhould ſurely be IN BOTH. Although we may agree with him in thinking, that—

"Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. The river of life, that flows through ſtreets tumultuous, bearing along ſo many gallant hearts, ſo many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and houſeholds, each a little world in itſelf, revolving round its fireſide as a central ſun; all forms of human joy and ſuffering, brought into that narrow compaſs; and to be in this, acting, thinking, rejoicing, ſorrowing with his fellow men; ſuch ſhould be the poet's life. If he would deſcribe the world, he ſhould live in the world. The mind of the ſcholar, if you would have it large and liberal, ſhould come in contact with other minds."

He obſerves elſewhere, on a uniformity, pleaſing or unpleaſing, "which for the moſt part makes to-day ſeem twin-born with yeſterday." A fireſide life is eſpecially obnoxious to this reproach of monotony. Such is the life of many, and it ſeems

the hardeſt lot to bear. Too often it is woman's lot, and monotony is the ſecret worm that eats away her heart.

"Therefore ſhould every man wait—not in liſtleſs idleneſs, not in uſeleſs paſtime, not in querulous dejection; but in conſtant, ſteady, cheerful endeavours, always willing, and fulfilling and accompliſhing his taſk—that when the occaſion comes, he may be equal to the occaſion." Very good advice, but not always, or to all perſons, eaſy to follow.

True, as has been already quoted, "the end is not yet, and we none of us know for what we are reſerved, or what may be the final work we may be called upon to undertake." This perhaps affords the beſt encouragement to us to develop all our faculties and powers,—waiting with cheerful ſpirit, though it be the eleventh hour before we are called into the vineyard, there to earn a whole day's wages! He ſays rightly,—"Believe me, the talent of ſucceſs is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and DOING WELL WHATEVER YOU DO." And if other reaſon were wanted, it is to be found in the fact that we only find pleaſure in doing that which we do *well;* all elſe is irkſome to us. If we would find pleaſure or happineſs then in our calling, we muſt achieve excellence in it.

"Such was the philoſophical profeſſor. Solitary, but with a mighty current, flowed the river of his life, like the Nile, without a tributary ſtream, and making fertile only a ſingle ſtrip in the vaſt deſert."

Happy if it do that; but the tendency of moſt ſolitary lives, it is to be feared, is rather to run to waſte. Better compared to the caterpillar that, coiled in its own web, lives on its own ſubſtance, feeding itſelf, and no other end ſubſerving, until the hour comes for its tranſmutation to another ſtate. "To ſay the leaſt, a town life makes every one more diſpoſed to be tolerant and liberal in their judgment of others; one is not eternally wrapped up in ſelf-contemplation, which, after all, is only a more holy kind of vanity." This has more truth in it than the firſt idea.

The following paſſages recommend themſelves by their intrinſic worth and happy expreſſion:—

"Therefore, whoſoever thou art that ſuffereſt, try not to diſſipate thy ſorrow by the breath of the world, nor to drown its voice in thoughtleſs merriment. It is a treacherous peace that is ſo purchaſed. Rather take this ſorrow to thy heart, and make it a part of thee; and it ſhall nouriſh thee till thou art ſtrong again."

"The ſhadows of the mind are like thoſe of the body. In the morning of life, they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they ſtretch long, broad, and deepening, before us. Morning ſhadows ſoon fade away, while thoſe of evening reach forward into the night and mingle with the coming darkneſs. The life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the moſt part, of little pains and little pleaſures. The great wonder-flowers, bloom but once in a life-

time." "Cultivate a plentiful undergrowth of ſmall pleaſures,"—ſome one has ſaid,—"for theſe come every day."

"I have a dear friend. He was one of thoſe well-oiled diſpoſitions which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking." Would to heaven there were more of them! How many there are who never turn upon the hinges of this world without a grinding, that ſets the teeth of a whole houſehold on edge. And ſomehow or other, it has been the evil fate of many of the beſt ſpirits to be ſo circumſtanced;—both men and women, to whom life is "a ſweet habitude of being," which has gone far to reconcile them to ſolitude as far leſs intolerable! To theſe, eſpecially, the creaking of thoſe ſaid rough hinges of the world is one continued torture, for they are all too finely ſtrung; and the oft-recurring grind jars the whole ſentient frame, mars the beautiful lyre, and makes cruel diſcord in a ſoul of muſic. How much of ſadneſs there is in ſuch thoughts. Seems there not a Paſt in ſome lives, to which it is impoſſible, in contemplation, ever to become reconciled!

"The little I have ſeen of the world, and know of the hiſtory of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in ſorrow not in anger;" and ſuch, doubtleſs, is the right ſpirit, nor by any means unattainable. The harder taſk is to look upon our own errors; errors it is too late to rectify, and for them to feel only ſorrow. Errors that have ſtruck downwards, taken root and brought forth fruit,

bitter fruit, to live for ever:—therein lies more than ſorrow. Yet ſuch, after all, may be the hard training needful to ſome, to make for them a chance of victory, and a—

> "Life that ſhall ſend
> A challenge to its end,"

or to enable them when it comes to ſay—"Welcome Friend!"

THE END.

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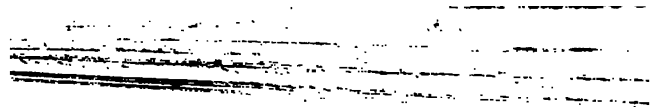

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